The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

September

15c



Myrna Loy and Clark Gable

'ROOSEVELTS MERRY AS MARX BROS.!"—ELEANOR POWELL

HOLLYWOOD DOESN'T WANT YOU! READ WHY



CLARK GABLE

"TOO HOT TO HANDLE"

MYRNA LOY



The best news since "Test Pilot" with that rare pair of romancers, M-G-M's tantalizing twosome. Clark's a daredevil newsreel man—Myrna's an airdevil aviatrix... Action! Heart-pumping paradise for thrill and fun-loving picture fans!

with WALTER PIDGEON · WALTER CONNOLLY
LEO CARRILLO · Screen Play by John Lee Mahin and Laurence Stallings
Directed by Jack Conway • Produced by Lawrence Weingarten • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture



"PARDON US, SALLY!

WE ALL HAVE DATES WITH ANOTHER GIRL—"



You can't offend with underarm odor and still win out with men

SHE'S DOOMED to unpopularity right from the start—the girl with underarm odor! When there's a dance, she'll probably stay at home. Men will be introduced to her—but it's the *other* girl that they'll take out. Why *should* they want to be near a girl who isn't really *sweet?*

Of course, no girl would *knowingly* let underarm odor spoil her charm. Yet any girl can offend this way if she depends on a bath alone to keep her fresh.

For a bath removes only *past* perspiration, it can't prevent odor *to come*. That's why underarms always need Mum's sure care. Mum prevents all risk of offending —Mum makes odor *impossible.*

It's a smart girl—and a popular one —who takes the simple precaution of using Mum after every bath and before every date. Just a quick touch of Mum under each arm and you're sure of your charm—sure you'll never offend those you want for friends. And Mum has all the things you like in a deodorant—

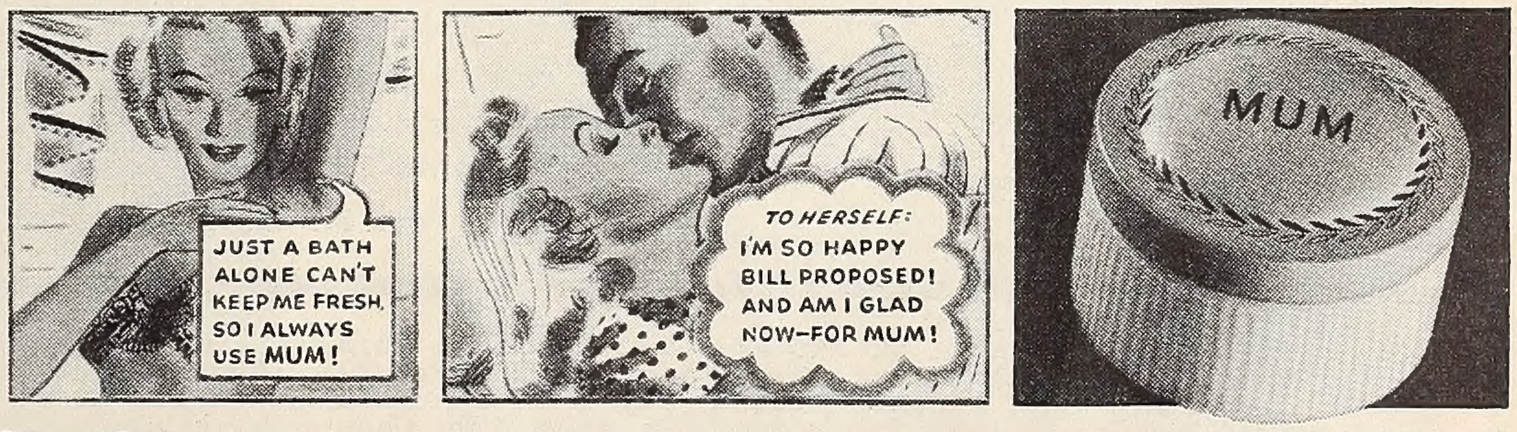
MUM IS QUICK! There's always time to apply Mum. Just half a minute is all you need to be free from underarm odor.

MUM IS SAFE! Mum is harmless to every fabric—safe to apply even *after* you're dressed. Mum actually soothes the skin. You can use it right after shaving.

MUM IS SURE! Mum stops all odor—does not stop perspiration. Mum keeps you nice to be near all day or all evening long.

SANITARY NAPKINS NEED MUM, TOO
Don't risk embarrassing odors! Thousands of women always use Mum for sanitary napkins. They know it's gentle, safe, and sure!

MUM MAKES YOUR BATH LAST ALL EVENING LONG



MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

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The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON, Western Representative TOM KENNEDY, Assistant Editor FRANK J. CARROLL, Art Director

Hollywood Fashion Is Spinach

BY ELIZABETH HAWES

That's the sensational feature of the next issue of SCREENLAND, on sale September 2nd. Elizabeth Hawes' name means fashion magic to a million or more American women as well as to an exclusive few since her book, "Fashion is Spinach," has become an important best-seller. Miss Hawes' first screen magazine article will of course appear in The Smart Screen Magazine, and it is one of the most daring we've ever published. Dynamite done up in a delightful literary package, it will give pause to the highly-paid and pampered star costume designers of Hollywood; it will cause more controversy than any article in months.

You'll read "Hollywood Fashion is Spinach"—you'll like it and you'll discuss it. Make a memo to yourself to go out and get your copy of the October issue of SCREENLAND early on September 2nd.

September, 1938 Vol. XXXVII, No. 5

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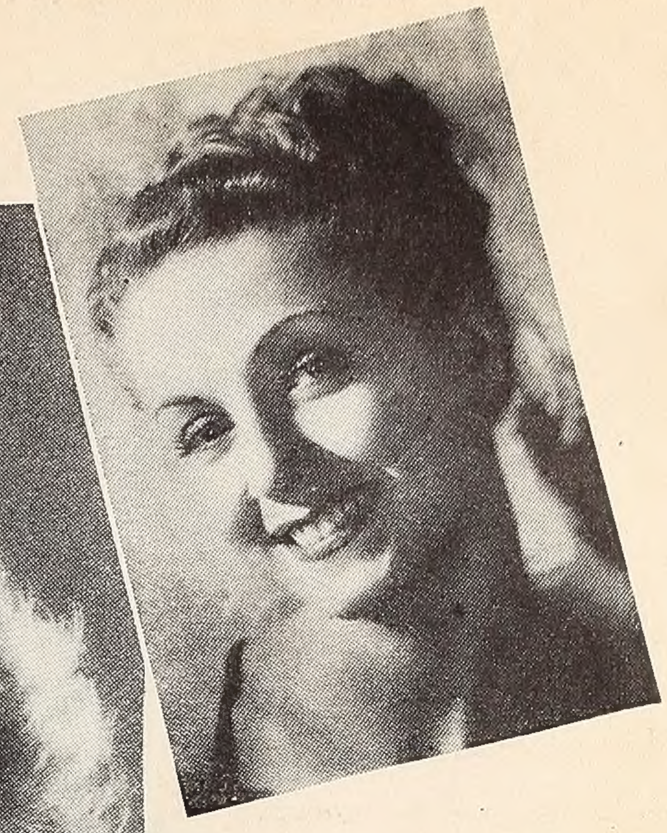
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As welcome as the showers of mirth that make "The Rage of Paris" as refreshing as it is ingratiating, is that versatile mimic and colorful personality known as Danielle Darrieux; who can be wistful, saucy, or capricious—as you see in these close-ups adjoining; or delightfully designing and inflexible as in the two scenes with Mischa Auer and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., below. Supported by a clever story, adroit direction and a most able surrounding cast, Darrieux is, nevertheless, the bright particular star of a very pleasing film.

SCREENLAND Honor Page

To Danielle Darrieux, who makes gaiety more important than glamor, these honors are cheerfully paid for the good cheer she brings in "The Rage of Paris"

THE long-heralded Hollywood début of Danielle Darrieux really *had* to be good. Subject of a long publicity build-up, applauded by reviewers and public for her dramatic portrayal in "Mayerling," the new import from France couldn't just be "adequate." That she endeared herself so completely to the American picture-goers, is a major accomplishment—but not half so remarkable as the display of versatility Darrieux offers in "The Rage of Paris." Here is a girl with flashing beauty and glamor who subordinates her personal attractions to the art of entertainment by the sheer power of acting talent. Fortunate in the quality of the story and direction given her, and to an equal degree in the popularity and ability of her cast-mates, the gifted lady from France fitted herself into the dazzling background in a way that makes her shine brilliantly. We salute a gifted artiste.





GREAT AS THE ACCLAIM THAT HAS GREETED IT!



Irving Berlin's

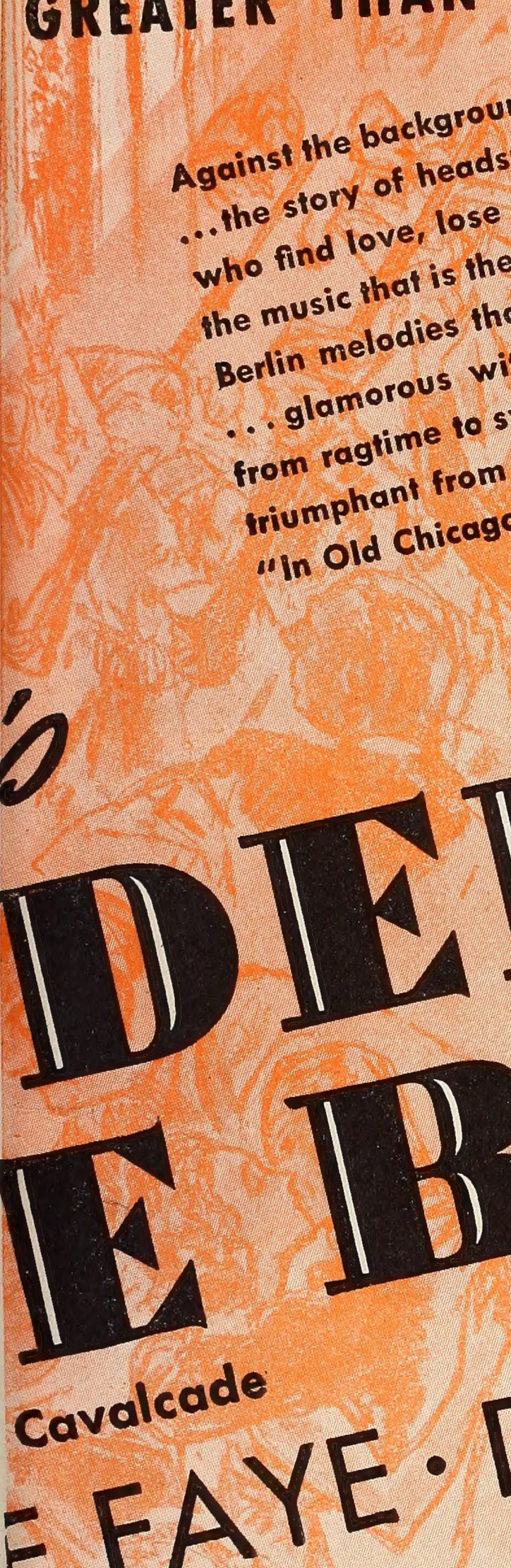
ALEXAN RAGTIM

An American

TYRONE POWER • ALIC

GREATER THAN YOUR GREATEST EXPECTATIONS!

Against the background of our turbulent times ...the story of headstrong young sweethearts who find love, lose it, find it again—through the music that is their life! Rich with the Irving Berlin melodies that have kept hearts singing ...glamorous with the dramatic panorama from ragtime to swing...here is entertainment triumphant from 20th Century-Fox, makers of "In Old Chicago"!



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ETHEL
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JEAN HERSHOLT · HELEN WESTLEY
JOHN CARRADINE · PAUL HURST
WALLY VERNON · RUTH TERRY
DOUGLAS FOWLEY · EDDIE COLLINS
CHICK CHANDLER

Directed by Henry King

Associate Producer Harry Joe Brown • Screen Play by Kathryn Scola and Lamar Trotti • Adaptation by Richard Sherman

Featuring a pageant of Irving Berlin songs including 26 favorites of yesteryear and 2 hits of tomorrow

Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production

A
20th Century-Fox
Picture

TAGGING the TALKIES

Delight Evans' Reviews on Pages 52-53

Cowboy from Brooklyn

Warners



Good humored farce, with some boisterous burlesque of those hill billies who become big radio stars, here's a dish that will tickle your ribs. Dick Powell, as the Brooklyn cowboy who's afraid of horses, turns in a fine comedy performance. Pat O'Brien, needless to say, eats up a lot of good opportunities for fun as a blustering talent agent who discovers Dick. Priscilla Lane also makes a hit. It's all good fun.

The Toy Wife

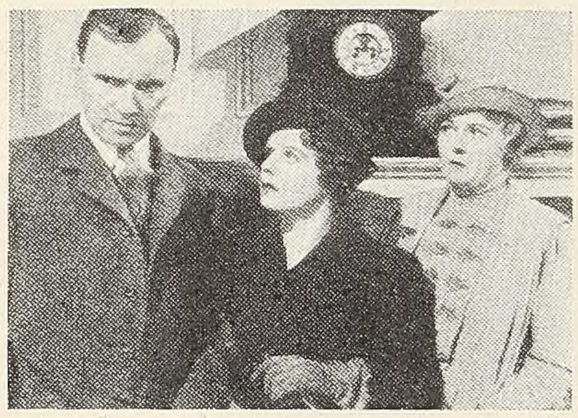
M-G-M



Luise Rainer in hoop skirts. She is *Froufrou,* Southern belle reared in Paris, where she acquires an accent, but thanks nobody for her coquetry. Flirtatious, frivolous, arch and artificial, *Froufrou* is a trick of acting far more than anything real. Laish settings, excellent supporting cast (Melvyn Douglas, Robert Young, Barbara O'Neil), and picturesque atmosphere make it fairly impressive costume drama.

South Riding

Korda-United Artists



A rambling, very leisurely portrait of life in a Yorkshire village, this film has a most surprising way of popping up with a bright and most amusing line or situation, just when you've decided that nothing much is happening. Every part is splendidly played; Edmund Gwenn, Ralph Richardson, Edna Best and others making the characters vivid and exceptionally real. As a character study it has real merit.

Romance of the Limberlost

Monogram



One of those homey, very human stories in the familiar and ever-popular vein and vistas of Gene Stratton-Porter romance. Jean Parker as the girl, Eric Linden as the rich boy who falls in love with her, and especially Marjorie Main as the cruel foster-mother who stands between Jean and happiness, make the characters they play seem very real and interesting. If you like down-to-earth sentiment, see this.

When Were You Born?

Warners



Astrology goes to the aid of police in a whodunit tricked out with all the baffling circumstances surrounding a murder. Frankly, the lecture about astral authority over human destiny and conduct seemed more impressive than the demonstration of astrology applied to crime detection, but that was because the story is so obvious. Anna May Wong, Margaret Lindsay, Lola Lane and others appear to disadvantage.

Three Blind Mice

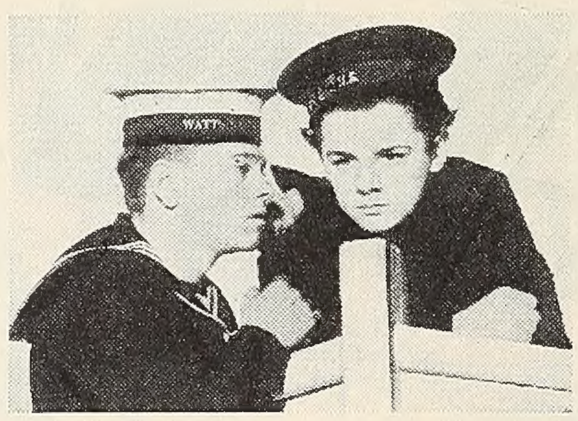
20th Century-Fox



You'll be amused. The wisp of a story about a girl who wants to marry money but settles for love, won't wow you, but the manner of its presentation, and especially the manner of Binnie Barnes' playing in the rôle of an unconventional, party-loving heiress, will hand you many a hearty laugh. Loretta Young, Joel McCrea, David Niven, Marjorie Weaver, Stuart Erwin, in a perfectly swell cast.

Lord Jeff

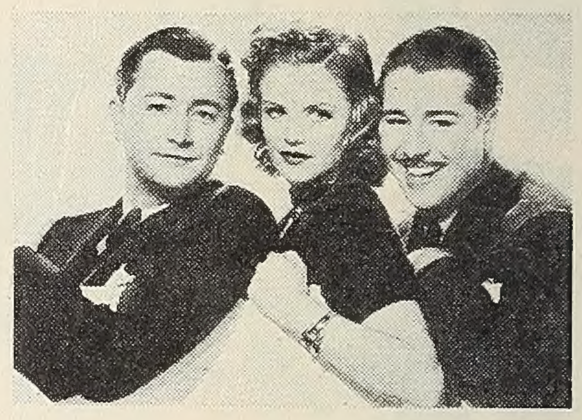
M-G-M



Boys will be fine young men when they come through the British training school where Freddie Bartholomew is weaned from his arrogant, unscrupulous conduct as the tool of a pair of clever crooks. That is the story, and as told here it's a mighty interesting one—certain to hold sway over the emotions of young and older patrons. Freddie, Mickey Rooney, and a newcomer, young Terry Kilburn, score personal hits.

Josette

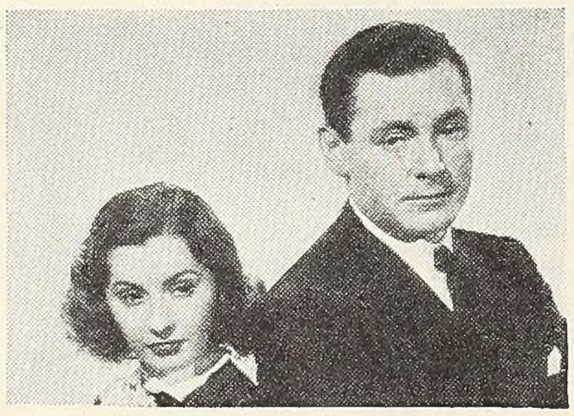
20th Century-Fox



Summer-weight entertainment that has a generally pleasing air about it, even if it never becomes more than somewhat mechanical movie. Simone Simon sings; plays a little New Orleans girl who impersonates a glamorous French nightclub star—which leads to complications when Simone and Don Ameche fall in love. Robert Young, Joan Davis and William Collier, Sr., are welcomely present. Diverting

Always Goodbye

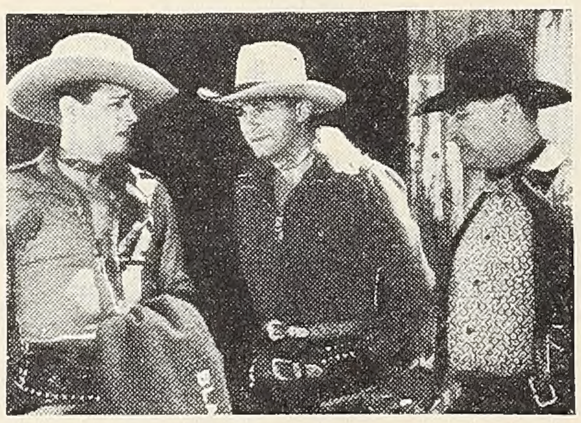
20th Century-Fox



A show that's much better than its story. If you remember Ann Harding in "Gallant Lady" you needn't be told that this is about an unwed mother who gives up her child and later decides to re-enter its life by marrying the widower who adopted the boy. But very entertaining are humorous sidelights and the acting of Barbara Stanwyck, Herbert Marshall, Ian Hunter, Cesar Romero, and young John Russell.

Riders of the Black Hills

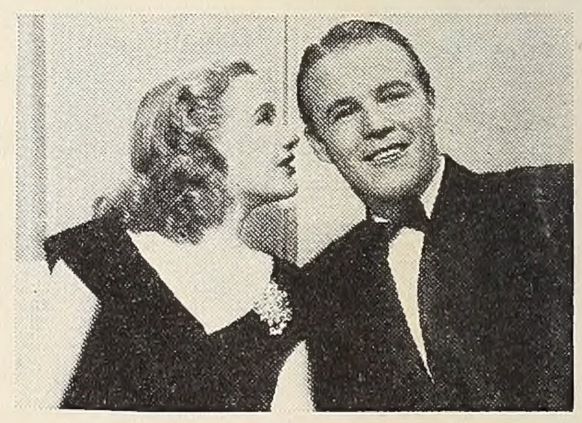
Republic



Pardner, you'll see action in this latest offering starring the Three Mesquiteers—and it's all at a full gallop, as Bob Livingston, Ray Corrigan and Max Terhune ride the range in search of a famous racehorse that has been kidnapped—there's something for you! The horse is stolen by a crooked bookmaker and a chap who—of all the nerve—is engaged to the pretty niece of the woman who owns the racer.

Men Are Such Fools

Warners



Wayne Morris and Priscilla Lane battle and coo through a series of episodes such as always arise in pictures about love versus career. It is mainly in the comedy vein, and perhaps calls for more acting experience than Wayne and Priscilla can bring to bear just now. At any rate the attractive young players seem lost in a vague and halting story. Hugh Herbert's comedy is corking, but there's not enough of it.

ASK ME!

By Miss Vee Dee



Reunion! Glenda Farrell and Barton MacLane appear together again in a new drama, "Prison Break."

Rema N. Carole Lombard is 5 feet, 4½ inches tall, waist measurement, 25 inches; hips, 34 inches; and bust, 32 inches. Weight, 110 pounds. She has blue eyes and blonde hair.

Margaret C. You and I agree on Ronald Colman and Fred Astaire. It's fun to answer questions about two such fine actors. Fred Astaire was born in Omaha, Neb. He is 5 feet, 9 inches tall, and weighs 140 pounds. You will want to see his next picture with Ginger Rogers, "Carefree." You are right about Ronald Colman's age. No, he isn't married, but "they do say" that it won't be long now before he becomes a benedict. Lucky girl! We agree on that, too?

Arlene B. She is fascinating, isn't she? That lovely Lane lassie. Part of her name, the Rosemary, is her honest-to-goodness name. She was born Rosemary Mullican, in Indianola, Iowa, April 4, 1916. She is 5 feet, 4 inches tall, weighs 106 pounds, has violet blue eyes and rusty blonde hair. Fred Waring saw her once, heard her sing a little, and then and there invited her to join his Pennsylvanians. "Varsity Show" was her first picture. Yes, address her at Warner Bros. Studio, Burbank.

Mrs. Howard M. J. Spencer Tracy played outstanding rôles in "San Francisco," "Captains Courageous," opposite Luise Rainer in "Big City," and with Joan Crawford in "Mannequin." His latest, "Test Pilot," with Clark Gable and Myrna Loy.

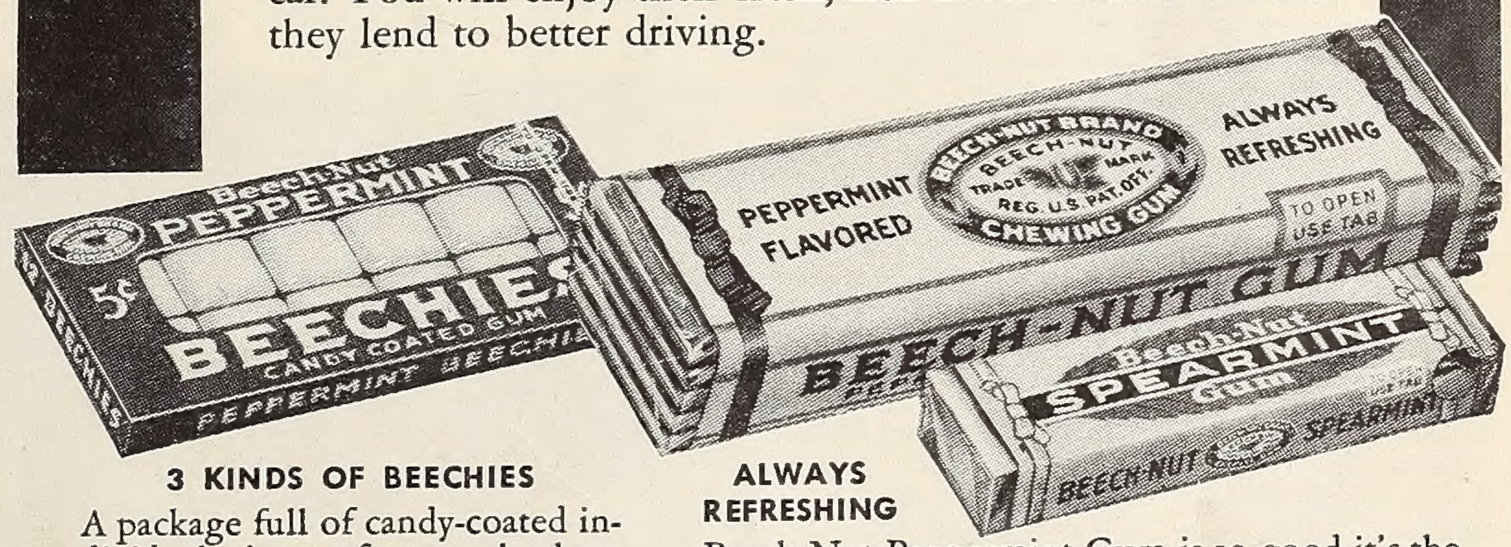
Theresa K. C. Yes, John Boles is married to a non-professional. He was born in Greenville, Texas, in 1900. He is 6 feet, 1 inch tall, has brown hair and gray-blue eyes. He is a graduate of the University of Texas. His hobby is music; he studied voice in New York and Europe. He came to the films via the stage. Ralph Bellamy was born in Chicago, Ill., June 17, 1905. He is married to Catherine Willard. He, also, had stage experience before appearing in pictures. And his pet hobby is collecting old music boxes.

Eva. Why not bring yourself up-to-date and ask about some of the players who are on the screen now? Not one of the players you mention in your letter is in pictures at the present time. Sorry, but I don't know their addresses.

Have you tried chewing gum while you're driving?



Many drivers tell us—and many laboratory tests explain why—chewing gum helps ease nervous tension under pressure, aids in reducing your feeling of fatigue. Just as gum helps an athlete keep "on his game," so it helps a driver keep on the job, alert and yet relaxed. On long trips chewing gum helps to relieve driving drowsiness. Keep a package of Beech-Nut Gum or a box of candy-coated Beechies always handy in the pocket of your car. You will enjoy their fresh, rich flavor . . . and the aid they lend to better driving.



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■ To add the final degree of *chic,* we have also assembled the most stylish of the new wardrobe accessories for your selection, all *completely-made,* and priced for outstanding value!

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Inside the Stars' Homes

Sonja Henie entertains you! Visit her home, learn her favorite recipes here

By Betty Boone



The sensational queen of the silver skates is a very different girl at home. At right, she greets you; below, she serves coffee. Sonja frankly enjoys good food and knows how to cook it.

SONJA HENIE is brown-eyed and yellow-haired and her mouth curls up at the corners, even when she isn't smiling. She speaks only when she has something to say, and then her sentences curl up at the ends, too, in an attractive lilt.

"Fish is our most favorite food," she will say, her voice rising on "food" in a fashion I defy you to imitate. "We had fish pudding for my party last week, but Jean Hersholt and his wife and I ate most of it, because Americans don't care for fish. Isn't that strange?"

"Richard Greene liked it," put in Sonja's mother, softly. "He is English, but he liked the fish pudding. He is not afraid to try new things—not like some other Englishmen, who wish always to stick to what they know."

We were out at Sonja's, in Bel Air, a Tudor house set in wide and beautiful grounds.

"It's rented only," explained Mrs. Henie, "and even the furniture is not ours, really, but when Sonja stepped inside, she first frowned a little—that was because the entrance hall seems dark—and then as she came into the white hall, she smiled and said: 'We're home!' "

The white hall, from which the staircase rises, has grass paper on the walls, and one whole wall is glass, against which a line of potted plants and bowls of flowers are silhouetted in the sunlight.

"Magnolia blossoms," Mrs. Henie touched one, gently. "There is a tree in the garden and Sonja loves to keep them in crystal vases here. She likes them to turn brown,



because she thinks they look like brown velvet then and are prettier than when they were white. Old people sometimes are like that—more beautiful than when they were young."

"Mother picks the pansies and puts them in her dress to prove we grow such big ones," smiled Sonja, her eyes on the huge yellow bloom on Mrs. Henie's shoulder.

She led the way to the living room, a spacious place done in the deeper shades of blue, just now lightened by the chintz covers on the heavier furniture. Her blue dress added another blue note to the room.

"Next to white, I like blue," she remarked, her fingers fluttering lightly over a bowl of blue larkspur. "When I first came over here, I was so crazy for white, I had them do over my dressing-room at the studio. I did not feel I was myself unless I had lots of white around me."

"Her car was white, too," recalled her mother. Now, however, the little blonde star has discarded the white car, for three blue ones; the discarded motor hums through Scandinavian streets under the guidance of her brother, and azure, indigo, and navy tints and shades have been added to her wardrobe.

She thinks it's the sun that brought on the blue phase—white is so *very* white in the sunshine. "But I love sun. I can't get enough of it. I like my sunroom and eat as many meals as I can there, because it is like being outdoors."

Little glass tables in the sunroom are set where Sonja can get a view of terrace and garden—a great sweep of green lawn sloping to an oval swimming pool, a turquoise-tiled jewel set in brilliant flowers. Yellow-upholstered garden furniture makes a brightly cheerful decoration on the nearer terrace.

"When I work, I never eat breakfast," confided Sonja, "and I take a cup of tea or soup for lunch. Never more. I must not feel heavy when I skate. Then I have a big dinner at night. These are meals for skating sequences, you know. When it is dialogue, I can eat what I like, for I lose weight always on a picture. I am always hungry.



"What I like most in America is ice cream! As I came home today, I saw a sign that said: 'Ice Cream Week.' I do not know what you do on Ice Cream Week, but I would like it very much, I think. I ate seven dishes of strawberry sundae on the set yesterday, when we had the 'College Sweet Shop' for the picture, and it was *good!*"

They do not go in for ice cream so much in Norway, because it is cold, but Danish pastry is the common dessert.

"Denmark and Norway have much the same food," explained Mrs. Henie. "In Sweden, it is sometimes different. For Danish pastry, we use always the best butter; that is the real secret. Sonja's pet dessert at home is custard tart."

Phoning Richard Greene or Cesar Romero or some other lucky lad to come to one of her famous dinners?

CUSTARD TARTS

Combine 2 egg yolks, 2 teaspoons flour and 2 tablespoons sugar in a double boiler. Beat two minutes, then gradually add 1¼ cups rich hot milk (half cream). Cook until thick and smooth, then remove from heat and continue to beat until partially cooled. Add 1 teaspoon Burnett's vanilla. Combine 2⅛ cups flour, 2 eggs yolks, ⅝ cup butter and 3 tablespoons sugar. Line small fluted tins with this mixture and fill with the custard. Cover with dough to fit the tins and press edges together. Set on baking sheet and bake in 375 degrees F. oven for fifteen minutes. Allow to cool slightly before unmolding.

"When we stuff poultry—turkey, chicken,

(*Continued on page 84*)

HAIR THAT THRILLS!

Here's the Hollywood* Way to Beautiful Hair

***The Rage In Hollywood**

In Hollywood, city of glamorous movie stars, a recent survey conducted by a leading Hollywood newspaper revealed that more women now use Drene Shampoo to beautify their hair than all other leading shampoos combined.



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To Remove Dulling Film That Clouds Hair Beauty—

drene

Shampoo

SPECIAL for Dry Hair
REGULAR for Normal or Oily Hair

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

"What cleanliness! What luster!

with the

NEW LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE!"



"Never anything like Luster-Foam," says glamourous Athalia Ponsell, lovely New York Model.

supercharged with

LUSTER-FOAM

[C_{14} H_{27} O_5 S Na]

Luster-Foam's dainty, gentle "bubble bath" surges into tiny cracks, pits, and fissures seldom properly cleansed, where various dental authorities estimate between 75% and 98% of decay starts. Women's Consumer Jury crazy about Luster-Foam.

Think of a tooth paste that may reduce dental troubles amazingly . . . that cleanses danger areas where even water seldom enters . . . that swiftly combats dangerous decay-causing acids and sweeps away germs that accompany them.

These are the benefits you get with the new, *energized* tooth paste . . . the New Listerine Tooth Paste supercharged with Luster-Foam (C_{14} H_{27} O_5 S Na).

Luster-Foam detergent is not a soap yet it has penetrating power far beyond that of soap . . . beyond that of water.

That is why it gets into those tiny danger areas between the teeth, at the gum line, on bite surfaces, and cleanses them so effectively. You yourself can see what such super-cleansing might mean, over the years, in reducing dental troubles.

At the first touch of saliva and brush, this magic Luster-Foam detergent foams into a dainty, fragrant "bubble bath" (20,000 bubbles to the square inch), faintly perceptible, but, oh, how effective! Surging over and between the teeth, it performs an *unfelt*, but none the less *real* miracle of cleansing.

Then Luster-Foam surges into remote spots which ordinary pastes and powders, even water, may never reach . . . the 60 "blind spots" between the teeth and at the gum line where germs breed and decay acids form . . . where many authorities estimate between 75% and 98% of decay starts.

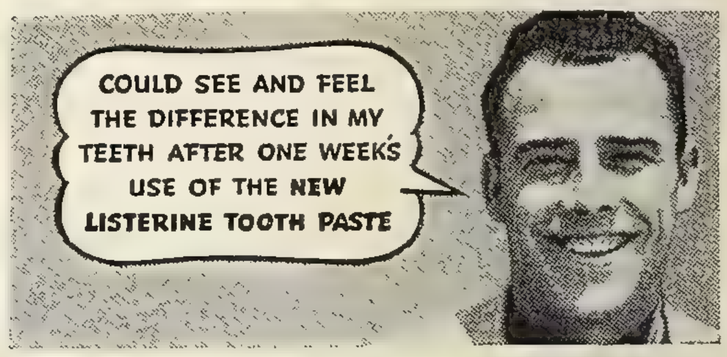
Now Luster-Foam reaches them . . . and because it does, dental trouble may be reduced.

Get the modern, new Listerine Tooth Paste at any drug counter. In economical 25¢ and 40¢ sizes.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

WOMEN'S CONSUMER JURY CRAZY ABOUT LUSTER-FOAM

With all brand names concealed, a large Women's Consumer Jury voted as follows: Against one leading brand, the NEW Listerine Tooth Paste with Luster-Foam was a two to one favorite. Against the next two, a decided favorite. Against a fourth, a very slight edge. The verdict of the men's consumer jury was essentially the same with the exception that the fourth paste reversed the women's results slightly. The comments below are typical:





supercharged with

LUSTER-FOAM

[C_{14} H_{27} O_5 S Na]

FOR *Super-cleansing*



The Editor's Page



An Open Letter to Shirley Temple

DEAR SHIRLEY:

Boo, yourself! Well, you scared me, so at a safe distance I say Boo to you, too. Meeting you for the first time turns out to be one of the Big Events of a lifetime, and it will take me a little longer to recover; but meanwhile I want to write you this letter which you'll have time to read when you're back home after the grand tour.

Like so many of your fans, who never miss a Temple feature, I thought I knew you. Having watched you grow up to the ripe old age of nine, picture by picture, we were old friends. Oh, yes—I knew you as well as I'd know the neighbors' children—how you talk, what you wear, how you look. So when I finally came up to meet you in person in New York, on your vacation trip, I was merely bouncing in to see that nice, sweet little girl I'd known so well practically all her life. I barged in to the big drawing-room at the Waldorf Towers and there, way over by the window, seated in the exact center of a squashy sofa, was an exquisite little person demurely working needlepoint. She looked up—and it was you. "How do you do?" you said, rising politely and extending a gracious little hand. "Won't you sit down?"

I just managed to make the chair and sat there, just looking. Rose-petal skin, fine-spun silky hair of a reddish gold where the sun struck the curls, inscrutable long-lashed eyes, dainty hands—and the poise of a Manchu princess. Where was that gay, chubby little girl I knew so well? If it hadn't been for those dolls I'd have got up and run out. But the dolls were there—and they were good dolls, regular, everyday dolls, not big brazen bisque beauties. Of course you caught me looking at them, so you explained: "This one is Marsha, after Marshall Field in Chicago, where I got her. The other one may not be pretty, but she is a very good travelling doll—you see, she hasn't any hair, so it makes her very convenient to take care of."

I saw. And I saw the two charm bracelets dangling from the graceful wrist—and you noticed that, too, and came over to explain them. "This one is all from Hawaii—the other, my mother and father gave me—" and gravely and graciously you pointed out charm by charm. The trip across the country? "I had fun every place. But in the dust bowl I felt sorry for the hitch-hikers, who were hotter than I was. Washington was fun, too—"

Then we discussed the theatre, if you remember. "I—am—an—angel," you said in uncanny mimicry of Zorina's melting voice and accent in that current stage hit, "I Married An Angel." I was back interviewing Joan Crawford or some other screen queen and was about to ask you what shops you preferred when the telephone rang. Your mother answered, came in and said: "Shirley, it's Uncle Bill Robinson calling from California."

Suddenly there was a child in the room. An eager little girl, genuinely only nine, in place of the gracious celebrity. A transformed tot scrambled from the elegant sofa, ran, not walked to the phone, and in truly childish treble called across 3,000 miles: "Hello, Uncle Bill! This is Shirley—I'm fine, how are you, Uncle Bill?" And your very wise and wonderful mother looked at me and smiled. She understands everything.

"Is she the way you thought she'd be?" Gertrude Temple asked.

"Yes," I said with relief at last, "she is."

Delight Evans

Hollywood Whirl



All photographs by Len Weissman



Private lives in pictures! You can learn all you want to know about your favorite screen stars by catching up with them as they play. There'll be no secrets left untold if you study these spot shots by our camera prowler



Personal history in the making! There's romance, there's irony in the shot above, showing that great lover of yesteryear, John Barrymore, with his young wife Elaine Barrie, being greeted at the theatre by today's idol, Tyrone Power. For added interest, the sleek bowed head at lower left belongs to Janet Gaynor—still, despite rumors, Ty's pet star. At right: better take a good, long look at this one! Joan Crawford—knitting at the luncheon table at Café LaMaze—with Franchot Tone, George Murphy (at right) and others. If all reports are true you won't be seeing many more candid shots of Joan and Tone—together.

A good place to catch cinema celebs off-guard is at the races, where they are themselves in spite of themselves! Two genuine people, still happily married, are the Al Jolsons, shown watching the horses run, at right. Ruby Keeler Jolson resumes her screen career in "Mother Carey's Chickens" but she still considers her job as Mrs. Jolson most important. Al is no longer acting on the screen, but he can't help registering excitement for the camera here! Scene, new Inglewood race track, where Al is on the board of directors.







Putting rumors to rest! Bill Powell, reported a sick man, is quite all right as this picture and his best friends will tell you. He's the guest of Warner Baxter in his box at the races, left. Thinner than he used to be, Bill is nevertheless not ailing, and when you see him on the screen again he'll prove it to you! Now for the couple in center above: Mary Astor and her handsome young husband, Manuel del Campo, have confounded Hollywood cynics by making their romantic marriage a real success. Mary is one of the happiest women in the film colony, having licked the jinx of bad publicity—now if some producer will only give her a rôle as good as the one she had in "Dodsworth."



These pictures tell more about the private lives of picture pets than any stories you can read anywhere! Look them over carefully for the gossipy information they give you



See Sonja Henie, left above, with Cesar Romero. Their smiles tell you as plainly as a gossip item that they're stepping out together for fun and not for romantic reasons. Cesar is so much in demand among Hollywood's famous ladies because he is first of all a gay and good companion, a fine dancer, and a bit of a wit, too. Before Sonja left for her annual vacation in Europe she dined with Romero at the Tropics but she didn't leave her heart behind her this time; she took it right along, and it's still in her own possession. At left, a picture that says "Happily married but not bored"—as a congenial quartette composed of Bob and Betty Young, Irene and Allan Jones step out together.



What's Gary Cooper thinking about as his wife, at right, and her best girl-friend, Dolores Del Rio Gibbons, left, talk about something? Our guess is that the girls are talking clothes and that Gary is thinking there's no escape from snoopy photographers in Hollywood. It's a Thursday night—cook's night out—and that's why the Coopers and Dolores are dining at Cafe LaMaze. Mrs. Gary, in case you don't know, is Dolores' niece-by-marriage, being related to Cedric Gibbons, the lovely Latin's art-director husband.

The best picture of the month, in our opinion, is that of Mr. and Mrs. Walt Disney at right. Reason: they's happy; they don't care who knows it; and they have a right to be happy—because Walt has been honored by no less than three leading universities for his priceless contributions to the art of the cinema with "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." Disney celebrated his own triumphs by awarding a bonus to all his employees who help him make his world-famous pictures.







Really, we'll be boring you—but so-called glamorous Hollywood is getting to be fairly domesticated, and on this page, anyway, not all for the cameraman's benefit. Adolphe Menjou is so proud of his statuesque wife, Veree Teasdale, that he doesn't complain even when she eats off his plate, which we've known lesser men to object to violently. Cute little Betty Young, right, in stunning silver fox to rival any screen beauty's, stops short as Bob says "Wait a minute—he wants our picture." The Youngs were snapped as they left the theatre at Helen Hayes' opening night in Los Angeles.

All photographs by Len Weissman

The special story told by the picture at the right is one we're glad to pass along to you—how some actors are never too busy to take part in a show for sweet charity's sake. Dick Powell, between welcoming a little stranger into his home and going on location for a new film, found time to join Gene Autry, the singing cowboy, and Man Mountain Dean in a benefit baseball game. Here are Gene and Dick pulling wrestler Dean to first base.





Photographs by Len Weissman



Doing a little doughnut-dunking are those blissful honeymooners, Frances Langford and Jon Hall, at right. Yes, we know Frances and "Hurricane" have been married several months now, but what with Frances' Eastern personal appearance jaunt, on which Jon went along, and radio work, they're still in the honeymoon stage. Above, Hollywood's next-to-youngest set camera-snatched in a coffee-and-crullers moment at Sardi's: left to right, Mrs. Tom Brown, Anne Shirley, Phyllis Frazer (Ginger Rogers' cousin), Paula Stone.



More fun at the ball game, left. Yes, that's handsome John Boles getting set for the pitch, with Man Mountain Dean up at bat—but what Dean doesn't know is that Hugh Herbert is holding the bat. Trust Mr. Woo-woo to do his part to ball it all up. Now glance to left center and see another young bride, Cecilia Parker, and her husband, Dick Baldwin—close-ups of two nice young people proving that an ingénue and a juvenile can marry, be happy, and still go their separate ways on the screen. Below, the dress that dazzled a theatre audience in Los Angeles, and the quaint coiffure that topped it. The girl? Crawford, of course. Franchot turns in the tickets as Joan poses for the candid cameraman.







What happened when Hollywood's Queen of Taps went dancing attendance on America's First Family!

By Charles Darnton

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, First Lady of the Land, with Miss Eleanor Powell, screen's leading tap-dancer, as they met in Washington.

"Roosevelts Merry as

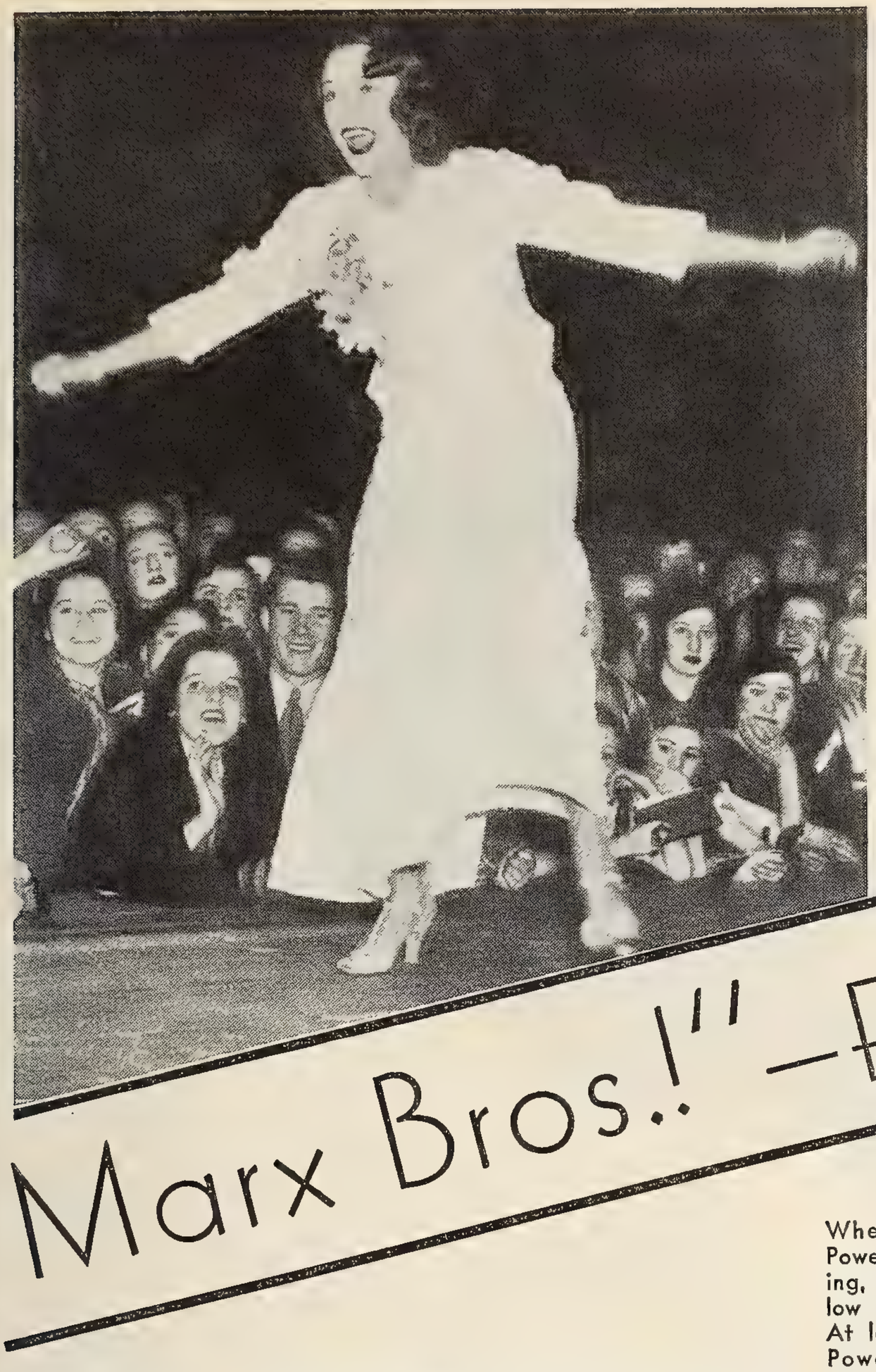
THERE on that vast stage, stripped as herself, quivered a slender stem of girl in practice togs, blue blouse and black trunks, while at one side an open-shirted Cuban band squatted expectantly to strike up its heady rhythms. Then, in momentary hush, the poised figure curved downward, a hand patted bare thigh, a voice coaxed: "Don't fail me now, baby. Be good, and I'll take you home tonight and give you some hay."

At that, throbbing music suddenly going mad, Eleanor Powell went into her dance. She swayed, snapped back her hair-tossed head, crept forward like a stealthy panther, leapt high into the air, brought up abruptly with staggered feet, slithered along in front of each provocative musician to drum out with her toes an imitation of tom-tom or other primitive instrument, flung herself free, whirled dizzily in delirium, swooned into ecstasy. Baby, indeed both babies, had been very good and earned their promised alfalfa. It was all as beautiful as her legs, this new dance la conga for her new picture, "Honolulu."

Lucky star, as her story was to prove when she tripped over breathlessly to tell it. It was the story of the one and only vacation in her whole workaday life, a long, happy journey stretching down through sunny waters from Hollywood to the home of that dance, Havana, then up to festive Washington and into the heart of the President and his welcoming family.

But its narrator was not that strange, half-wild creature of the dance. She was, in her naïve enthusiasm, like the simple girl from next door come to tell of the wonderful time she'd had. No wonder she was full of it, for only this Queen of Taps could have gone dancing attendance on the President.

Out of a treasure-box came trophies of the White House luncheon and the President's Birthday Ball, at both of which their grateful possessor had been the guest of honor no less. With invitations, place-mark, photographs of Mrs. Roosevelt and herself, letters, notes, was even a cloak-room check, just a number.



Marx Bros.!"—Eleanor Powell

"And there's something else I'm really proud of," said Eleanor, with a quizzical smile. "I don't know just how to tell you about it, and maybe I shouldn't try. You see, the head man in charge of—mmmmm—hall arrangements came to me and said that there were two women attendants who wanted awfully to have my autograph, only they didn't know how they could possibly get it. I did. So I went right into the women's rest room to give it to those dear old souls. But they had no book or card, and I had nothing I could write on. For a moment we were stumped. Then I thought of something, and they got it for me. After I'd written on it, I asked them for their autographs, and they carefully wrote them down in pencil on this—er—" She drew out a scribbled torn strip. What? Well, it wasn't note-paper!

"This dance I'm doing is also a souvenir," hurried on Eleanor to cover her confusion. "I picked it up in Havana, then got this Cuban orchestra to come here and play it for me. The real conga, as they do it there, is a barbaric sex dance which couldn't be done on the screen in its native frankness, so I'm putting taps to it. I went to three night clubs in Havana, and really let my hair down at the Casino, where I did seven or eight rhumbas, the real thing. With me were five young married couples from the boat. That was the first taste of outside life I'd known, except for the four times I'd gone out during my three years in Hollywood, and anyway those didn't count. This was my first contact with the outside public, real human beings, since going into pictures. It was my first vacation, too—I've worked from the time I was twelve—and it was the first time I'd ever been on a boat. I envied those married couples I got to know there, they were so happy every evening when I called them together on the back deck by rolling a drum. I'm essentially a small-town girl, and they were leading a life which was ideal to me."

Here spoke the real, the simple Eleanor Powell, surprisingly different from the glamorous dancing star of the screen. Just a kid at heart, delighting in kid things. She took on the new guise of a Cinderella, a Cinderella who for once had known the joys of a carefree holiday, above all a Cinderella who had gone to the President's Ball in all her dazzling glory.

"What made it all so wonderful," she glowed, "was that everyone did everything to give me a grand time. It was just one big thrill. I got my first one when five hundred children waited for the boat at Columbia and cried, 'We want Eleanor!' I posed from nine till four while they took my picture, and in between shots I kept doing dance steps. A curious thing happened at Guatemala, where a big black diver in a small boat stared up at me with bulging eyes as if he were seeing a ghost and just said, 'You!' Then he shuffled his feet to show he knew who I was, and when I threw down a photograph he carefully wrapped it in a piece of newspaper. But at Havana, where five thousand people stood on the dock, no one knew me at first. That was because of my light brown hair and blue eyes, which photographed black on the screen. It was not until I smiled that they recognized me. Then they did something that touched me as nothing else had ever done—bent down and kissed the hem of my skirt. I tried not to let on and pretend I was used to that sort of thing, but I almost swallowed my tongue."

Even now Eleanor was doing a bit of gulping that had nothing to do with her noonday sandwich. "But what those people did wasn't for me," she insisted. "It was simply that, to them, I represented what they stood for—dancing. They live on it. I (*Please turn to page 86*)



Wherever Eleanor Powell goes dancing, the crowds follow and applaud. At left above, Miss Powell entertaining an appreciative audience of fans. Right, the smile that wins 'em! The star is just a kid at heart, as our story tells — a Cinderella who for once has known the joys of a carefree holiday.







Hollywood's One Real Glamor Girl

Here is a girl whose glamor is real, not synthetic. Hedy Lamarr was born with it, has lived a glamorous life. Read her amazing story

By Gene Schrott

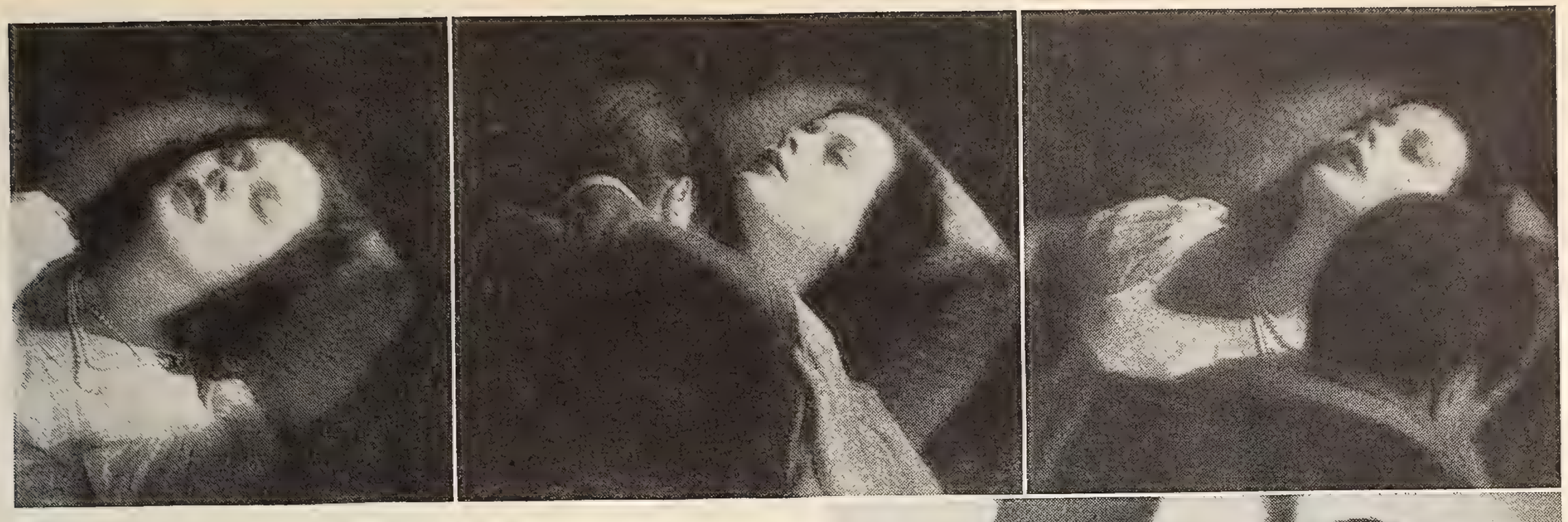
"SOPHISTICATION is out!"

"The glamor girl is doomed!"

These distressing decrees issuing from Hollywood's inner sanctums a few months ago sounded the death knell for the bevy of beauties whose presence transformed the film colony into something resembling a Ziegfeld finale. In hundreds of streamlined bosoms, the sad tidings killed the hopes and aspirations of those who brought their treasured gifts to the world's beauty mart.

Into this cauldron of bubbling aversion to sophistication walked Hedy Lamarr. Sauntering at her usual leisurely gait, she calmly surveyed the situation and immediately flung her own flashing challenge to the formidable edict. From beneath her starry lashes, she issued a dare to those who wanted to put glamor back in moth balls.

But when Hollywood caught one glimpse of the famous European beauty whose wake was strewn with breath-taking adventures, it suddenly forgot its strenuous objections to glamor and hastened to lay its own gifts at her feet. Everyone clamored to see the girl who stirred the political and social circles of Europe into a breathless crisis. Everyone wanted to know the feminine paradox who so casually tossed twenty million dollars to the



The Hollywood make-up experts took one look at Hedy Lamarr and said, "She's a real beauty—there's nothing we can do!" Known as "The 'Ecstasy' Girl" for the part she played in a foreign film, three scenes of which are shown above, Hedy has made one American movie, Walter Wanger's "Algiers"—see her in a scene with Charles Boyer, left on page opposite, and in a close-up at right.

wind that she might fulfill a passionate childhood dream.

Ever since the time she witnessed her first motion picture, Hedy Lamarr was determined to become an actress. Even against the vehement objections of her staid and conventional family and the traditions of a society that looked down upon any career for a woman, she rose finally to achieve what she had set her heart upon some fifteen years ago.

Stories of Hedy Lamarr long preceded her own arrival in this country. Tragedy, mystery and romance are so fantastically interwoven in her young life, it is almost impossible to tell where one ends and the other begins. The beauty of the Trojan Helen may have started a ten-year war among the ancient Greeks, but this mere slip of a girl has caused enough disturbance in her twenty-two years to dwarf any phase of ancient history, say contemporary observers of history in the making. They say that because of her, Hitler and Mussolini almost came to verbal blows; that Fritz Mandel, mysterious, fabulously rich, powerful manufacturer of Austria, threatened rulers who are known to take up arms at a far lesser challenge. Even here in America, the courts carried on legal jousts for many months and the press of the nation re-echoed with story upon story involving the young girl whose sensational screen portrayal almost created an international crisis.

Hers is not the customary "from rags to riches" story. The daughter of a Viennese banker, Hedy Lamarr was born with a silver spoon in her mouth and cut her teeth on golden coins. Ever since her toddling days, she has been accustomed to wealth and splendor and despite her constant indifference to money, it clings to her persistently.

With riches trailing her wherever she goes, the tragic spell cast by some evil spirit at her birth seems to stalk her footsteps. Even in Hollywood, the far-reaching effects of the magic jinx have caught up with her. Just as she was completing a scene from "Algiers," she was summoned to the long distance telephone. From Vienna was relayed a message from the caretaker of her Austrian residence. Her home had been robbed of all the rare silver and precious gold plate together with thousands of dollars worth of art treasures. Whatever the mob of vandals were unable to carry off, they mutilated or destroyed.

As Hedy Kiesler, the American movie public is vaguely familiar with Hollywood's newest glamor girl. As the sensational star of the motion picture that rocked two continents, she is more widely remembered. But when "Algiers" is released, the American public will view the exotic Hedy Lamarr in her first American-made motion picture and her first appearance on the screen since the much discussed "Ecstasy."

Her own life is as exciting and glamorous as any motion picture in which she will ever play. Her career is charmingly and profusely illustrated by her lovely self in every conceivable rôle a woman can wish to experience.

At the age of seventeen, Hedy captured the heart of a dashing young Austrian officer, who possessed a very strict regard for feminine deportment and whose high-born position frowned at any public display of woman. He looked down upon the theater as a career for a self-respecting woman and scorned it even more as a background for the woman he loved. Unfortunately for his hopes, Hedy at this time was introduced to Max Reinhardt who was completely carried away by the properly reared and well educated young girl. The celebrated German producer marvelled at her fresh, striking beauty and dynamic feminine appeal. He saw in her limitless possibilities as a great actress and strongly urged her to adopt the stage as a profession. More, he insisted she become his own protege, an honor which in itself would have been sufficient inducement for any woman in Europe.

Little did the seventeen-year-old beauty dream that her hasty decision would bring with it tragedy and riches and the world sensation that followed. Little did she dream that she would soon be designated as the "loveliest girl in Europe" by the world's ranking authority on charm and feminine beauty.

But the young officer who loved her insisted she abandon her budding career for the greater blessings of his love. Being young and (*Please turn to page 82*)

Signing Their Own Confessions

Showing their true colors in black and white! Read what your pet stars say about themselves when they write their autographs

By Donald Humphries







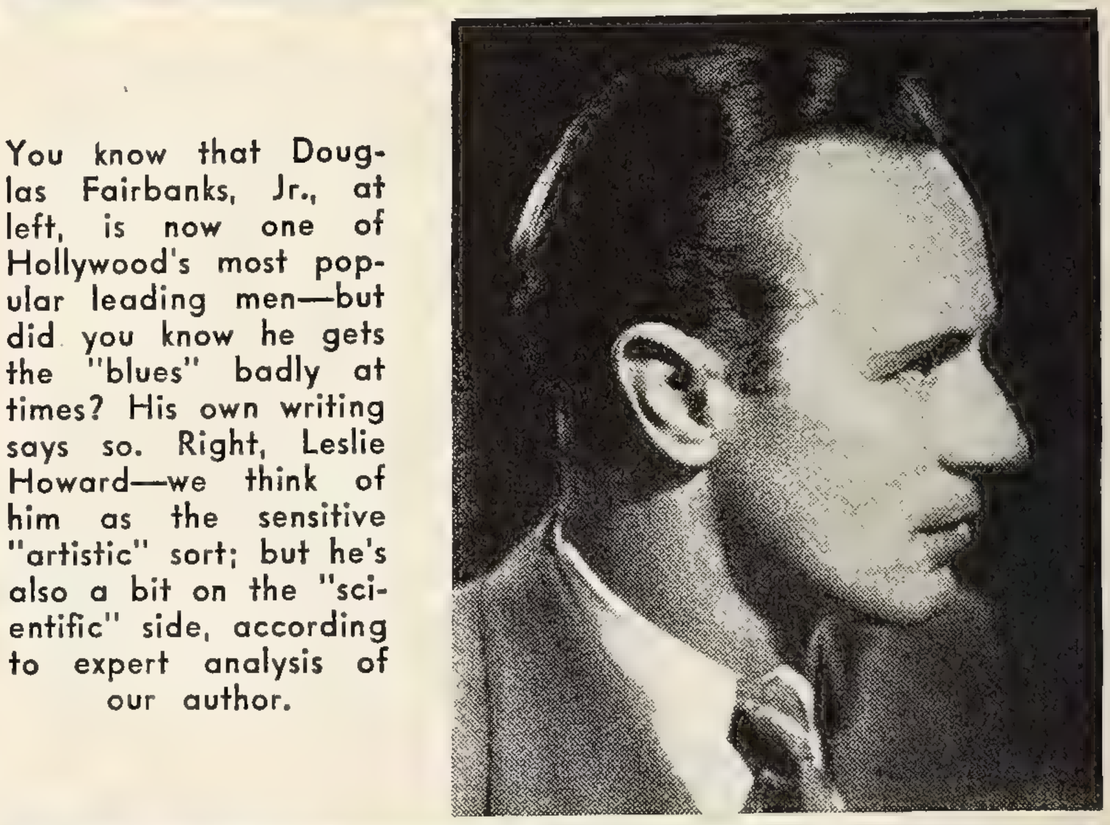
Maybe they don't know it; perhaps they don't care—but Gary Cooper, above, and Joan Bennett, left, give away on themselves by the signatures you see adjoining their portraits. Everybody does it—it only takes an expert to read the lines the signer pens about his most intimate thoughts and secrets of the heart.



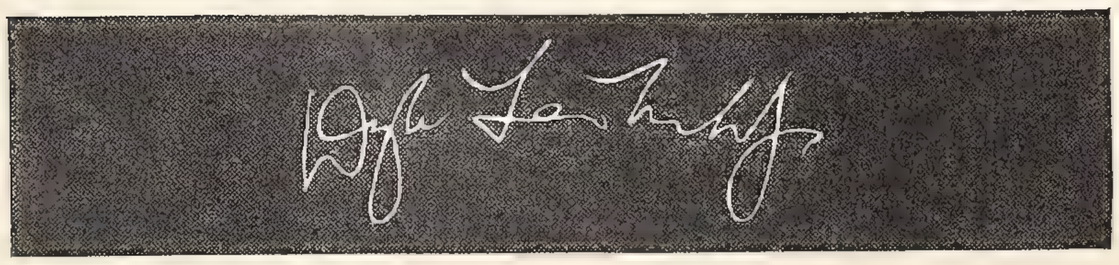
WHETHER for good or ill, there is no getting away from ourselves. Our nature is revealed in everything we do and the discerning can sometimes read in the very tones of our voice, in the clothes we wear, in our general manner, the kind of person behind. But more exact in disclosing character than all these is our handwriting. Secrets of the heart and mind lie in how we cross "t's" or dot "i's," spiritual triumphs or defeats are there in the general slant of a line, the mark of the sweet or hasty temper are plain for all to see in the downward loop of a "y" or a "g." With no more than a line or two of handwriting, any one skilled in analysis can reconstruct the living personality, with all its good and evil, its small strengths and weaknesses, that produced that particular form of writing.

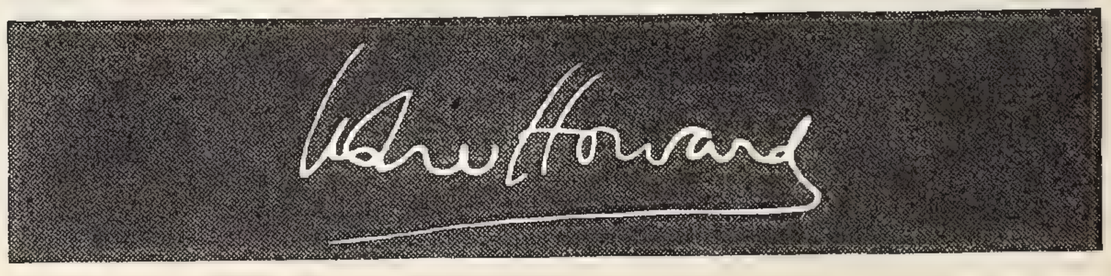
Perhaps the screen stars don't realize, and quite possibly they don't care, but every time they sign an autograph book they give themselves away! The man with eyes to see can read in that hasty scrawl hidden qualities of temperament of which the press agent himself may





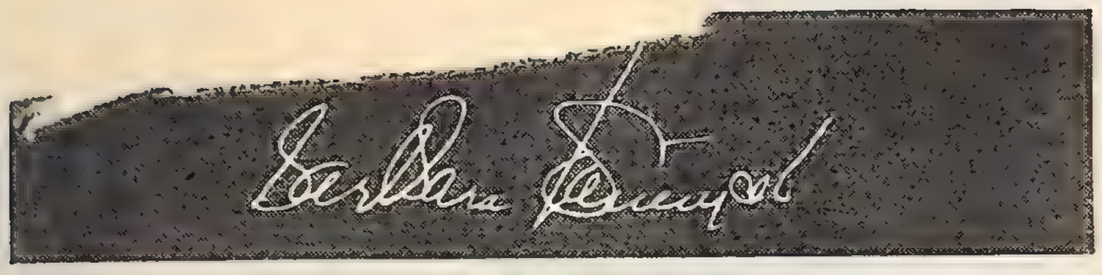
You know that Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., at left, is now one of Hollywood's most popular leading men—but did you know he gets the "blues" badly at times? His own writing says so. Right, Leslie Howard—we think of him as the sensitive "artistic" sort; but he's also a bit on the "scientific" side, according to expert analysis of our author.





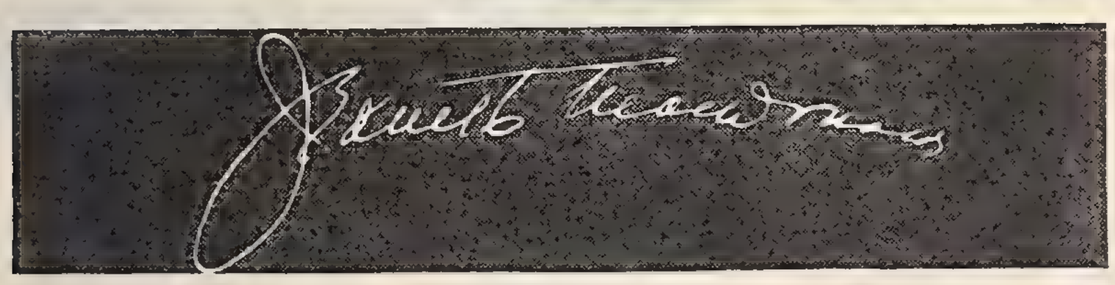
Louise," right,
out as one of
w stars who can
cused of consis-
" says the report
n analysis of the
de charmer's sig-
e. Very interesting,
ell as pretty girl,
ra—you'll find that
ut in this article.







Study in contrasts! Jeanette MacDonald, right, hides behind that sparkling smile an almost relentless tenacity of purpose. The long cross of the "t" in her autograph, also, shows great energy. Above, Barbara Stanwyck and the signature that tells you that Babs is ruled by her heart, and—but read the article!





Claudette Colbert, left, and the autograph that tells you lots of things you'll be more than interested to know about the vivacious, witty and appealing glamor girl. At right, Janet Gaynor. You've known Janet a long while, but you've still to learn things about her—they're told in this story.







be unaware. The success of the star in question may have come from a long suppression of certain traits or the deliberate cultivation of others. It is all in her hand. Her personality may have taken on a new and less candid guise, developing, with time, the appropriate mannerisms. Her hand changes too slowly to deceive. There are others, however, many others, whose natures have only grown stronger with the years, carrying them on to a well-earned success for making the most of themselves.

In studying the handwriting of the stars, I have been surprised in many cases by what has been revealed. In others, my former opinions have only been substantiated. In all cases, however, I have found the existence of certain traits their fans might never have suspected, contradictory traits that emphasize their being no more than men and women and as liable as you and I to conflicts of temperament and a constant need for readjustment.

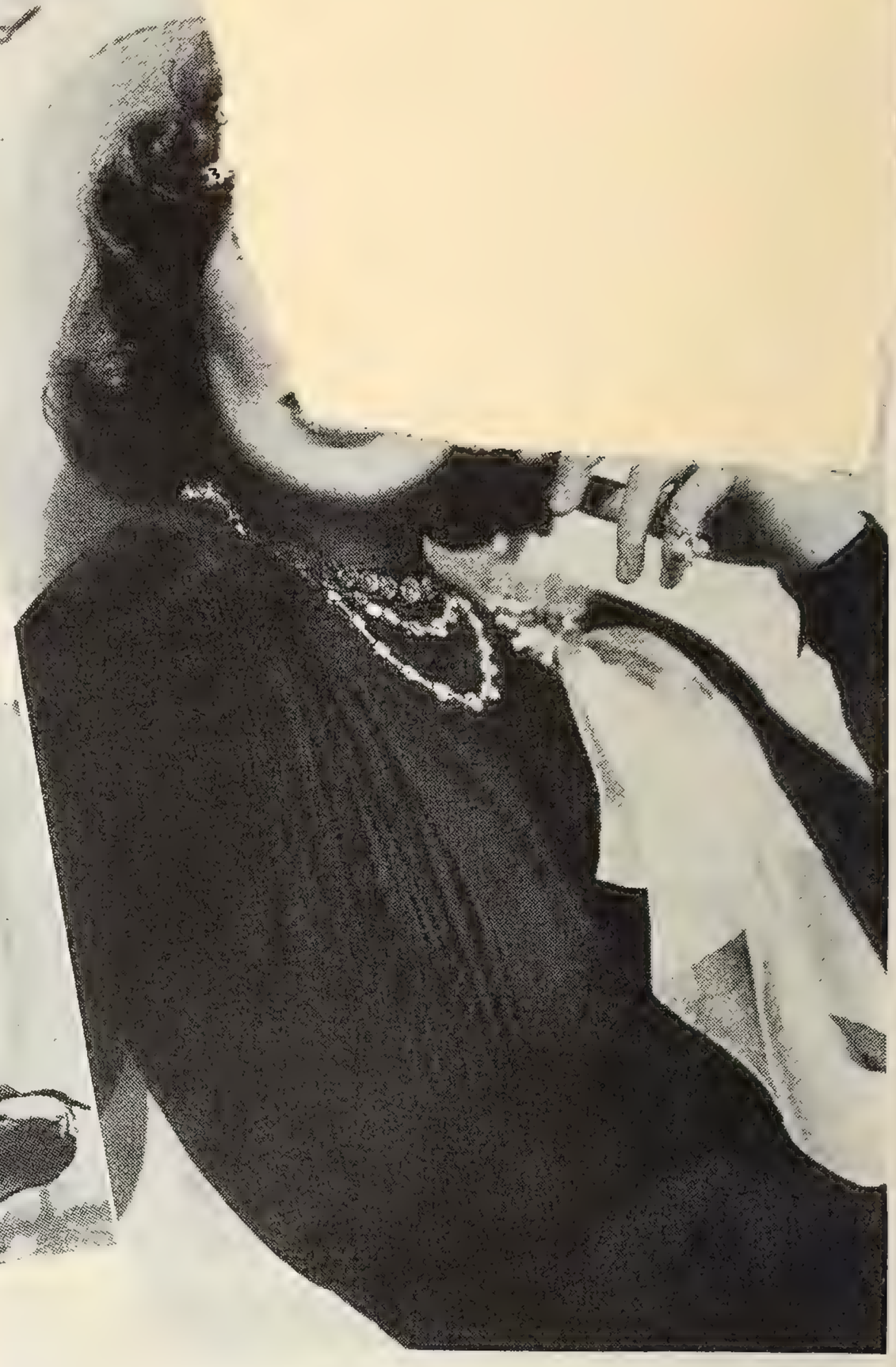
Anita Louise stands out as being one of the few stars I know who can be accused of consistency. The general effect of her plain little hand, with its firm lines, (*Please turn to page 88*)



Hollywood ponders the fate of some film favorites. Left, Edward Arnold; right, Katharine Hepburn—both players made stars by popular demand. Have their fans deserted them?









Has the day of the glamor girl gone by? Joan Crawford, above, has signed a new seven-year contract with Metro, meaning there must be public demand for her brand of highly glamorized appeal. Right, Mae West, who answered a charge that she was no longer "box-office" with a characteristic Westian crack calculated to put detractors in their proper places.

Are certain exhibitor groups correct in claiming that you, the Public, have abandoned your old favorites? Read this sensational story for the answer

Are the Stars

NOT since that ill-fated week in March, 1933, when the banks were closed as tight as a clam, have the movie theatres of this country been quite so devoid of paying customers. In some of the big fancy emporiums it is said the sports of the town are shooting wild deer. Other theatres, rather than face a cold house day after day, have followed the example of the famous Rivoli in New York City and completely given up the ghost. If they can't shut people in, at least they can shut them out. No one seems to want china, trailers, or a place to neck any more. This doesn't sound like the American public. What's wrong with them? Or better still, what's wrong with the movies?

Mr. Sam Goldwyn, he who likes Quality better than Quantity, has his theory. "It used to be," said Mr. Goldwyn, "that one picture of a double feature would be bad. Now you got to expect both of them will be terrible. The American picture industry better do something, and do it soon."

Mr. Darryl Zanuck, head man of the Twentieth Century-Fox studios, and he whom such charming people as Loretta Young, Tyrone Power, Sonja Henie and Alice Faye call "boss," thinks it's something else entirely. "Box office slump is not due to poor pictures," said Mr. Zanuck, "nor is there any basis for Sam Goldwyn's conclusion that the public is on a picture strike. The record shows that the general public just hasn't as much money for film entertainment as it had a year ago."

All the other producers in town had something to say, too—if there's any publicity with names and photographs going around they want to be in on it—except RKO which was deep in 77B and getting rid of Katharine Hepburn.

But Hollywood simply laughed it off, Ha ha, as Hollywood has a way of doing. And after all, my dear, you can't expect movie stars to get upset over wild deer dying where once *Camille* gasped her last breath when they are miles away and surrounded by gay flattering people who assure them but constantly that they are the most glamorous; the most breathlessly devastating things that ever







Kay Francis, extreme left, answered the question of her future as a screen celebrity by announcing that she would marry and retire from the studios at the expiration of her present contract. Marlene Dietrich, left, target of critical shafts, may mold a new career as a sparkling comedienne. Her admirers believe she may yet become one of the screen's greatest box-office attractions.

Fred Astaire, above, is once again Ginger Rogers' co-starring partner in "Carefree." His solo film was not as great a success as the Astaire-Rogers series. Constance Bennett, right, switched to comedy in "Topper" and won fresh attention from the public.



Really Doomed?

By Elizabeth Wilson

walked in beauty and the affection of fellow mortals.

And then came the bolt from the blue. The Independent Theatre Owners, it seems, had something to say. They had theatres to fill, they had kept close tab on the box office records, and they knew exactly what was keeping people out of the theatres. It wasn't double features, and it wasn't lack of money. *It was the stars.* And just so everybody in Hollywood would be sure to see what they had to say they said it on the back page of a popular local trade paper, all boxed in red—which means "Danger" in any language. Hollywood couldn't have been more surprised if the Pacific had suddenly yawned and swallowed it. And just in case you missed the exhibitors' blast I think you ought to know a few of the drastic things it said. Maybe you agree with it. Maybe you resent it. Anyway, Hollywood's in a dreadful fret about it, so at least you ought to be informed.

The ad boldly started, "Wake Up! Hollywood Producers!" and went on to say, "Practically all of the major studios are burdened with stars—whose public appeal is negligible—receiving tremendous salaries necessitated by contractual obligations. Having these stars under contract, and paying them sizeable sums weekly, the studios find themselves in the unhappy position of having to put these box office deterrents in expensive pictures in the hope that some return on the investment might be had." Imagine being called a "deterrent"—why, I'd rather be called a rodent!

Then the ad goes on to say, and very boldly too, "Among these players, whose dramatic ability is unquestioned but whose box office draw is *nil,* can be numbered Mae West, Edward Arnold, Garbo, Joan Crawford, Katharine Hepburn, and many, many others. Garbo, for instance, is a tremendous draw in Europe, which does not help the theatre owners in the United States. Hepburn turned in excellent performances in 'Stage Door' and 'Bringing Up Baby' but both pictures died.

"The combined salaries of these stars take millions out of the industry and millions out of the box office. We are not against the star system, mind you, but we don't think it should dominate the production of pictures. We want the Myrna Loys and Cary (*Please turn to page 78*)





Principals in our real-life human interest story: right, Ginger Rogers, the lithe, gay, rollicking screen star. Below, Ginger with her cousin and ward, Lee; then Lee and his mother Billie with Grandfather Owens.

Ginger's Secret Heart

A surprise for Hollywood and all who think they know Ginger Rogers! The real heart-interest story behind the glitter of a glamor girl

By Margaret Mary Joslyn

THERE is a nine-year-old kid named Lee who lives in an apartment hotel in Chicago. He has lived there for a long time—long before his Daddy died—and all the residents know who he is. But every now and then some strange kid moves in, they sniff each other out in the lobby—and when Lee tells him who he is the kid says, "Oh, yeah?"

So then Lee must streak upstairs—he's too impatient to wait for the elevator—to get the dog-eared scrapbook that he keeps in his playnook behind the davenport, and pant downstairs again to show the book to the skeptic. The scrapbook has been thumbed so much it is practically falling apart. But it proves his point all right to the Doubting Thomas. For the book is full of newspaper clippings and pictures of Ginger Rogers, and under many of them are notes in Ginger's own handwriting to "My dearest ward and cousin Lee."

Ginger's Aunt Billie, Lee's pretty mother, says that her son will be the death of her yet. Maybe it's only the wild energy of nine years, and maybe it's the heritage of the dramatic strain in the Owens' blood, but he's always acting. The other day he cut his finger, and the doctor cauterized it.

"Oh, Lord," demanded Lee, raising his eyes and one clenched fist heavenward, like Job. "What have I done that you must punish me so? Why? What is my sin?"

And then, of course, he's always doing a Fred Astaire around the coffee table, and mimicking all the characters in Ginger's latest picture. Billie can understand her son's violent admiration for his famous cousin and guardian. And although her own feelings are not as noisily expressed, her worship of Ginger goes deep. For if it hadn't

been for Ginger, Lee might not be clowning around the house today.

One night, two years ago, Lee did something very unusual. He went to bed early, without protest. A funny noise came from his bedroom. Billie looked at her husband and laughed. "Listen to him snore! He'll saw off a cord by midnight."

By midnight she learned that he wasn't snoring—the funny noise was a rattle in his chest. By morning he had a high fever, the doctor pronounced it pneumonia, and he was rushed to an oxygen tent in the hospital. When his parents brought him home he had a relapse. His fever mounted. He could not talk, he could not eat. Billie sat beside his bedside, anguished and helpless, watching his strength ebb, listening to the fight for breath. The doctor said if Lee lasted until morning it would be a miracle. And then the phone rang. It was a long distance call from Ginger in Hollywood.

"How is he?" asked Ginger.

"Oh, Ginger," choked Billie, and could say no more for fear the sobs would break.

There was a faint whimper from the bed. "What is it, darling?" asked Billie. Lee held out his hand for the phone.

There was a long cord on the telephone. Billie brought the phone to his bed and held the receiver to his ear.

"Hello, darling," said Ginger.

A tiny smile curled Lee's lips.

"You're not sick, dear," said Ginger. "How could you be? God made all little boys perfect, in His image. You're no different than any of the rest of them. You're going to get well. You're going to eat something pretty soon, aren't you, darling? And then you are going to go to sleep, and tomorrow morning you'll feel fine, won't you, Lee?"

The boy nodded into the mouthpiece.

His mother took the phone. "Now listen, Billie," came Ginger's husky voice. "Lee is going to get well. *Believe* that he's going to get well. I do. So does mother. He's going to ask for food in half an hour. Have faith that he will."

They talked a while longer, and then Ginger said goodby, promising to ring every hour.

Billie took up her vigil beside the bed. Her futile anguish was calmed, and with all her heart she tried to believe that her boy would recover. A faint sound came from Lee's bed.

"What is it, dear?" Billie bent over him.

"I'm hungry, Mom," he whispered. "I—want—an—egg—sandwich."

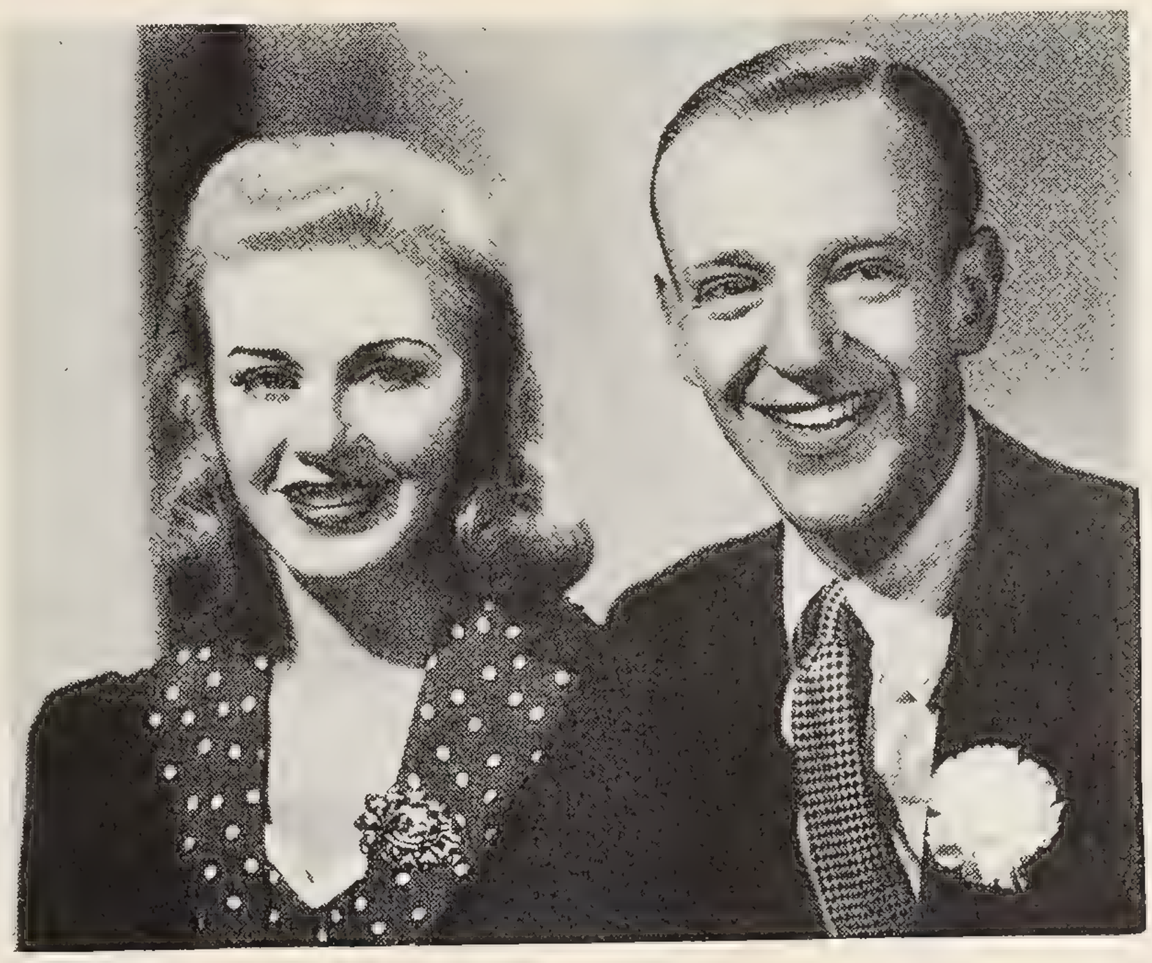
Billie's knees almost crumpled beneath her. She went into the kitchen and soft-boiled an egg. Her hands were shaking so that she could scarcely spread the egg on a piece of bread. She poured out a glass of milk. She carried the food to Lee. He ate every bit of the bread and egg, drained his glass of milk, and fell into a natural sleep. His fever broke, and the next day he was well on the road to recovery!

This is only one of several reasons why Billie adores Ginger, the woman, as well as Ginger, the celebrity. When Billie's husband was in the hospital, Ginger and her mother, Lela, who is Billie's older sister, provided the finest doctors for him. They paid his hospital expenses during a long-drawn-out illness. They called Billie almost every day to hearten her. And when Billie's husband died, and they insisted on paying the funeral expenses, and Billie protested, they said, "How can we refill our buckets if we don't empty them?"

Ginger's philosophy, ever since she was a little girl, has been one of generosity, says Billie. She inherits that from her grandfather Owens, too.

One day, reminisced Billie, many years before Ginger was born, a tramp came to the kitchen of their home in Kansas City, Missouri. Lela was in the kitchen with the hired girl. The rest of the family were in the front room. Lela rushed into the parlor, her eyes wide with indig-

(*Continued on page 92*)



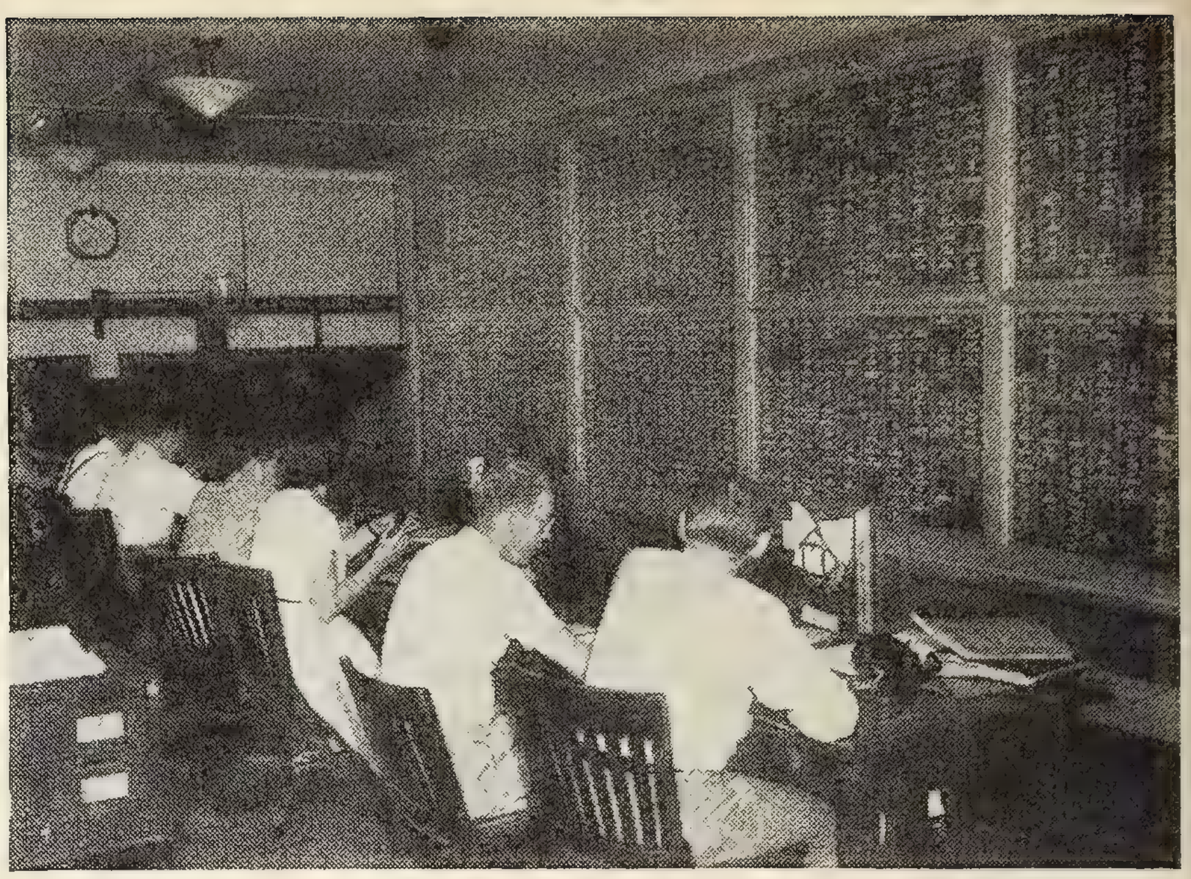
"The radiance cast by a star" can be applied to signify more in Ginger's case than the mere glamor of film fame. Above, new close-up of Rogers and Astaire, co-starring again in "Carefree." Left, the pre-Hollywood Ginger. Below, with her mother; right, the reigning screen luminary.







Attention, ambitious girls and boys! In the interests of truth, SCREENLAND asks you to read this story. It may disillusion you bitterly, but eventually you will thank us for it, for it will save you not only money, but heartbreak!



HOLLYWOOD DOESN'T WANT

By James Bowles Fisher

I'll admit you've got what it takes. You're as handsome as Robert Taylor. And you can act. Yes, I'll agree that in that last Little Theatre play you turned in an acting job equal to any of Paul Muni's.

Maybe you're a girl. If you are, I'll go for the idea that you've got a figure as lovely as Zorina's. More than that, yours is the kind of a face that has launched an odd ten thousand compliments. I'll agree with *your* friends that in the last town musical show you were absolutely "tops." Alice Faye couldn't have done those torch numbers with any more appeal. And even Eleanor Powell would have had to do some stepping to out-tap you in those tricky routines. The sketches gave you plenty of opportunity to display your acting ability, and you lived up to your opportunity.



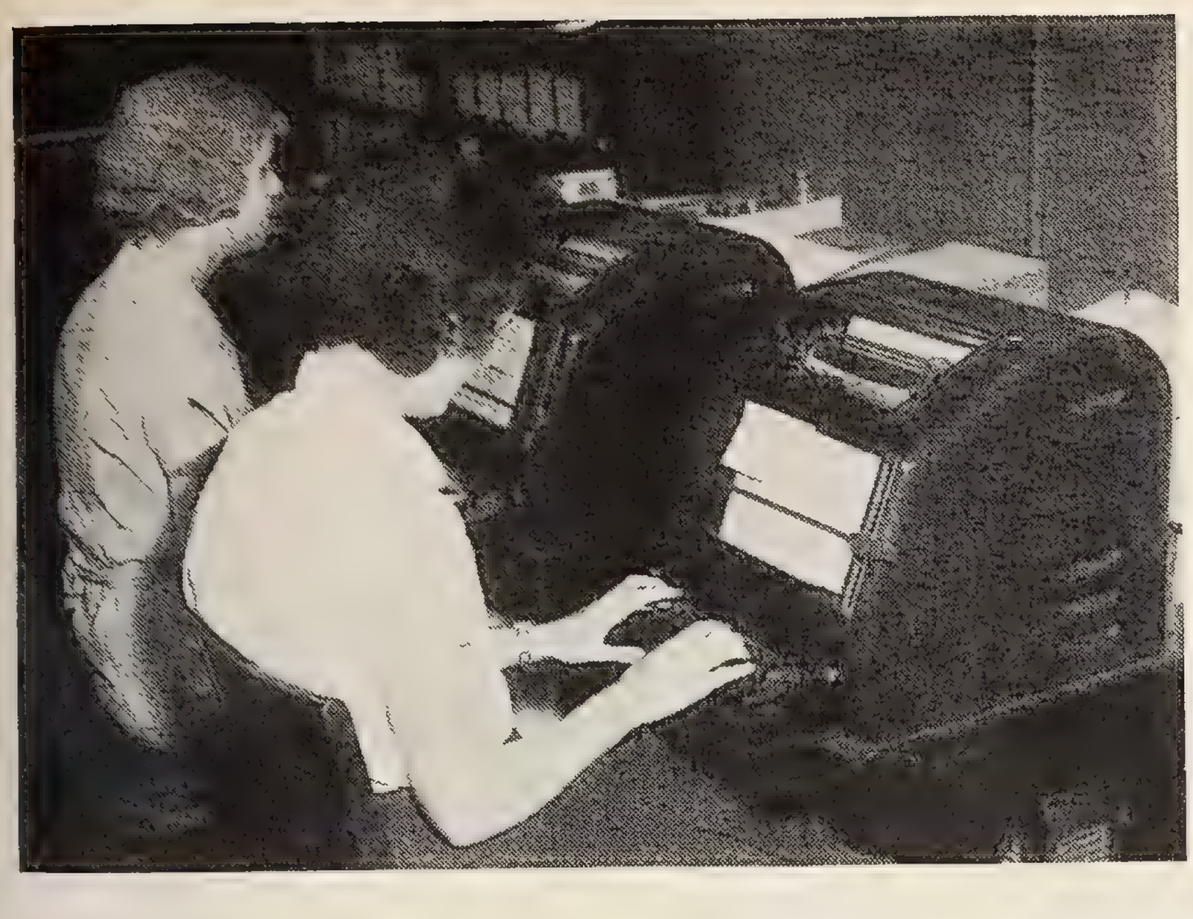
You've both heard the line, "Why—you ought to be in Hollywood!" It is usually accompanied by a slight gasp to indicate admiration and an arch, mischievous look which signifies that it is the finest possible compliment. It is always followed by an exclamation point. As a compliment its significance cannot be denied. But it's a dangerous line. It is responsible for a lot of heart-break and disillusion.

Left, one of the few, very few, lucky "discoveries" of the day in Hollywood: Ellen Drew, picked by director Wesley Ruggles. Below, a sequence showing what happens to a girl who gets a chance in pictures: Cheryl Walker, 19-year-old "Queen" of Pasadena Junior College tournament, is seen by film scout in Rose Parade, auditioned by Paramount, made up by expert, glorified by hairdresser, gowned by wardrobe department, and finally is ready to face the camera. Her career begins. Her future? Who knows?









Our picture at far left shows the employees of Central Casting office as they listen to "extra" calls coming in and being relayed over the loud speakers while they keep an eye on the schedule board which shows names of "dress extras" available for work. At left: on these teletype machines Central Casting receives the daily work orders direct from studios if and when extras are needed.

Perhaps you two have heard this type of praise just once too often. A meaningless but insidious cliché has kindled your imaginations. You're thinking things that neither one of you would dare say for fear of being thought conceited. You're thinking, "Why not? Why shouldn't I be in Hollywood? What have any of those big names got that I haven't got? What can they do that I can't do?" And so on. Anyway, you don't want to stick in the home town and rot. Get out and do something big—that's the thing!

Well, why not take a chance? You've both saved a few hundred bucks. That's enough for bus fare (it's cheaper to travel that way) and if you're careful you'll each have enough to keep you going for several months. With all that personality and ability you'll certainly land something in that time. Just one break—that's all either of you will ever need. Just one break!

And suppose you *don't* get something right away. You can't starve in Hollywood. You can always do extra work. Why, Clark Gable was an extra once; so was Gary Cooper; so was Norma Shearer. And now look!

While you two are busy convincing yourselves that Hollywood is your manifest destiny, I'll get on with my story. There are, unfortunately, some facts which you



Marie De Forest! Ever hear her name before? Probably not, but she is one of Hollywood's prettiest and busiest chorus girls.

YOU!







ought to face before you withdraw your little hoards from the bank and go to the bus depot for your tickets. First, let's dispose of the idea that you may walk into a casting office and walk out with a part. You won't! If someone is needed for a part, that someone will be picked from the ranks of the known free-lance actors. Or the studio will make use of one of its more promising stock contract players. You—an unknown with no professional stage experience—haven't a chance at that rôle. Well, maybe you have a *chance*. After all, the law of probability must be considered. You have about the same chance of getting the part that you have of winning the next Irish Sweepstakes!

But you might get a stock contract. Yes, you *might!* But there too the odds are about a thousand to one against you, especially if you come to Hollywood in search of one. You'll be better off if you stay at home and stick to your Little Theatre work. Some day a talent scout may happen along and like you well enough to send you to New York or to Hollywood for a screen test. Of course, that may never happen. But it's still a better bet than to come to this City of Glamor in the hope of being put into stock by one of the studios.

You'll immediately think of some fine exceptions to prove me wrong. For instance, there's Ellen Drew at Paramount. She was a waitress in a drive-in eatery when some executive saw her and got her a test. She made good on her break and was taken on as a stock player. Since then she has gone ahead steadily. Now she is playing





the lead opposite Bing Crosby in "The Unholy Beebes." Then there's Dorothy Howe. She was a switchboard operator in Dallas. Someone "discovered" her and now she is under contract to one of the studios. There are others. But not many. If you think you're the next exception and ride jauntily into Hollywood on that assumption, you're defying all the laws of chance and probability.

But you can always be an extra! Can you? Let's see. Central Casting is the place to find out about that. It is through Central that the majority of extras get their calls. It is situated in the middle of Hollywood. If you were here you might be living in one of the many hundreds of seedy one-room apartments in that section of town. And just to give you an idea of the travelling costs—with or without a car—your apartment would be approximately twelve miles from Metro; three miles from Paramount and RKO; about a mile from Columbia; six miles from both Universal and Warners; eight miles from Republic; four from United Artists. And so on. The wear and tear of getting from here to there and back again is something, and the expense of it cannot be ignored.

In the entrance hall of the grey weather-beaten building which harbors this clearing house of hopes and illusions, there is a Sign. It is too prominently placed to be missed. It is funereal both in import and appearance. Silver letters underscored in part with shivering red leap from a black background. It reads:

TO EXTRA PLAYERS—

Hereafter all interviews in person or over telephone with employees of Central Casting Corp., will be discontinued—*and the reception room closed until further notice.*

Central Casting Corp.

Suppose you have been here two months. Your money hasn't lasted as long as you thought it would. You hadn't figured on distances and the cost of just getting your heads over to Metro, for instance, so that you could bat them against the walls of the casting office. You haven't been able to get in to see anyone. You're practically broke. Now this grim sign—you can't even get inside Central.

"But that sign won't be there forever," you say, "that's just because business has been bad." In other words you don't believe in signs.

(*Please turn to page 90*)



It's easy to smile, as Olympe Bradna is doing right here, when you've been made a star. Or when, as in the case of the pretty girls at left above, you've just been given brand-new contracts with hope ahead. But consider the heartaches if you're not one of the lucky ones! At far left, another view of the Casting Office with the staff at work.







Hang on to your hats, folks—a secretary is about to reveal all! Above, the author with her boss, star comedienne, whom you see in a candid close-up at right—is she too temperamental or too timid for her own good? Upper right, Martha, seemingly hurt by her critics' many shafts, is consoled by her pet terrier.

"Martha Won't Talk—So I Will!"

Martha Raye's secretary knows the answers to rumors that the star has "too much temperament"—and she gives them in this fiery retort

By Jean Roth

Secretary to Martha Raye

TO BEGIN with, I want it clearly understood that I take no responsibility whatsoever for the manner in which this story is likely to turn out. I'm a secretary, not a writer. Up until this momentous occasion my writing proclivities have been confined to the more garden varieties, such as answering fan-mail, jotting down appointments and signing for parcels marked "collect." So, and I'm giving due warning, anything is likely to happen before this article is finished.

Secretary to a star! Don't let the title fool you, though. There's more to it than strikes the untrained eye. Someone started calling their combination shock-absorber, "wailing-wall," and odds-and-ends-taker-carer-of their personal secretary and as yet no one has bothered to think up a more descriptive title. For consider when you spend from ten to fifteen hours a day with your boss, while you may not be actually working all that time, you forthwith become something a little bit more than a mere secretary. "Grief-artist" would about cover the situation, I think, and would add a note of distinction to the position. For when you sign on for such a job you automatically take up the rôle of, (1) comforting pal in times of distress, (2) rejoicing celebrant in each new triumph, and, (3) general all-around utility gal for such minor chores as, (a) seeing that your boss gets to the studio on time, (b) making sure that she gets at least a fair amount of sleep and, (c) seeing to it that she sticks to that weekly budget you helped her figure out when she signed her new contract—and, all in all, being father, mother, older brother, and sort of advisory council, without quite realizing it.

So, as personal secretary to Martha Raye and her pal to boot, I feel more or less responsible for her and this seems to be a fine opportunity to get a few things off my chest—things that have been rumored and even printed about her which are so ridiculously untrue as to be downright farcical—things with which every star has to contend and for which there is no adequate defense. So hang on to your hats, folks—a secretary is about to reveal all!

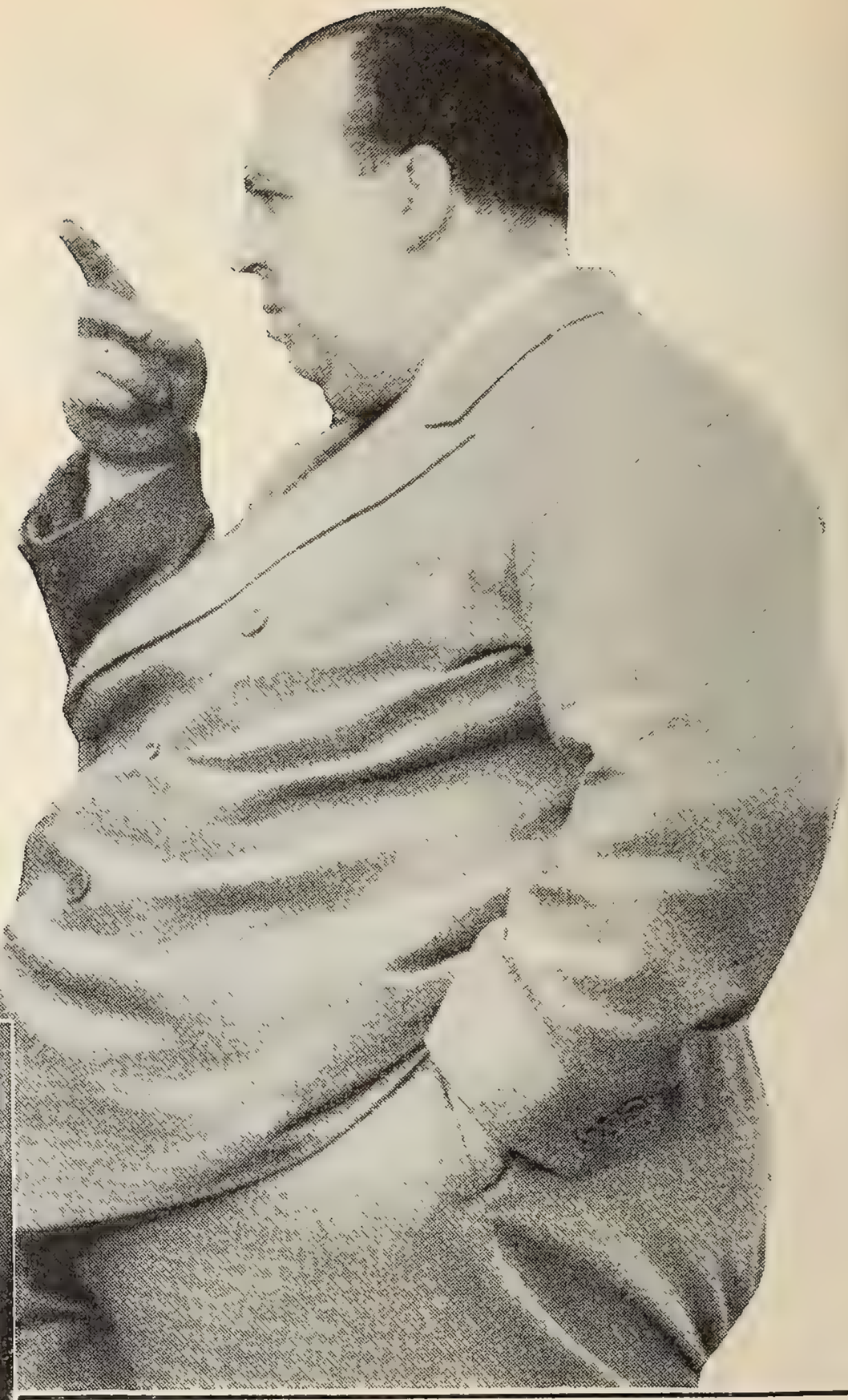
The article which prompted this sudden burst into literature and which still rankles in my bosom is one which appeared in a nationally (*Continued on page 80*)

Benign Beef-eater





Hitchcock is a favorite with all actresses and actors he directs. Above, with Sally Stewart, Margaret Lockwood, and Googie Withers. Right, Nova Pilbeam, "Hitch," Derrick de Marney and Percy Marmont.



Meet Alfred Hitchcock, English director, who likes his beef steaks medium, but insists upon nothing short of very well done screen entertainment

By Tom Kennedy

AT THE precise time that a leading executive was informing fellow film-company men that there was a clinical side to the movie industry's present plight (the debility: "Dissipation"), this reporter was witness to an actual happening during the most recent pea-soup fog to descend upon London, graphically re-enacted in a hotel suite not many city blocks from the scene of the "Dissipation" diagnosis. There's a deeper connection than mere coincidence of time and location in these seemingly anomalous episodes, as we shall see.

However much we, the film-goers, may be reluctant to worry about the movie industry's "Dissipation" headaches, we're in it right up to the last cent of our theatre admission money; and the man who showed what can happen to you in a pea-soup fog is certainly important to all who like good movie entertainment.

The important man is that benign beef-eater, Alfred Hitchcock, English director who started many a movie star on the high road to eminence in Hollywood—though he himself had never set foot in the Mecca of movies until his recent trip to California. Making his show as amusing as it was artfully graphic, the very rotund Londoner (he weighs about 270, though he's only of medium height) hunched his shoulders and thrust his head forward in order that his vision might clear a most generous girth and focus intently at the floor. Meantime, he stepped mincingly, with cat-like caution and motioned with his right hand—to show how he had to guide a taxi in which he and his wife had been riding from a party at Clive Brook's home some six miles outside London, when a pea-souper enveloped the peaceful countryside. Trundling close behind him at a snail's pace chugged the cab, its meter clicking up the shillings Hitchcock would be forced to pay when, finally, he and his wife arrived home.

The humorous dumb-show concluded, "Hitch," as he's affectionately known by every star, scenarist, cameraman and grip who has worked with him, continued his conversation about stars, and the difficulties of the director who produces outside Hollywood to hang on to them, once the West Coast studios nod them an invitation to come on over sometime.

And that's where the connection between "Dissipation" and Hitchcock's ideas for developing new talent comes in.

That there may be no more fretting about this "Dissipation" thing, let us pause just long enough to remember that the executive who pulled the line that made newspaper headlines, was lecturing theatre men about being too prodigal of their resources, reminding them that big pictures don't happen every time Hollywood tries to make them, and therefore should not be handed out two at a time on double bills. That you have been getting too much "big" show at one (*Please turn to page 77*)

The Cowboy or the Actor?

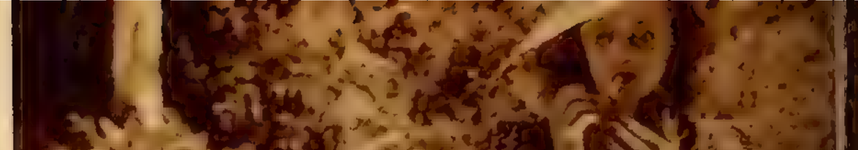


Twelve years ago a long and lanky Montana lad played a cowboy in Samuel Goldwyn's "The Winning of Barbara Worth." Today, a wealthy, world-famous movie star, he picks up boots and saddle again in "The Lady and the Cowboy," a new Sam Goldwyn film. Here he is, above—Gary Cooper, in character. Right, the man himself. We wonder—can a successful star return to an old rôle? Is it possible for a sophisticated celebrity to play a primitive and picturesque part with all his former zest? It will be interesting to watch Cooper, today, as he plays the cowboy and contrast him with the Cooper shown at left, the shy, lean-faced, ingratiatingly awkward boy who scored one of the great hits of film history.

Can Gary Cooper come back to Nature now?







Obliging Bette Davis doesn't in the least mind making four changes of costume on a hot day to please the photographer and, eventually, you and you. Left to right above—Bette gardens, lolls, watches tennis, starts off on a hike, all the time gaily garbed for the camera.

Cecilia Parker gladly dedicates her blonde beauty to the good cause of camera art, left above. Virginia Bruce will pose on a springboard wearing a modest sunsuit and a provocative hat and a beautiful smile—but that's as far as she'll go in the way of camera co-operation. Dick Powell, on the other hand—left below, to be exact—goes into action with a good will, on the sands of Malibu. Louise Campbell, below, gives herself and her dog a dunking.







The Last Pose of Summer

Photogenic Hollywood indulges in one final pictorial fling as the gay "leg art" season wanes







A "regular" movie star is one who will pose, and pose, in shorts and a smile, for countless "leg" pictures. Even the aloof Myrna Loy goes girlish in the appropriate costume, below, when the cameraman has tracked her down at the pool at her home in Hidden Valley.



No screen Summer season can officially close without a last swimsuit pose by Joan Crawford. Here you have it, at right. Robert Montgomery, less frequently photographed than the Bob Taylors and Ty Powers, grimly gives in, right below. Nelson Eddy races along the beach of the blue Pacific, center below, to please the Metro cameraman and eventually the girls of America. Ann Rutherford, at left below, is only sorry she hasn't a bigger hat to wave at you.





Hi Yo Gable!

We're headin' for the big round-up with Cowboy Clark—and would you believe it, a cameraman trails right along







They won't let him play in Westerns, so to satisfy the spirit of the Lone Ranger in him, Gable goes in for ranch life in his spare time. Here he is a guest at Leo Carrillo's first round-up and branding on Leo's 3,000-acre Rancho De Los Quiotes (Ranch of the Spanish Daggers, to you). Pure coincidence, of course, that Clark and Carrillo are teamed in Metro's new film, "Too Hot to Handle." Anyway, Clark had a good time, so did Carole Lombard. Top right, Carole with host Carrillo. Above, at the barbecue following the round-up.

Gable takes a hand—well, anyway, he takes a horse and rides out to get a close-up of the round-up, above. Clark is riding Leo Carrillo's famous horse Sui Sun, who is a movie star himself—you saw him in "Girl of the Golden West" with Nelson Eddy. Below, Clark has just roped an unappreciative calf, who is no movie fan and doesn't care who knows it.

Photographs by Ed. Crononweth, M-G-M.



And now Allan Jones takes a hand, above. Bet he's not singing "Donkey's Serenade" as he twirled that lariat and landed his calf. Perched on the fence watching Allan is Mrs. Jones, the former Irene Hervey, and just a glimpse of Carole Lombard. The Carrillo round-up threatens to become a major annual event among Hollywood's more rugged set.

Jimmy Gets The Breaks







On all the lots they think a lot of Stewart, and with good reason

A. L. Schafer, Columbia



Young man in demand is Jim Stewart, and deservedly. He's Jean Arthur's hero in Columbia's "You Can't Take It With You," at right. He co-stars with Margaret Sullavan on his home lot, Metro, in "Shopworn Angel"—see scenes with Maggie at center right and top; and with Alan Curtis and Sam Levene top right.

illinger, M-G-M

From the start of his career, young Power has picked 'em! And he's been picked for big pictures exclusively. Here are new close-ups of the Charm Chap in his three latest rôles: left, with Alice Faye in "Alexander's Ragtime Band." Center below, with Norma Shearer in "Marie Antoinette," and at bottom left and right, opposite Annabella in "Suez."



Tyrone's Lucky, Too

Reserved for romance with screen's choicest charmers!



Above, "How To Lose Your Girl Friend, in Six Easy Lessons," with Roger Converse and Doris Weston. Reading from left to right across the top: 1. Let your girl friend spend the evening watching you manicure your nails. 2. Always take plenty of toothpicks on a date. 3. Eat all the candy yourself—if she wants some tell her it's bad for her figure. 4. Be sure and laugh heartily at your own jokes, no matter how old or "corny." Never laugh at any she might tell—you might spoil her. 5. Practice intricate new steps—on her feet. 6. Always kiss a girl on the first date, whether she likes it or not.

Crazy Continuities!



Jimmy Fidler, above, learns how to take it when he meets Pat O'Brien, with whom Jimmy appears in "Garden of the Moon." Jimmy has never acted before, Pat has never been a radio commentator, but they can try, can't they? Pat steps up and tells Jimmy how to improve his mike delivery —more sock, more bang, more gusto. Jimmy listens, until O'Brien, still fresh as the carnation in his lapel, finishes his lecture—and incidentally, Jimmy. Now watch Jean Parker, beginning at top left, as she struggles to get settled in her new home. Up go the curtains—oops, there's the phone.





Jack Oakie and Lucille Ball, below, demonstrate the best behavior for two screen players forced to co-star in a new picture. Lucille: "So you thought you'd try to steal that scene from me, did you!" Jack: "I didn't have to try." Lucille: "Well, go ahead and rehearse your lines. I'm not listening." Jack: "Now, baby, if my lines were only half as good as yours—" Lucille: "Oh, you told that to Lily Pons and all the girls. But I forgive you." Smack! Now at far right, see Shirley Temple's latest threat, six-year-old Janet Chapman, who can dance, sing, act. "Little Miss Thoroughbred" was her first film.





Funny stories told in pic= tures, with all=star casts



Our Dance of the Month is demonstrated below, looking from far left on opposite page —all ready? Johnny Downs and Eleanor Lynn present "The Rocking Chair Ripper," said to be Hollywood's newest collegiate dance craze—it's crazy enough, combining as it does variations of all the popular steps in one wild dance. Breaking out of the "Time" step, a basic collegiate step, the couple begin a doubling standing-still "Peck." Then they "Peck" in a wide circle, do a "Truckin'," step, and a variation of the "Time" step; then break into the title step. Follow it yourself in the last four pictures. We're winded.

No Love Taps Intended

Look—everybody's swinging, with rights and lefts. We dun= no who started it; but the Hollywood boys (girls, too), are putting punch in pictures now





Once upon a time a actor wore the so and buskin. No they pack a sock, either hand—and anybody leads with his chin, that's too bad. Robert Taylo top left, is putting up his dukes to all challengers of h prowess in the Manly Art, in "The Crowd Roars," h latest picture. And Wayne Morris, who punched his way fame as "Kid Galahad," is right there with hooks and jal in a free-for-all just above, from "Valley of the Giants.

Who's next? The mud flies as Jackie Moran and Sherwood Bailey, right, have it out in "Mother Carey's Chickens," while Donnie Dunagan, Anne Shirley and Ruby Keeler stand by, and don't enjoy it. Left, Humphrey Bogart is also imbued with the combative spirit in this scene, left, with Gloria Dickson in "Racket Busters."

Why, even those smiling, good-humored haps, Bing Crosby and Fred MacMurray, re swinging for knockouts. Below, left to ight: Fred leads with his right, to Bill Hade's aw; Bing relies on a left, to square accounts with Harry Ringmer; and after the battle with the angsters is over, Fred, Bing, and Donald O'Connor get together—in "The Unholy Beebes."

Joan Woodbury doesn't know much about the boxing business, but she heard you can do things with mirrors—which is precisely what Joan is trying as a pertinent persuader, in her argument with Harold Huber in "Passport Husband," left. Below, Wayne Morris stands up for his rights, in more scenes from "Valley of the Giants."

New Screen Season Is All-Star!



"You Can't Take It With You" becomes a star-studded screen-play—look above and see some of the quaint characters: Donald Meek, Halliwell Hobbs, Mischa Auer, Ann Miller with Dub Taylor—all playing colorful zanies created by the fertile brains of playwrights George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart.

Never let it be said that Hollywood fails to present exciting new love teams. An inspiration of the new season is teaming Don Ameche and Arleen Whelan—the established star and the pretty newcomer—in one of the new 20th Century-Fox pictures. See them at right. Another team, this one more torrid, is composed of John Carrol and Movita — they clicked in "Rose of the Rio Grande," so they are co-starred again in "Isle of Terror." (Far right).









The parade of big new pictures has started, packed with plot and talent to make you run, not walk to your nearest movie theatre

More "You Can't Take It With You" players, performing to Frank Capra's direction: from right reading in, Lionel Barrymore as *Grandpa Vanderhof*, Samuel S. Hinds, Edward Arnold, and Mr. Hinds with Spring Byington, who plays the eccentrically amusing *Penny Sycamore*, dabbler in paint and playwriting.



Sonja Henie is a box-office attraction in her own right, but to make her new film even more popular, the skating star is seen with Richard Greene, at far left, and supported also by Buddy Ebsen and Joan Davis, as you see at left. Now for the pictures across bottom of our two pages—the all-star cast of "Women Courageous" in action: Claude Rains with MayRobson; thethreeLane sisters, Lola, Priscilla, Rosemary, with just a glimpse of Gail Page; the family group at lower left; and finally, below, a love scene between Priscilla, baby of the family, and Jeffrey Lynn, new British actor.

Continued on Following Page





A coming new cinema which casts an important shadow is "The Great Waltz," with Fernand Gravet playing the composer, Johann Strauss, and Luise Rainer his sweetheart, *Poldi*—a scene, at right. Below, Gravet and Hugh Herbert, the comedy king, have fun with the old "boneshaker," predecessor of the bicycle, a prop for the picture. At right below, Norma Shearer in "Marie Antoinette," long-awaited epic. At left below, all-star performers in "Spawn of the North": Dorothy Lamour, the girl, surrounded by Akim Tamiroff, George Raft, Henry Fonda. At bottom of page, Fonda with John Barrymore and Louise Platt.





More Hits, We Hope!





OLD RELIABLE





"The Young in Heart" boasts of such sparklers as Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Roland Young, Billie Burke, and Janet Gaynor (above). "The Unholy Beebes" sounds like fun, with Fred MacMurray and Big Crosby making music assisted by young Donald O'Connor—at left.









A true epic is "The Texans," with Randolph Scott the doughty hero, dainty Joan Bennet the heroine—above. At left, the endearing character stars of the same production: Walter Brennan and May Robson. At far left, "Mother Carey's Chickens" corners such talent as Anne Shirley, Ruby Keeler, Fay Bainter, and Ralph Morgan. Now will you go to the movies? We're right with you!

Based on beloved American novelist Gene Stratton-Porter's ever-popular story, "Romance of the Limberlost" has homespun appeal, with Jean Parker playing the wholesome heroine, Eric Linden the upstanding young hero. Monogram has made here a family film against beautiful natural backgrounds, as our Best Still at right proves. Below, Miss Parker in a pretty pose.



The Most Beautiful Still of the Monti

Eric Linden and Jean Parker in "Romance of the Limberlost"

Cagney

Continuing the very personal history of the Beloved Bantam, James Cagney—with never-before-published anecdotes of his past, present, and future



By
S. R.
Mook

THERE is no star whose publicity is as dull as Jim Cagney's! I have frequently pointed this out to him and explained it by saying that when he is being interviewed he insists upon talking about the things that interest him—philosophy, economics, etc., etc. —instead of himself, the topic that would interest the reader. But he won't be converted or convinced.

Speaking of philosophy, his delight knew no bounds when he found a bit player in one of his pictures who had read a book Jimmie had been trying to plough through for years. When the picture was finished Jim invited the player to be his guest for a few days at an unfrequented mountain resort while they hashed over the book.

A week or so later found them at the resort, eager to convince each other of their interpretation of "The Message." The fates were against them. An itinerant shoe salesman, who happened to be week-ending at the same place, spotted Jim. There was no shaking him, and he wasn't interested in Philosophy. The weekend was wasted. Jim didn't mind. Although he was annoyed at the time, when he reached home he realized he had come across a "type." And sooner or later that shoe salesman, with all his mannerisms, will crop up in a Cagney picture.

He is one of the very few people I know who can argue without losing his temper. And there is no one who loves an argument as much as Jimmie. Once, while he was on the outs with Warner Brothers and was under contract to Grand National, I dropped by his house to return a book I had borrowed. I had had a couple of drinks or I would never have had the effrontery to say what I did, regardless of how I felt or how well I knew him. I was aware of the fact that Warner Brothers were eager to bury the hatchet and welcome Jim home. When the subject of his last picture came up I seized the opportunity to say: "Jim, for the love of pete, why don't you get wise to yourself and go back to Warners where you belong? You won a court fight, got free of your contract, signed with Grand National, got everything in the world including the sun, moon, and stars written into your contract, and what's happened? You've made a couple of stinking pictures and when you kicked about the stories and cast they said, 'Same old Cagney. It's no wonder Warners couldn't get along with you!' So you had to knuckle under to prove they were wrong about you. Your judgment was right but a lot of good it did you. You were among the first ten at the box-office when you left Warners and where are you now? You're kidding yourself if you think you haven't lost prestige in the year and a half you've been away from a major lot."

Instead of taking a poke at me or ordering me out of the house with the injunction, "Never darken my guest towels again," Jim spent an hour and a half explaining to me there was something more than good pictures involved—there was a matter of principle.

I mentioned sometime ago that Jim's brother Bill handles his business. As far as Bill is concerned, Jim's career is, as it should be, a matter of dollars and cents. As far as Jim is concerned there are a great many other things involved—artistry, keeping faith with the public, pleasant working conditions, not wearing himself out with the public, etc. It was Bill (who happened to be at the house at the time) who (*Please turn to page 85*)



THE RAGE OF PARIS—Universal

WILL also be the rage of the United States and such of the rest of the world as is still interested in harmless entertainment! Danielle Darrieux is, quite frankly, the first of the Continental wonder-girls to contribute as much ability as beauty and sex menace to our movies. She is by far the most accomplished and knowing of imported actresses, and a lovely little lesson to the Dietrichs who think lure and the Crawfords who think glamor quite enough. Darrieux has lure and glamor in abundance, but doesn't rely on them. Instead, she depends upon a sure technique which she has taken the time and the trouble to learn; she's a beauty who's not too proud to act. Henry Koster has fashioned an enchantingly comic romance of his frail story material, making the chase of a little French girl after a rich American husband positively charming, fresh, and original all the way. It's deliciously funny, especially when Danielle mixes it with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., giving by far his best performance as the young man who tries nobly to resist *la belle* but fails; or with Mischa Auer, also at his best, which you know is tops in temperamental humor; or nice Helen Broderick.

Reviews of the best Pictures by Delight Evans



THE SHOPWORN ANGEL—M-G-M

WHO says they can't come back? Good stories never date, and this one, first published in 1918, made as a film with Nancy Carroll a long time ago, has true vitality, as M-G-M proves in its *deluxe* new addition in which costumes may date but emotions, never. Here is no sombre treatment of war, but a nostalgic side-slant on three people in war time, capturing their moods and pinning their reactions to celluloid in a way to hold your attention every minute. Unlike "Blockade," "Shopworn Angel" is blithely unconcerned with the real meaning of war, but never mind—take it as good, substantial entertainment and you will enjoy it hugely. The "triangle" contains Margaret Sullavan, giving another of her amazingly luminous performances as a somewhat gay gal engaging the affections of Walter Pidgeon, with James Stewart ambling in as *Private Pettigrew,* ingratiating lad who imparts new meaning to the relationship of the first two. At last Mr. Pidgeon has that rôle he must have been waiting for—he comes to life suddenly and becomes a man worth watching from now on for compelling performances. Stewart? He makes mincemeat of your emotions!



HAVING WONDERFUL TIME—RKO-Radio

AT TIMES so swell that it only annoys you when it is less than that, "Having Wonderful Time" is a baffling exhibit. It starts off in grand style with a radiant Ginger Rogers impersonating with complete sincerity one of the millions of American girls who look forward the whole year to two brief weeks of "wonderful time" every summer. Oh, those first scenes are good! But curiously enough once the plot, and Ginger, arrive at Kamp Karefree for that same "wonderful time," the picture presents difficulties hard to surmount. At times it is truly and wonderfully funny; again superbly sad; but too often it descends to slapstick that aims to be ironic but is only pretentious and painful. I think you can blame Hollywood's usual reluctance to offend—when the worst and only offense Hollywood can commit is to be dull. Full credit, though, to the amazing Miss Rogers, who seems to understand the girl she is playing and really wants us to understand her, too. We do, thanks not to the scenarist but to Ginger. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., gives another one of his "best performances"—it's getting to be a habit with him. Lee Bowman is grand as the "other guy."



ALGIERS—Wanger-United Artists

MOST distinctive drama of the month, marking Charles Boyer's return to American films after his sojourn abroad, "Algiers" is decidedly different, with a piquant flavor not to be found elsewhere on current screens. Hollywood version of Boyer's European success, "Pepe le Moko," it tells the story of a charming jewel thief who hides from the law in the sordidly picturesque part of Algiers known, we're told, as the Casbah. All is reasonably well as things go there until the advent of a fabulously beautiful Parisienne played by Hedy Lamarr, to whom Charles loses his heart, supposedly hitherto in the keeping of Sigrid Gurie, his native sweetheart. Well, from the moment she steps on the screen the picture belongs to Mlle. Lamarr. Undoubtedly the most breath-taking of all the imported charmers, Hedy has only to be and to look and the scene is hers. Whether she can act or not, I can't tell you; but anyone who can steal attention from the great Boyer has something—in fact, everything. She leads *Pepe* to destruction, puts Sigrid Gurie in the shade, and will make "Algiers" the most talked-of picture of the season. Boyer is at his subtle best. Joseph Calleia is fine.



THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE—Warners

YOUR *Little Caesar* has reformed—oh, yes, he has—reformed into the inscrutable *Dr. Clitterhouse,* ten times more dangerous than any crude gangster, and just as much fun. Here's something very new in crime pictures, sure to start a new cycle of suave, soft-spoken analytical murderers in opulent settings, sort of the iron-claw-in-the-velvet-glove sort of thing, and I love it. Eddie Robinson—but we'd better call him Edward G. now that he has exchanged mayhem for Mayfair—revels in his latest rôle of eminent physician led astray by his own curiosity into devious ways—ways which include meeting Claire Trevor as a gorgeous lady "fence," and her boy-friend of doubtful repute, played by Humphrey Bogart. Before *Dr. Clitterhouse* is through dissecting criminal impulses among the lower classes he has faced death, distributed it, and gloried in it—and if you think I'm going to let you in on the denouement, to coin a word, you're balmy as Maxie Rosenbloom, who incidentally is a shining ornament to the cast. A surprising picture, brisk, beautifully acted, especially by Robinson, Trevor, and Bogart, and not to be missed, mind you, if you like action.



WHITE BANNERS—Warners

DON'T duck this one because you may have heard it is a movie with a message. All right, so it's a movie with a message. But it is also a fine and worthy picture, and the message is one that won't hurt you if delivered or comfortably ignored if you want to skip it and stick to the human drama instead. Take it as Fay Bainter's film field-day and you can't help cheering. At last Miss Bainter, famous for years as a stage star, comes into her own on the screen as a poignant actress of power and persuasion. When I tell you that Miss Bainter plays a strange woman who wanders out of a snowstorm to put new life and hope into the household of an absent-minded schoolmaster and his disorganized family, you will probably sniff, at my expense—until you've seen Miss Bainter play the part. She endows the Lloyd C. Douglas character with such spirituality and pathos that you're with her all the way, as she regenerates the entire cast and then, her task completed, wanders away—right into a new picture, we fervently hope. Of the cast, Claude Rains and Jackie Cooper are outstanding, with Bonita Granville and Kay Johnson fine support.



BLOCKADE—Wanger-United Artists

IF YOU have stayed away from this picture for one reason or another, I suggest that you make up for it right now and search for the nearest theatre still playing it. Walter Wanger's "Blockade" is worth your trouble. It isn't a great picture. It isn't propaganda at all. It is simply a good, workmanlike, dramatic indictment of war—and who will quarrel with a picture like that? Surely you will consider it worth your time to watch Madeleine Carroll giving a real performance, forgetting all about glamor and pitching into her part of a woman caught up in war's crazy whirl—of course she's still beautiful even in an air raid but she can't help that, so give her credit for attempting an honest job of acting. She's a spy of sorts until through Henry Fonda she sees what war does to helpless women and children and, with Fonda, dedicates herself to perpetual pity and a plea to the world to stop the slaughter. There are some good scenes in "Blockade," to balance some ineffectual ones. Leo Carrillo is expertly effective as always in the one comic character written into the piece by the conscientious John Howard Lawson. John Halliday also is excellent.



SCREENLAND Glamor School

Edited by Bette Davis



Be smart and watch Bette Davis for fashion trends. She's usually first in Hollywood to wear the unusual, and achieves true chic. Above, she presents the "bubble necklace"—globes of hand-cut crystal caught together on fine silver chains. Left, combining plum and powder blue in a spectator-sports suit: collarless tweed jacket combines the two shades, skirt is of light-weight plum-colored wool. Below, two-piece knit dress of cocoa-brown flecked with rose, worn with broad-brim hat of matching brown felt and accessories of dark brown alligator. At right, formal gown of silvery white lamé with low-cut bodice—note Bette's costume jewelry of aquamarines and antique gold, important addition to the costume.





Fashion scoop! Bette Davis' stunning Fall wardrobe, first shown here

Required: one cape costume, like Bette's at right: jacket of grey and green shadow-plaid with silver buttons, cape and skirt of grey and green herringbone. At far right, trim town suit of grey wool cross-barred in black, with collar of Persian lamb. At left below, season's smartest costume: two-piece dress of suede in a soft raspberry shade, with suede hat, bag, and gloves of matching shade except for claret-colored panel in the gloves. At right below, black broadcloth for formal evenings, with American beauty red velvet ribbon used for shoulder straps and looped bodice bows. Bette's jewelry is a necklace and bracelet ensemble of blue and white sapphires.



Glamor School p
of Bette Davis
Welbourne, War

Elegance for the Evening



At the top of the page, right, is Sigrid Gurie, about whose acting opinions may differ, but about whose beauty and clothes-flair there's no question at all! Sigrid wears her favorite dance frock of navy blue and white printed matelasse with wide, sweeping skirt. Barbara Stanwyck, above, in shimmering gold lamé—yes, lamé is again in the fashion news—topped with a red fox bolero. Right, Joan Bennett's dinner dress of multi-striped crepe with red, blue, green, and yellow predominating, and a bodice of plain electric blue. At far right, Miss Gurie in a hostess gown of dusty-rose crepe, with cartridge pleats at shoulder and waist.





Joan Bennett is admittedly one of Hollywood's half-dozen "Best-Dressed Women"—even by other actresses! At left and below, Joan models for you two important between-seasons dinner dresses so different we're going to describe them for you in detail. The original model at left introduces a plain and printed fabric blend. The bodice of navy and white print is slashed low in front; the skirt molds the figure, and a section of the print is inserted with a circular treatment. Below, classic dinner dress with a scroll motif in white against a black background, cut in a circular silhouette with a short line in front and trailing in back. A belt of the fabric has a double buckle of ruby-colored stones reflecting the tone of Joan's lip rouge. At far left, dynamic Gale Sondergaard in a sheath of flame-colored crepe with monkey fur the amusing fillip. At lower left, Sigrid Gurie's black taffeta and organza dress with one drop shoulder and the other caught with a huge bow.





Some of Hollywood's smartest heroines show you what's new and arresting in "step-out" styles

Oh, Myrna's a Great Help!

Exposing that lady named Loy—a candid close-up by a writer who says: "I wish I didn't like Myrna quite so much so I could hate her!"

By Liza

IF YOU want to be popular in the salons (Printer, don't dare double on that "o") of America, a sort of gay girl at the mere sight of whom men throw their domestic security to the winds, then I heartily advise you to get acquainted with Myrna Loy. Myrna has done more for a girl's popularity than French perfume, a glimpse of white flesh under black lace in the moonlight, they tell me men simply can't resist *that,* and Dale Carnegie.

There was a time when I was a social flop in every drawing room from Coast to Coast—maybe I'm only kidding myself, maybe they were just dives—but that was the B.L. (Before Loy) period in my life. At parties I was a regular *Alice Adams.* No poise, and no partners. And then it sort of got noised about that that depressed girl in the corner with the wild look in her eyes knew, actually *knew,* Myrna Loy. Since then I have been the belle of the ball, even as far south as Atlanta, with every dance taken by hungry-looking males who want to marry Myrna. At dinner parties barely have I sipped my consomme before the hostess murmurs to the tired business man on her right, "*She* knows Myrna Loy"—and immediately Roosevelt, Joe di Maggio, Hitler, Seabiscuit, and General Franco are completely forgotten while every man at the table turns a lovely Bacardi pink and mutters in his throat like a love-sick school boy, "What is Myrna really like?" I do declare that since I started knowing Myrna I have been invited out to dinner so often that I have actually gotten fat. And sometimes I think that if I have to tell how Myrna is the perfect wife over the roast and string beans once more I shall simply go stark staring mad.

Though I must admit that I am tremendously grateful to Myrna for what she has done for me socially—and she's definitely among the tops with me when it comes to movie stars—there really is a limit. One does have one's own life to lead, doesn't one, and one can't always sit around basking in reflected glory, can one, and in time one gets bored even with Myrna Loy, or could one? So I have decided to give up dining out, from Coast to Coast, for the rest of the summer, and pay a little attention to calories instead of Loyisms for a change, though I know darned well it won't get me anywhere. But even as I sit here contemplating a summer without Hollandaise sauce and Loy my heart bleeds for all those visiting firemen, those eager young men from Kansas, Mississippi, Pennsylvania, Michigan, and Hawaii who won't be able to swoop down on me during the open season in Hollywood and like hungry vultures demand tidbits about Myrna Loy. And I'm sorry for their wives too, for I have never met a wife yet who hated Myrna, they only envy her, and would give their eyeteeth to be just like her. So just as movie stars have statements prepared for them which they hand out to the press when on tour I am now preparing a statement on Myrna Loy to pass along to all the visiting firemen, and their wives, who won't be seeing me around. I'll take a raincheck on the Beachcomber's zombies, and the Brown Derby's steaks.

Why yes, Mr. Brown, I know Myrna Loy. You're crazy about her? Well, that doesn't make you exactly unique, Mr. Brown. But if you must know, you must. And would you mind passing along what I tell you to



As Liza remarks in the accompanying story, everybody in the world wants to know: "And what's Myrna Loy really like?" It's Hollywood's hardest-to-answer question, but it is answered here in frank and amusing fashion. Above, Myrna with Clark Gable on the "Too Hot to Handle" set, kidding director Jack Conway. Top right on page opposite, Myrna and Clark all wrapped up in their own film. Then there's Myrna at home, as Mrs. Arthur Hornblow, Jr., devoted wife and ardent amateur gardener.



all the other Mr. Browns, and save me the trouble? All right, then: Myrna Loy, I always say, looks less like Myrna Loy than any actress in Hollywood. Now I don't mean to say that Myrna off the screen just lets herself go. Not at all. But she just doesn't look like Myrna Loy. There's never a fanfare of trumpets and flashlights when she goes any place, she never makes that famous "entrance" so dear to the heart of a movie star, and she's just about as noisy as a mouse with inhibitions. Three different people have told me of seeing Myrna lunching in popular hotels and restaurants in New York without anyone recognizing her or asking her for an autograph. Right at the next table probably were four charter members of the Men Who Must Marry Myrna Club, but little did they reck, by gad, that their Dream Girl was within touching distance. I myself have walked behind Myrna on Fifth Avenue in New York and Hollywood Boulevard in Hollywood for blocks at a time and with all the people seething about her not one has shown the slightest recognition. It's Myrna, all right. You really can't mistake that cute little turned-up nose, that reddish hair, and those sort of faintly amused eyes that used to be called sloe (as in gin) when Myrna was a daughter of the Fu Manchus. Maybe it's the freckles that throw them off. No movie queen, I believe, is supposed to have anything so human as freckles. Myrna has hundreds of them. And makes no effort whatsoever, thank heavens, to hide them.

Or maybe it's her clothes. She may romp around on the screen with Mr. Powell and Mr. Gable in something bouffant and ruffled, or ponder, in divine close-ups, over the problems of a perfect wife in something sheer and dreamy and floaty; but immediately Miss Loy steps out of celluloid she goes in for the starkly simple, straight in line and conservative in hue. She can't stand any kind of frou-frou in her personal wardrobe and usually wears smartly tailored suits or simple sports (*Please turn to page 97*)

Glamor abroad! Keep up with the stars on their travels for art, and relaxation, in Britain

By Hettie Grimstead



ROSALIND RUSSELL has come to London and achieved the greatest ambition of her screen life here. She told me about it at a cocktail party in an exclusive hotel, her big green-glinting eyes dancing with excitement and the most unusual hat just like two wispy hanks of blue wool on top of her shining curls.

"I've always wanted a man I could look up to for my love scenes and I've never seemed to get one! Would you believe it, I've had to emote in my stockinged feet so that we shouldn't look plain silly! The average Hollywood hero is only as high as my eyebrows, you see. I know it's my own fault for being so terribly tall. But now I'm playing with Robert Donat and I can do the love scenes as they really should be done at last, me all tender and adoring while he towers over me masculine and protective. It's simply grand!"

Measured solemnly side by side, Robert is well over six feet without his shoes, and that's quite a head above Rosalind who can rest her head on his shoulder naturally and comfortably. So that's an excellent send-off for this new romance team M-G-M have created for "The Citadel," the drama of a surgeon's private life which they are making as their second English production at Denham Studios. Rosalind was brought from Hollywood to play the schoolma'am wife originally scheduled for Elizabeth Allan—who's reported to have cried







Rosalind Russell realized a cherished ambition in London. Our story tells about it; also the latest on Roger Livesey (down to earth fellow, isn't he?) below; Elisabeth Bergner, center, and Edgar Kennedy, upper, and Edmund Gwenn, in make-up for a new rôle, lower right.



Stars you meet in this glamorous visit to London! David Niven and Ruth Chatterton, extreme left; Frank Lawton and Robert Donat, center left; Sabu, the lad who starred in "Elephant Boy," in his latest rôle, above; Mary Maguire is the lovely seen at lower left.

bitterly about the change of plans.

Anyway Rosalind is determined to make a good character portrait of *Mrs. Manson,* and she read the novel from which the film is adapted no less than nine times in the liner coming over. I do admire the girl's enthusiasm for her job. After the stars who tell you how badly they've been treated in regard to stories and directors and everything else, it's refreshing to hear Rosalind say that she likes her company and that Mr. Mayer is the grandest kind of boss and that everybody connected with the studio is always kind and helpful as can be. And she also says she never, never did have a feud with Bob Montgomery. They just fooled around playing tricks on each other while they were making "Night Must Fall." For instance, they had a twenty dollar bet as to which could eat the most ice-cream cones in a day and when Rosalind lost, she paid Bob in dimes stuffed into pineapples. And you just watch out if ever Rosalind *does* discover which of the Hollywood gossip-writers invented the stupid story that she and Bob had quarrelled before the cameras! Well, that's that.

Rosalind was decorating the Savoy Hotel restaurant in sapphire blue satin the other night, another eye-catching diner being little Mary Maguire. Mary had a fluffy tulle frock exactly matching her chestnut-brown hair and sat in a party including Frank Lawton and David Niven who is visiting his home town once again. Mary is acting with our own blonde comedienne Gracie Fields in "Piccadilly Circus" with Hugh Sinclair and Roger Livesey as leading men. At least, they get that billing but the most important male member of the cast and the one who gets all the feminine petting at Pinewood Studios is Mr. Asta. Owing to the rabies epidemic in California, the distinguished canine star whom you admired in the "Thin Man" movies has only been permitted to come to London on the strict condition that he meet no other dogs. (*Please turn to page 81*)

Is Success Spoiling



The popular pose of attractive young actors, at left—with a difference! Tyrone's dog is no pedigreed prize-winner. Below, also popular with rising male stars: the athletic action pose. Teamed with Loretta Young again, this time in "Suez"—at left below. Tyrone with Alice Faye in "Alexander's Ragtime Band"—at right below on opposite page.

HOW *is* Tyrone taking it? Everything on a silver platter. . . . Has he changed? If so, how? If not, why not? Is his exceptional success in Hollywood spoiling him? And, because he is a young man with a great magnetism and women are instinctively drawn to him, is he trampling on hearts?

Questions, questions, questions. Personal ones. They pour in on the few who know him intimately. For where Tyrone Power is concerned it is seemingly impossible not to be curious. Capturing him, from the feminine viewpoint, is attempting to corner just about the most romantic young man who ever came to Hollywood.

Now Hollywood, of course, does strange things to men and women. It has a flair for making nobodies Important. And all the world gapes at the sudden fine trimmings. The adulation and the money and the love opportunities are enviable. Until they confound and confuse and perhaps destroy the person who stepped ahead so confidently.

Behind the glittering fronts of stardom there are always the sequels. Right now I can think of no case more interesting than Tyrone's. You must remember how swift his rise was. Just two years ago he was definitely a nobody. Just a kid who wanted to be a movie star. Except that Tyrone *wanted* with more sheer determination than anyone else beginning then.

It was incredible, and yet quite normal, the way he skyrocketed. He had returned to Hollywood, where he had been ignored until he'd gone East and acted on the stage, with a six months' contract. He was assigned a bit in support of Simone Simon. Nothing dull ever happens to Tyrone. At present he is busily completing the central rôle in another million-dollar production, "Suez," having finished the leads in the elaborate "Alexander's Ragtime Band," and "Marie Antoinette."

I saw him give everything he had to those first short scenes two years ago. He was not, as so many aspiring ones are, unprepared. He looked young and he was young, but he was not a mere raw recruit. He had absorbed everything his actor parents had learned. He had had Hollywood as his goal, always. School couldn't waylay him. He knew, positively, where he would eventually go and for what purpose. So he had trained his speaking voice from childhood and it added the necessary touch of maturity. He was ready when the rare nod from the studio head came. He had done so well in a bit that he was immediately put into a lead.

Tyrone Power?

By Ben Maddox

Check up on the current idol in this exclusive story, discover what he is really like today. Can he take it, or has Hollywood glitter gone to his handsome head? Here's the answer



Then Tyrone was in a fine uproar. Naturally as ardent as he is ambitious, he was almost sidetracked for sure. Nothing prosaic ever touches him. The one star he had idolized was Janet Gaynor and Janet, queen of the studio, headed the cast! Actually, as a fan, as a nobody, on the outside fervidly imagining himself on the glamorous inside, he had wanted to know Janet. She was more than his favorite, though. Literally, she was his romantic *goal*. "So how," he confessed, "can I make good with this tremendous break when every time I think of her my brains stand still?" He behaved like a booby so long as she remained on the set sidelines. The most awkward, the dumbest young man who ever was. When the cameras stopped grinding he helplessly put his worst foot forward. He didn't, you see, want to be laughed at.



You might have expected him to have put on a campaign. Ordinarily Tyrone has plenty of daring. Besides, he is a mixer. He likes people. He hasn't a complex to his name; indeed, he is absolutely uninhibited. His own description of himself is accurate. He said to me once, "I've never had any particular regard for rules or conventions. I'd bite a cat if I felt like it!"

But, nevertheless, with a woman he was abashed. Instead of brashly pursuing Janet, he ordered gorgeous red roses delivered regularly to her, with no card. When Janet eventually discovered who her mysterious admirer was, and was surprised, it was apparently too late. Tyrone was going around with Sonja Henie.

He lives close to his emotions, Tyrone does, and they are not encrusted with stale nor false cues. He had an overpowering hunch that it would have been folly to have tried to talk to Janet then, and waited—impatiently.

His talent and his zest registered so promisingly that, for his third assignment, he was starred in a million-dollar epic, "Lloyds of London." England's highest paid feminine star, Madeleine Carroll, was signed as his foil. 20th Century-Fox was turned upside down to present this new find to full advantage. And you know the rest of Tyrone Power's story, professionally. He alone, among all the actors in Hollywood today, has never been in a "B" production. Carefully he has been assigned significant, expensive pictures.

"This is what I've been waiting for!" he exclaimed when fame swept upon him within six months after he had started at the studio. Exultantly he admitted his excitement. He openly shared his inner thrill. He could no more have denied his joy than he could have entered a monastery. He was a very truthful, as well as a very eager young hero. So now what is Tyrone like *as a person?*

He has changed less than any quick success I have ever known. He has changed hardly at all. Only, to be exact, in superficial tastes. I telephoned him, for an appointment. You have no trouble, no delays in reaching him. He remains thoroughly (*Please turn to page 76*)

"Mlle. Candid"

Olympe Bradna, French and fascinatingly frank about personal experiences her snapshots recall, tells why she loves to kodak as she goes places

By
Ruth Tildesley









The travelogue of a trouper, recorded by Mlle. Bradna's own camera. Above, the star's father and his catch, at Big Bear. Bobby, her terrier, knows one trick, and here it is, left. That's Bobby again, with Mr. and Mrs. Bradna, center left. Now, left to right, diagonally across page: elephant, in Central Park Zoo, New York; lake in the same park; when she was eleven, Olympe lighting candles on her Xmas tree, Paris; another view in Central Park (she took lots of pictures on her visit to New York); and, finally, Olympe and Bobby, taken by Mlle. herself, shortly after arriving in Hollywood.





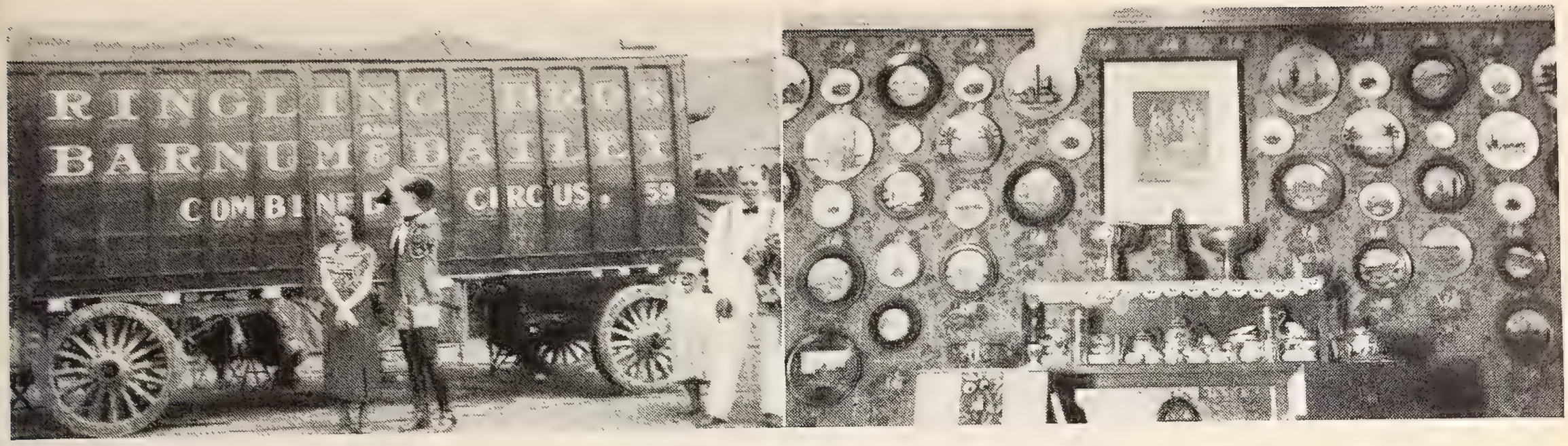


OLYMPE BRADNA, at almost eighteen, is all mixed up about life. Round-faced, sun-tanned, beautiful big brown eyes and brown curls, in her trim blue slack suit, Olympe looked like a pretty American co-ed as she welcomed me at her front door. She might be a Hollywood High School girl, doting on football, dating every night—until she speaks.

"You will excuse—everything is, how you say?—a mess! We have just an hour ago come back from Big Bear." Her tongue transposed phrases, and the illusion of a co-ed disappeared. "I am all mixed up inside," she confided, as we settled ourselves on her living room sofa, surrounded by photograph albums, little stacks of snapshots spilling out. "I do not fit in anywhere! All my childhood I traveled from one place to another, always with grown-ups. I never go to what you call regular school, because we do not stay long enough. I learn a little of this, a little of that. Until I come to Paramount, I never have had lessons all at once—do you know what I mean? And even then I have for my teacher Miss Rachel Smith, and I do not get mass education.

"I am all alone with her, and she teaches me wonderfully. The first time we talk, she sits like you here and we begin with women's clothes and before long we are talking of Napoleon, and pretty soon it is designing and then it is geography. I learn so much in two years! But still—I do not know people of my own age! Do you know, I have never been to a football game, nor to anything young people over here do. They talk about who race who—and I do not know what they mean. I like classical music and deep books, and they do not. They seem oh, so *young* in some ways, and oh, so *old* in others! What will I do? How can I learn to fit in?" She sighed a deep sigh and in a twinkling changed from grave to gay. "So I forget about life when I take pictures," she gave a little French shrug and opened an album. "It is fun. I like it. See, this is the very first picture I ever take! I was seven years old and my daddy gave me a small box camera. I say to my mother: 'You must pose for me!' We were in Switzerland. But I take it crooked.

"When we were in Charbonniere, France, Mother did take this of my daddy and me. Do I not look saucy? That dress—how I *love* that dress! It is plaid—oh, so pretty!



—and I wear it and wear it, until at last it is too short and I have to give it up." Her voice trembled into tragic tones. "Charbonniere is a little, small place where one goes to rest. I took there this shot of my mother and father walking along. Daddy would pretend to be reading the paper, although I tell him that is silly. Nobody reads a paper, walking along.

"I have so many pictures of Bobby, my dog. He is fox terrier, eight years old. Here he does the one trick he knows. He is not what you call a smart dog. This I catch *quick* with my ko*dak,* where he chase the ball into the sea. This is my first picture with that fine ko*dak,* which my daddy buy for me in Switzerland. You do not stop to pose, as you do with a box camera.

"What I want now is those camera that take quick like lightning. Leica, yes. Maybe I get it for my birthday. Yet I want a coupé, too, and I cannot have both.

"This one of Bobby and me, I take after we come to Hollywood. My ko*dak* has one of those, how you say, gadgets you pull up and fix this and that, and then you fly off quick and take your own picture!"

Time arrived for Olympe's buttermilk. "They have me on a diet," she told me, "It is *terrible!* Me—they say my face is too round. Can I help that? French girls, they all have round faces. Look at Claudette! Look at Simone! Look at me! But no, they do not look. They tell me I must diet and reduce my face. I am starve already. You know what they say? They say I must always leave the table hungry!

"Eat some cherries, please. Me, I cannot have them. I must starve!" With a sigh, she drained her glass and picked up another album. "Pictures take the mind off food," she consoled herself. "I like best to take pictures of scenes. Not people. People must fuss and fix their hair, they do not like to face the light, they are tired standing, and it is hurry, hurry, hurry. I am sick of this. But scenery, there it is. It does not talk back. It cares not how long it waits. Look, these are shots of Central Park—I am proud of them. I work hard, I try to make a frame of leaves to shoot through. And this is the Normandie, the very first time it came in.

"This is not so good. My very first shot of Hollywood, taken from my hotel window. But my most prize scene of all is this storm scene at Big Bear. See the big cloud, and how dark is our cabin, with the tall trees standing still waiting for the rain? I (*Please turn to page 93*)









At top of page: Olympe and Tim McCoy at the circus, and collection of plates in the Bradna Paris home. Above: Eleanore Whitney and Johnny Downs at Santa Barbara; Sacre Coeur Church, Paris; Olympe—she was seven then—and her father, at Charbonniere, France, on a vacation from "trouping."

HOLLYWOOD WEDDING

By S. Gordon Gurwit

BILL WALTERS, Hollywood's shrewdest press agent, hurled his car off the boulevard and up to the high white walls of the studio. His schooled, sardonic eyes were hooded. Before him lay the walled, remote world that was the Mammoth Studios. The tops of palm trees and lacy peppers were visible above the walls; and in the distance, there was a strange tracery of towers and minarets. He honked his horn impatiently, and the grilled iron gates were swung open to him. To one side of a stately white building, Bill swung his car into a parking spot; then he strode away across the lot.

In front of the famous Dick Ramsey's lot bungalow, he paused. He knocked and entered without invitation, calling: "What d'ye hear from the mob, my feather-brained friend?"

From an inner room, a hale baritone called: *"Do* come in!"

"I am in," said Bill Walters. "About all in."

Dick Ramsey stood in the doorway, smiling genially. "Hi, Bill!" he said. "How's the pest?—and I *do* mean *you!"*

Bill grinned. "Thought you might like to know, wise guy, that I just killed another nasty crack about you, in Jake Pilger's column. It died hard — the office was a shambles."

"Swell," said Dick Ramsey, "what did I do this time—rob a bank, scuttle a ship or slap hell out of my old grandmother?"

"T'ain't funny." Bill Walters was satirical. "Pilger had a pretty tough item on you and that brunette paint job you're carrying the torch for—*pro tem."*

"Ruby Lloyd? What's wrong with that?"

Bill Walters considered him with shrewd, troubled eyes. This was the one and only Dick Ramsey, the idol of feminine America. This was the country's premier heart throb, this tall young man, who was almost too handsome, too perfect. Ramsey was young, and he held his dark, arrogant head like a pagan potentate. He moved with the litheness of a tiger, and he had steady, machine-gunner's eyes; the eyes of the rash adventurer, who might Beau Geste into the Foreign Legion on the slightest provocation.

"Take a tip," said Bill Walters, "and lay off. You know what's been going on, and you can't run around with a strip-tease artist, my young and unsophisticated friend. The lady's a tramp."

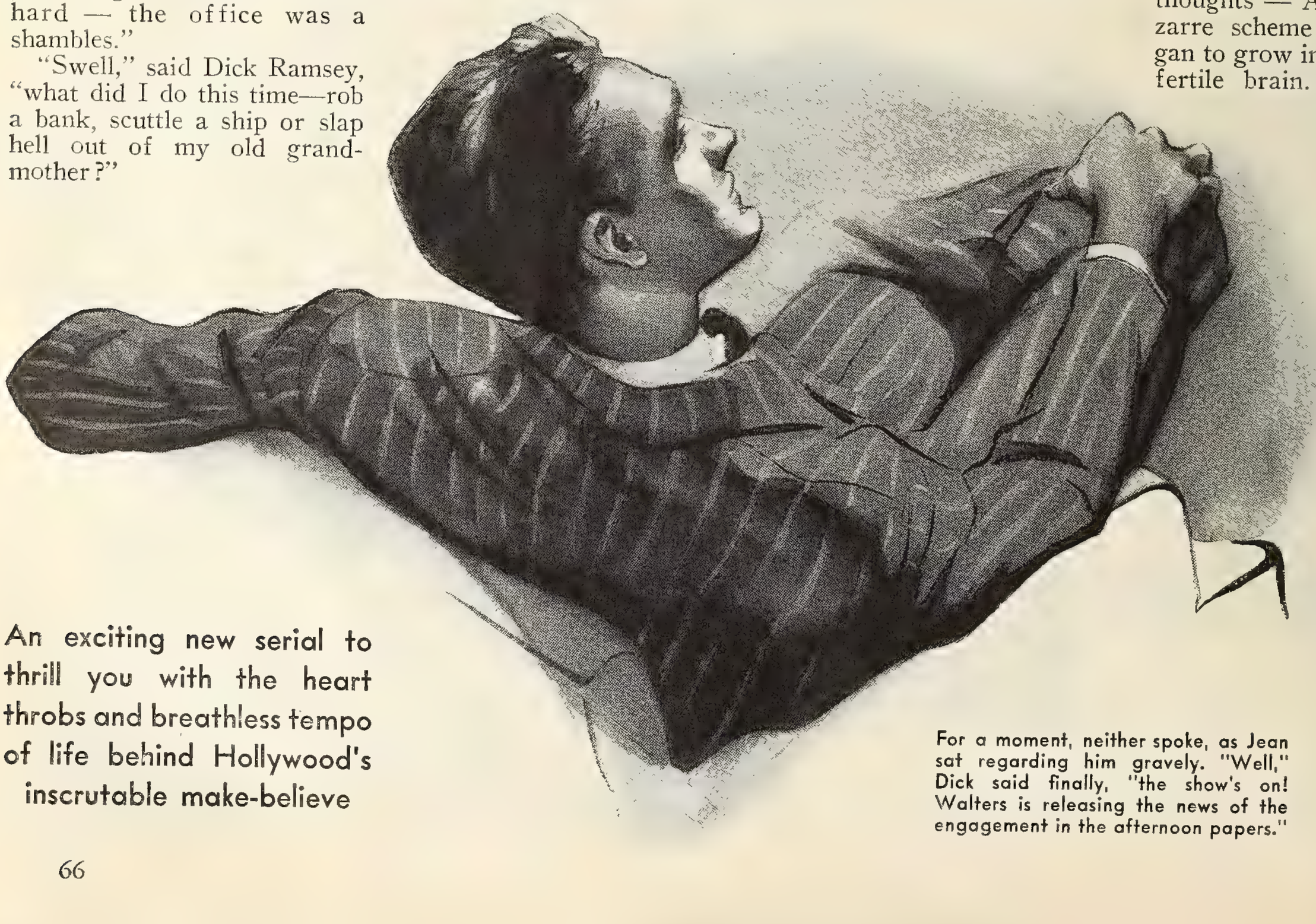
"You're jealous," charged Ramsey, grinning. "She's a nice girl, with modern improvements. You ought to see her yawn and say, 'I'se tired.' Outside of which, sweetheart, my life's my own and I can handle my own personal affairs."

"That's what you think!" retorted Bill. "The old Casanova build-up is out, Dick. Has the news reached you?"

"Faintly," said Dick Ramsey. "A lug, with ears, lectured about it, last week. And don't bother me. I know my public."

"Okay!" shrugged Walters. "Hereafter, I wish you wouldn't be so careful in traffic. You'd be safer in a hospital."

He walked out, his forehead wrinkled in thought. Dick Ramsey, the Big Moment of American womanhood, had never really been in a serious jam; and neither he nor the studio could afford a scandal. He hated to bother the Old Man with this, but it was serious; and as Bill walked along—unconsciously contrasting the glittering beauty of Ruby Lloyd, who appeared at the Swan's Pond Café with next to nothing on to cover her young body, to the blonde beauty of the girl who was always in his secret thoughts — A bizarre scheme began to grow in his fertile brain. By



For a moment, neither spoke, as Jean sat regarding him gravely. "Well," Dick said finally, "the show's on! Walters is releasing the news of the engagement in the afternoon papers."

An exciting new serial to thrill you with the heart throbs and breathless tempo of life behind Hollywood's inscrutable make-believe



Illustrated By
Georgia Warren

the time he had reached the Administration Building, the scheme was full grown.

Old Ben Glassman, head of Mammoth, was a simple person, but he was very wise. It was evidenced by the fact that he owned the largest theatre chain in the country and had control of one of the largest studios in the world. Bill made his way straight to the private offices of Ben Glassman, President of Mammoth-Glassman Pictures. The Old Man knew people, and the Old Man would understand.

An hour later, Ben Glassman sat at his immense conference table with his chiefs of staff, gathered to discuss a serious dilemma. From the vast hinterlands came the cry: "Clean up motion pictures!" Powerful societies and the pulpits joined the cry. Films that had cost millions were ruthlessly butchered and more millions were spent on "retakes." The Hays office had issued an edict on questionable material and personal behavior. The industry set up a special censor to edit each film before its release. It was costing the studios millions of dollars and much sleep. And Mammoth had Dick Ramsey, the worst offender, under long-term contract. Mammoth's destiny was bound up in his. So the question at the conference was: "How save him—and us?"

"I have," said Bill Walters, "an idea."

"You might let us in on it," said Ben Glassman, softly.

"Well," said Walters, "you know how they feel about Dick. He's the nation's heart flutterer number one. But—no matter what picture he's in, they look for sexy dirt with a magnifying glass, because of the kind of pictures he's always played in. The guy can't help it if he's magnificently sinister, can he? Dick's a swell guy and a fine actor, and he works hard."

"So far," said Glassman, "you're no Paul Revere."

"Wait a minute, Chief! We built him up that way—a swaggering Don Juan, but now we have to change his personality—on and *off* the screen."

Markel, ace director, snorted: "Dick's hitting the high spots right now, with some hot number who is singing at the Swan's Pond—name of Ruby Lloyd, fresh from Broadway. Too fresh."

"Well," said Walters, "she's out from now on."

"So what?" asked Glassman. (*Please turn to page 94*)





Sun-bather! Paulette Goddard rests after completing her first talkie rôle, left. Basil Rathbone, his wife, and their daughter-in-law, left, bride of Rodion Rathbone, ready for a stroll, above.

Here's Hollywood

News and camera angles on all the lively doings of film favorites

By Weston East

DON'T believe these loves have faded. Gable and Lombard, Taylor and Stanwyck, and Power and Gaynor are still as exhilarated with one another as ever. Would-be chiselers-in are despairing. Carole's become a sportswoman and a farmerette for Clark's sake, and he's just bought the showiest car in town in deference to her flair for chic. There's no marriage in sight for them because Mrs. G. still does not apparently choose to be exed. A wedding does loom for Bob and Barbara; she's been postponing the step because she must be sure it won't hurt Bob's career to be a husband. When that will be, nobody can find out. It'll be a popular event, be assured, for both are personally considered highly regular. As for Tyrone and Janet, theirs is a fierce passion which flames so that neither has ever been more fully alive. The joy of living is acute in their eyes. But marry? Tyrone owed allegiance to Zanuck first and gradually they discovered themselves easing out of the marrying mood. They have had time to see that they really don't want to settle down yet.

HEDY LAMARR is the new thrill in Hollywood. Experts rate her the most beautiful woman in town now. She is an exotic such as hasn't been seen since the good old silent days. Nothing prosaic about her! Nor about the house she has rented. Her playroom, for instance, isn't full of slot machines and soda fountains and such drugstore equipment. You feel as though you're in a Continental salon the moment you enter. Over the fireplace there's a very striking painting of Hedy. In front of the life-size figure are symbols of the things she likes—money, jewels, furs, and good-looking men. Behind her are her hates. Judging from the bottle painted so realistically, Hedy's a prohibitionist. Her actor admirer Reginald Gardener personally painted this decoration.





Greeters! Jeanette MacDonald brought hubby Gene Raymond's pet dog to welcome the actor home from a trip East, above. Left, Cecilia Parker, Lana Turner, Mickey Rooney and Ann Rutherford in "Love Finds Andy Hardy."



Jascha Heifetz, now preparing to appear in a film, with Josepha and Robert, his daughter and son (their mother is the former Florence Vidor) at Balboa Beach, left. Right, Clark Gable and Carole Lombard, that so-o-o companionable star couple, at a recent horse show.



MAE WEST wants to go on in pictures, but the deal to co-star her with Gable appears to be off. If it's really fizzling out she'll go on the road again this fall. She can clean up a lot more money in personal appearances. Then she can always return to New York and try the stage.

MOST popular beach house these days is that one belonging to those two handsome bachelors, Cary Grant and Randolph Scott. It's right in the middle of the Santa Monica strand. Every Sunday there's a select crowd. Cary is still dating Phyllis Brooks exclusively, but there's really no likelihood of marriage in the near future. Funny how much like his ex-wife, Virginia Cherrill, Phyllis is. Randy is a bachelor once more, having announced the end of his two-year romance with that rich Eastern wife he eloped with so suddenly. The Scott marriage will always puzzle Hollywood. Randy never brought his bride West to live with him. He hasn't made any legal divorce move; he'll likely stay officially unavailable, but personally eligible. Such an arrangement seems to have worked out for Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres. Incidentally, Ginger is among those happy at Lew's returning to prominence via a new long-term contract at M-G-M. Only she's not happy enough to kiss and make up!

RICHARD GREENE, contrary to candid camera shots which display him with Arleen Whelan and, next time, with Sonja Henie, is not hopelessly mad about either gal. He's just getting the routine build-up. He's a confused and excited young man, literally. This skyrocketing is a magnificent adventure, but it is weird to read that you're the heart-throb of the world when until the discerning scouts noticed you only a couple of English girls seemed to think so. Similar in theatrical heritage and in type to Tyrone Power, Richard is following in Tyrone's footsteps at an even faster rising rate. In another year or so he can actually indulge in a full-fledged romance. Meanwhile, it's fun stepping out with attractive actresses and if you have to get this sort of publicity to click in America Richard will obligingly play ball. Who wouldn't, for his break?

VISITING young millionaires will hereafter be treated more warily by Hollywood actresses who are eligible for matrimony. Ginger Rogers really wasn't, but she and Lew Ayres are definitely separated, though not divorced. Margaret Lindsay, however, was distinctly eligible for a proposal. She's never been married, has no unfinished business. What she would have said remains her story, but when flowers poured in on her everyone thought she'd outdistanced Ginger in the race. When Alf Vanderbilt disappeared from the Hollywood scene snoopers believed he was merely away attending to business. He was. Marriage business. The bride isn't an actress, but a Northern California society gel. He told reporters he'd bring her out to Hollywood—they're honeymooning in the East—next winter. All the film ladies want a look at her. For ah, woe—Alf's supposed to be worth twenty millions and he's young and Jimmy Stewartish and at least there'd have been considerable satisfaction if a local girl could have said no!

JIMMY STEWART is dating Norma Shearer these summer evenings and is he really wide-eyed at his luck! He treats Norma as though she were ultra fragile. The first time he got up courage to ask her out he had to go into conference with himself for days. He wondered if she'd mind his not having a chauffeur and being sort of a simple kind of guy. She didn't mind at all. She can detect a line, having been surrounded by actors for years, and Jimmy's



Good loser! Streamlined, Patsy Kelly, left, who weighed 170 and decided to reduce, is glad to have the scales say she has lost 45 pounds. Below, the Ritz brothers heckle Movita and John Carroll when the cameraman asks them to pose prettily.



sincerity appealed to her immediately. He's very respectful, and she doesn't think he's an idiot for liking to construct models of airplanes, and while it's not a romance it's definitely a nice arrangement for both parties. Norma, by the way, has completely captivated the new crop of employees at Metro. They marvel at her youthfulness. She has starred for a decade, yet hasn't a line in her face. She deliberately keeps fit, doesn't think or look cheap, never wastes her energy, and those who are coming into contact with her now are finding out what a wise woman she is. She has dignity, directness, and a zest for living, the converts rave. And what they claim is so!

NORMA also has lighter hair. She's a semi-blonde now. Her best pal, Merle Oberon, has adopted the same shade. Norma was so glad when Merle returned, nothing would do but Merle must rent a house right on the beach at Santa Monica within walking distance. Norma sent her own cameramen over to take a home sitting of Merle, and greater devotion hath no feminine star! It's been almost a two years' absence for the English girl, who has done but two British films in that time. She's to divide her time, on eight month terms, between California and London, according to the contracts she's signed. Merle's out of love at the moment, with Doug, Jr., and George Brent (who last month was dating Loretta Young) acting as her current escorts. She insists that when she marries she'll quit her career. Evidently she won't attempt to compete with Norma's record. She brought trunks and trunks of Paris costumes and scads of expensive jewels with her this time, and everybody's gawking.

WHILE the echoes of Shirley Temple's royal jaunt around the country are still yoo-hooing in your ears harken to this little story of Shirley's inherited shrewdness. With papa a banker, and mama already a legend when it comes to effecting canny bargains, it's not surprising that Shirley is following suit. You'll see her wash a dog in her new picture and chuckle at the sequence. She played it to the hilt because she got the studio to use her own dog. Not only use, but employ it. He got a pay check just like the other actors and so earned his new sweater and leash. Shirley's as proud of her financial feat as she is of tete-a-teteing at the White House with the president. It was hardly a quiet trip, what with interviewers and photographers besieging her when crowds weren't, but Shirley's used to being idolized and never gives it a serious thought. Her mother has ingrained in her



Night out! Hugh Herbert, who spends most of his leisure time at his ranch, and his wife, snapped when they went to town to attend a recent preview.

the idea that the attention is due to her being an extraordinarily good little girl. The responsibility of being ever noble won't dawn on her horizon for another few years.

BING CROSBY got a lot of publicity about being a playboy, but ever since he married he's been a model of propriety. Beaming father of four now, he never gazes at any woman besides his wife. There are two divorces in the Crosby family, however; that is, the initial papers have been filed. Everett, who heads Bing's corporation, has already announced that he'll marry Florence George, his pretty blonde actress client, when his decree becomes final next April. Brother Bob isn't jumping into another love; he's going to resume bachelorhood with a vengeance. Miss George, who's no relation to Gladys, was terribly perturbed when a columnist with a flair for bungling, said Everett was going to marry Genevieve Tobin. A retraction had to be run the very next day. Since the Crosby family's religion forbids divorce you can see that Bing is indeed the pride and joy even from that viewpoint!

HOLLYWOOD husbands still face the problem of how to keep up with more successful wives. Tony Martin may materialize in your sector this month because he decided he wouldn't sit around home when Alice Faye had a new epic on the fire and the studio had nothing on its schedule for him. He assembled an orchestra and is on a ten weeks' personal appearance tour. Marriage has affected these two less than any other movie couple. Both liked the night clubs before eloping, and both still do. Jon "Body Beautiful" Hall, like Tony, eloped in haste. He's hoping Goldwyn will hurry up and put him to work. A guy can't go on being a son of Samoa forever. Frances Langford's salary is twice ten times what his is, considering her radio take. He moved into her Hollywood home and since she already had a New York personal appearance lined up he went along. Frances is the best draw the big Paramount Theatre in New York has ever had in the way of screen or radio celebrities. What if she's drawing down $5,000 for her week there and Jon's $200 weekly retainer from Goldwyn is downright measly in comparison? She's a small-town girl from Florida and he's a small-town California man, and it's lurv!

EDGAR BERGEN finally decided not to buy a farm in the San Fernando Valley with the rest of the good-earth stars. There's something about ranching that demands a partner, and Bergen is still looking for a wife. So he purchased a home on Tower Road, in select Beverly Hills, and it was to have been a grand housewarming. Only he developed boils! Just shows that even if you're an overnight sensation you can't count on everything going right. Even as to women Charlie McCarthy's voice remains unlucky. He's had a yen for Andrea Leeds for some time. When he attempts to describe his ideal he inevitably winds up by illustrating with Miss L. as nearest to the mark. But she seems to prefer his pal Ken Murray. Bergen is a college graduate and he admires college girls. Miss L. qualifies even in this respect. He did all he could to get her the lead in his new picture, and still they're just good friends.

DEANNA DURBIN'S life is now changed for good. First she was moved into an elaborate mansion, with extensive grounds tricked out with pool and tennis court, and now Universal, grateful for Deanna's pictures, has built her a studio dressing-room that is unmistakably elegant. It's Colonial in architecture. Inside it's a regular house.

If you exercise like this—every day—you might become a tap dancer. Ann Miller makes it look very easy. Try it!

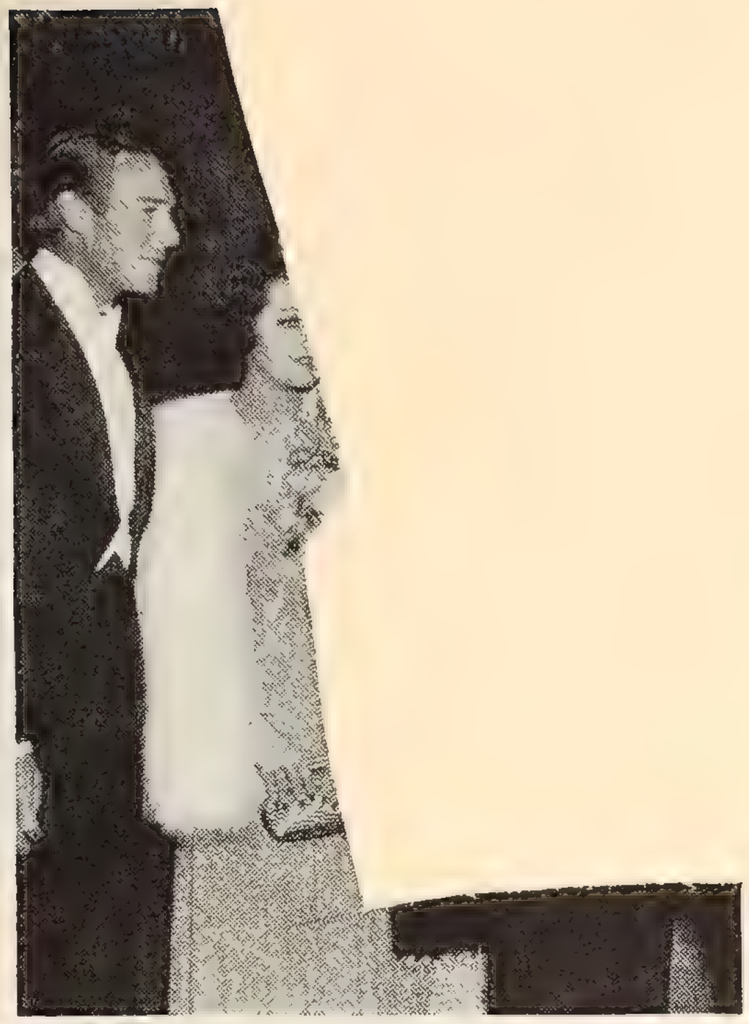




Henceforth Deanna will take her school lessons and her singing lessons there, her teachers reporting to her. The yesterdays when she could play with the gang, when she could run into the corner drugstore, are fast becoming but memories to her. It's a long way from the unfashionable part of Los Angeles where she grew to adolescence to this present set-up. Deanna isn't taking it too big, fortunately. She appreciates the sacrifice her older sister made for her. If it hadn't been for her sister's insistence upon Deanna having singing lessons, and earning them for her, this magic would never have been. Opera is her eventual goal. Now she has to be worthy of all this luxury and Deanna can tell you it's really no snap. Living up to great expectations is a job.

FRANCES FARMER is being treated with new respect in Hollywood now that she's back after a year's victory on Broadway. When she departed, after a brief build-up, the local sages said New York would slap her down. She had entirely too much independence, could talk far too intelligently, for a girl who was supposed to be just another movie blonde. But in New York Frances was a hit when such people as Sylvia Sidney and Fredric March, established Hollywood names, flopped dismally. She proved that her passion for acting and her scorn for gaudy Hollywood showmanship was sincere. She didn't want to return to pictures. She was dying to stay on for another play. But naturally Paramount was going to demand that she fulfill her contract, because if it lapsed certainly some other studio would dangle alluring terms before her eyes. Frances and Lief Erikson, her actor husband who was fired by Paramount and who was a moderate hit himself on Broadway, are to play opposite one another in her return film vehicle. They drove West, stopping at auto camps. Hollywood's waiting for further fireworks, remembering how—when Frances was loaned to Sam Goldwyn, who dotes on his heroines being glamorous—she drove to the studio in a second-hand car.

REMEMBERING dep't: Some high school kids were looking at a movie magazine on the beach the other day and came across a photo of Billie Dove. "Never heard of her!" the sixteen-year-olds exclaimed. In case you have a better memory, here's what's happened to some of the reigning enthusiasms of five years ago. Billie, who earned a top salary and who was a gorgeous brunette, is happily married to a Los Angeles socialite. She has a small son, has recovered from a serious illness, and—



Randy Scott and Dorothy Lamour, seen about Hollywood together, are greeted by their jovial host, W. C. Fields, who entertained celebrities at a recent party.

though she's only in her early thirties—her hair is quite white. She used to go with millionaire flyer Howard Hughes, if you still can't remember her. But here's more news of ex-raves: Anita Page, just twenty-eight this month, has never looked lovelier. She's married to a naval lieutenant and is entranced with navy life at fashionable Coronado. Roger Pryor is orchestrating at resorts near Los Angeles. Dorothy Mackaill, after six months' futile attempt to re-establish herself in Hollywood, has returned to New York. Her former film partner Jack Mulhall continues to play bits. The Duncan Sisters are making a comeback on the radio in England and you can hear them via shortwave. Bert Wheeler's going abroad for a stage tour, and so is Tom Mix who, in his late fifties, still rates $2500 a week for a twenty-week tour! Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers are settled at Pickfair after their brief flurry with a rented house. Mary decided not to sell the hilltop house where so much Hollywood history has been made, and Buddy decided not to be jealous of her past. He's been leading his orchestra at Los Angeles's biggest dance

THE "refeenment" of Gary Cooper continues at a nice pace. In lieu of the gaudy car he drove before he married, a sedate medium-expensive motor now is his conveyance. He exhibits his pure-bred Sealyhams at the best dog shows, too. The Cooper dogs were flown home from their latest ribbon-winning in Chicago. Fred MacMurray is coming out of his shy shell, also. He mixes with the Tones and the Millands these evenings. His ventures into the sophisticated circle haven't really changed him, however. He has a beautiful home, his wife has recovered from her long illness, and so why shouldn't they enjoy fine music and witty conversation? So long as he remembers his resolution to ship his future children back to the small town in Wisconsin where he was raised, for schooling and escape from Hollywood artificialities, he's not losing his native naïvete.

HELEN HAYES wound up her long stage tour in Hollywood and, to her delight, was royally entertained by Norma Shearer, Bette Davis, and everyone else who could lure her to being guest of honor. She stayed with the Francis Lederers. When she quit pictures she was misquoted about Hollywood and she'd been fearing that she'd not be too welcome. Actually, she prefers the stage because she is better fitted for it; she is quite aware that, photographically, she cannot be tops. She was thrilled at being rushed socially. Since her writer husband, Charles McArthur, is doing scripts again Helen will be in close touch with the studios.

The limbering-up exercises Ann Miller is doing were just a warm-up for her dance in "You Can't Take It With You."







Stars look on as horses take the spotlight! Barbara Stanwyck glances at our camera. Her escort, Robert Taylor, at Barbara's right, concentrates on the ring, where his saddle horse won a blue ribbon. Charity fete! Right above; Mrs. Edward G. Robinson, center, with Mrs. Reinhardt, Mrs. Basil Rathbone, Max Reinhardt and Mrs. Joseph Levy, at a lawn party at the Robinson home.

LUISE RAINER and Hugh Herbert had a curious episode happen to them this last month, with Luise the goat. Hugh has always adored her. He can't help doing imitations and one of his best party stunts has been his take-off of Luise. He has to have dialogue, of course; he was getting a lot of laughs so he went on improvising. "And so I met Luise in a downtown store," he *ad libbed:* "and she said, 'But please do not speak to me—only speak to me on the sets!'" He threw in her typical gestures. One of the guests took it all seriously, went scurrying to a leading columnist who promptly told a million readers how high-hat Luise had become. She'd refused to recognize a fellow actor, snubbed him like that! No retraction was printed, but now you know what was behind that unfair tale. As for Hugh, he is so abashed, so afraid Luise will think him a monster, that he's sworn off all impersonations and is no longer the life of any party. Luise, since her separation from her husband, has rented a new house in the canyon above Santa Monica. She's just become an American citizen, having passed all the tests for her legal switch from Austrian citizenship.

TOM BECK has a flair for taking out all the new heroines. It was Tom who first discovered how charming Arleen Whelan was, and during her training period it was Tommy who had all her dates. Now there is another newcomer at 20th Century-Fox, one Amanda Duff, who plays opposite Charlie Farrell in Shirley Temple's current picture. Miss Duff is a California girl who was appearing in the East in a play when a talent scout saw her and whisked her into a contract without so much as a screen test. No sooner did she report on the lot than Tom was giving her a whirl instead of Arleen. Evidently he doesn't care who they romance with after they're shot to fame, so long as he can date 'em when they've just arrived in Hollywood.

WHEN Paris picked the world's best-dressed women—in an exclusive poll of the top fashion houses, six American women made the list—not one of them an actress!

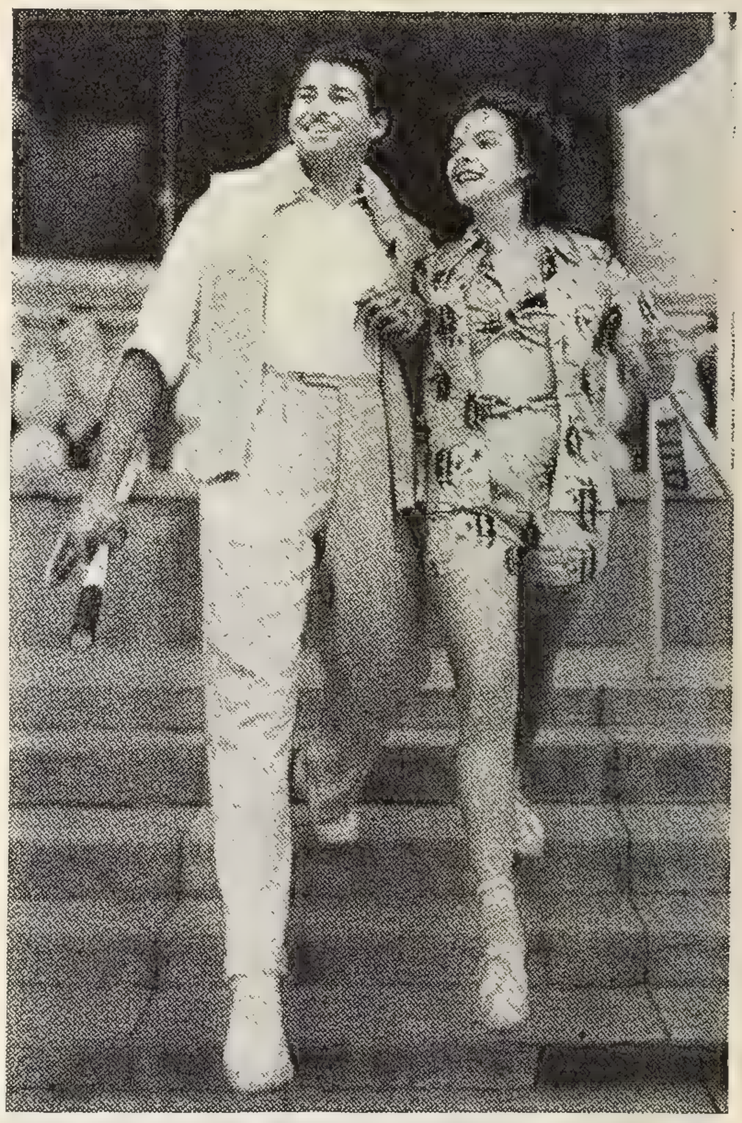
THOSE Dead End kids are doing all right off-screen, too! One of 'em entertained his mother at La Conga, the movie colony's exclusive rhumba café, and had all the elegance of Herbert Marshall. Another has dated Loretta Young's fourteen-year-old sister, and the local high school boys who've been dying to sample the elegance of Loretta's Colonial mansion are dumb at this achievement. However, a third member of the imported gang has just spent five days in a Los Angeles jail, which almost compensates. He had to have a car as soon as he became a movie actor, and stop signs were nonsense to him until the law snatched him. "I have to hurry to the studio!" he asserted importantly. The cops were unimpressed.

HOW'LL Carole Lombard manage minus her hitherto indispensable pal Fieldsie? Why, quite all right because Fieldsie may be a bride but she is still handling Carole's business matters. For years this friendship has been a Hollywood legend. When Carole became a big shot she remembered the good-natured, efficient Madeleine Fields. They'd been Mack Sennett comedy girls together. Fieldsie was installed in the Lombard home as buffer, personal secretary, and companion. Where Carole went her shadow showed, too. During the course of their double dates, Fieldsie and famed director Fritz Lang discovered one another. Now Fieldsie has returned from New York trousseau-shopping, with her new husband in tow. She no longer lives with Carole, but has a mansion of her own. Being a wife isn't interfering with her old duties—she's loyally hanging onto them. She taught Carole how to save her money, and she's not going to let the gal go berserk and be careless with her dough at this stage!

HOLLYWOOD men have held their annual golf tournament. Once again Bing Crosby is the colony's best player. He scored a 72 when two hundred of the movie boys got together at Lakeside. Johnny Weissmuller and Richard Arlen, who are a great deal more athletic than Bing, were unable to beat him at golf. Allan Jones, incidentally, is fast becoming Tyrone Power's chief rival for the town's bowling crown.

JEANETTE MacDONALD is truly a practical person. Current evidence of her farsightedness? She's toting around a little black book, and it's not a diary, either. She hurriedly jots down mysterious notes in the book, which seems to be in whatever purse she's carrying, but what she's doing is preparing for this coming Christmas. Her favorite cameraman likes to fish. Nice camera artists have made Jeanette look like beauty incarnate, so definitely she must buy fishing equipment for him for Christmas. She's been carefully learning what sizes and colors the prop boys wear, and noting same. What rejoicing there'll be when the MacDonald chauffeur rolls around on Christmas Eve with just what the subconscious mind ordered! If you envy Jeanette's success, begin emulating her tricks by working out on this one. Then instead of dashing madly for something that's likely inappropriate you'll be a howling riot when the holidays are here again. An Oscar, please, to this radiant redhead for being the first star to begin shopping early!

WAYNE MORRIS and Priscilla Lane are now discovering how they'll have to grin and bear it now they've become movie stars. Romantically speaking! When Pat tired of Wayne, switched to another beau while Wayne was off on a three weeks' location trip, she thought she had handled the Lane-Morris break-up with supreme skill. But the studio has messed up her plan. The two ex-sweethearts are being teamed anew! The first two times they were cast together they were inseparable, which makes this third time all the more difficult. Now they have a triangle on



On their way to the courts! Alan Marshall and Margaret Tallichet, heads and hopes high, stride to the tennis courts for a bit of match play.



Camera-calling at the studios! Gary Cooper calls on his pals, Bing Crosby, Fred MacMurray and Wesley Ruggles, director of the film in which Bing and Fred co-star. Right: Jack (Buck) Benny, all ready to ride again, is momentarily occupied with the pleasant story and presence of Joyce Compton, during a between-scenes interlude in the filming of "Artists and Models Abroad."

their hands. Pat realized how attractive one Oren Hagalund, assistant director, was. Her new heart is tall and blond and young, just like Wayne. He isn't famous, but, among other things, he has a lot more money. He drives an $18,000 Dusenberg! It seems he writes scenarios in his spare hours. Wayne is still on a low salary—he asked for a raise and they said no! Altogether, every day is a new dilemma for the two players. Wayne was so surprised by Pat's walk-out that he hasn't yet begun to date anyone else with enthusiasm. He looks and looks at her between takes. Pat tries to be friendly and casual, not let him know she's wondering where Oren is.

HOLLYWOOD'S vacation list: Free to whoop it up this month, and getting away from it all are Tyrone Power, George Raft, Fred Astaire, William Powell, Maureen O'Sullivan, Irene Dunne, Don Ameche, Sonja Henie, Bing Crosby, Myrna Loy, Jack Benny, Jean Arthur, Ronald Colman, Deanna Durbin, Ginger Rogers, Garbo, Joan Blondell, Madeleine Carroll, and Constance Bennett. None of them will lift a finger, professionally speaking. In Europe right now—Astaire, Ameche, Henie, Garbo, and Carroll. In New York City—Power, Raft. The rest are relaxing at home, with short jaunts to nearby California resorts.

EXTRA-CURRICULAR activities this summer: Sally Eilers is attending summer school at U. C. L. A., taking philosophy—enrolled under the name of Sally Brown. . . Ann Sothern will take a difficult singing exam in New York shortly—she's been secretly studying for a surprising vocal future behind the footlights. . . Ramon Novarro is going in for scientific farming methods since inspecting his ranch holdings in Mexico. . . Stu Erwin is becoming the boy beautiful—he's hired the trainer who put Taylor and Gable through physique paces!



Work is fun, too! Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Janet Gaynor and Roland Young, are on their way to make scenes for "The Young in Heart."

BASIL RATHBONE gave his best performance gratis this week. He was putting his dogs through their tricks on his front lawn when, suddenly, he was conscious of five heads topping his tall hedge. He was afraid the boys to whom the heads belonged would fall and hurt themselves, so he cried at them to come on over and in. Courteously he sat them down in a semi-circle and continued his dog show. When he finished one of the kids said, "Can we see your house?" Whereupon they trooped through the rooms where Hollywood's most elegant parties are held. "It's a swell dump for a villain!" muttered one of the pleased visitors. Basil ordered the butler to serve cake and cokes, which was the final touch. The company left in a trance.

THE new surprise in Hollywood is none other than—Patsy Kelly! Yes, fat and funny Patsy, who didn't give a hoot about her appearance, who was emphatically as plain as an old shoe, who laughed at feminine charm recipes. Suddenly, however, she disappeared from town. People finally realized she wasn't working, and wasn't showing up at the night clubs she had haunted. Just as suddenly she returned for a new rôle. Talk about your transformations! Now that she's reacquired her original figure, and when she was in her teens she was as slim and as good a dancer as her childhood chum Ruby Keeler, she'll admit she was hitting the scales at a regular 170 pounds. She's lost 45 pounds! Actually, Patsy let herself go after the tragic deaths of her two best friends, Jean Malin and Thelma Todd. She believed she'd never possess any glamor, so she ridiculed all proposals that she salvage her figure. But Patsy couldn't go on trying to forget disappointments forever. She snapped out of it, went to a famous clinic and for seven weeks followed the strictest of schedules. She reduced intelligently, exercised, and attended an hour's lecture every day on care of the body. It required will-power, but you should see how happy she is now. Of course she'll still be her same nonchalant self on the screen, but the self-respect and poise she has gained promise a far more satisfactory personal life. As soon as she can get enough courage she'll be buying a wardrobe like Loretta Young's!

MARTHA RAYE'S mad. Here she's a star and she's bought herself a limousine and a flock of fur coats and a swell house. She's got a chauffeur and a maid. So why, oh, why can't a girl have some fun? She heard about the China Clipper and was all booked for Honolulu, to see those beach boys at Waikiki, when the powers-that-be went cuckoo and absolutely refused to let her fly. "Gosh," moans Martha. It's certainly tough.

JUST don't throw out the peroxide completely! The Hollywood trend from golden blondeness back to normal dark hair was doing all right until Marlene Dietrich threw in the monkey-wrench. So it was going to be *comme il faut* to be emphatically natural? Joan Fontaine thought so; she started off as a blonde to be different from sister Olivia de Havilland, but finally got on the style wagon. Priscilla Lane was the one blonde Lane—for a spell. For months Madge Evans begged Una Merkel to follow her route and go brown; when Una took the step she dragged both her mother and Madge to the beauty parlor and you'd have thought Una was going to have a major operation. Jean Arthur returns to the screen with her own dark hair. So Marlene the magnificent, ever the extraordinary, has gone really blonde! After all, it's a good idea if it's an improvement! Remember when Joan Crawford went gilded for six months? That wasn't an improvement, but Joan didn't hesitate to try. The following remain definitely blonde: Madeleine Carroll, Ginger Rogers, Virginia Bruce, Sonja Henie, Alice Faye, Mae West, Marion Davies, Constance Bennett, Miriam Hopkins, Anita Louise, Claire Trevor, Gladys George, Ann Sothern, Glenda Farrell, Grace Moore, Mary Carlisle, Betty Grable and Phyllis Brooks. Whatever you want to make of them.



Right, dressing-room scene with Franciska Gaal carefully inspecting her make-up. Be sure your light is good. Below, "Outline your lips, then fill in," says Jacqueline Wells. A sharp edge or point of lipstick helps with outlining. The parted lips enable Jacqueline to rouge well inside, so no break in tone shows. Test this point by smiling. A break then shows.

Center below, the newer brush method of rougeing is demonstrated by chic Priscilla Lawson. A method that gives a fresh, clear bloom of color. Many stars like brushes for eye shadow, rouge, lips, and powder removal. Below, an important powder point from Dorothy Moore: "Remember to powder nostril curves, eye and mouth corners.





COLOR in Your Life

A colorful season is ahead. Take advantage! Color is a strong point for attraction

By Courtenay Marvin

MANY dirndls, sneakers and slacks are now getting their last wearing. Soon, we'll put them away with a sigh for the good times and informality that spell Summer. Then, we'll turn eagerly toward darker frocks of more formal line, hats of more verve and new bags, gloves and shoes. If any season transition makes a complete change necessary, it is Summer into Autumn. Make-up simply must change along with costume color and line. Many of the pinks must fade from the picture, except for evening wear with pastels or black or white, for the reason that vibrant costume colors need sharper accent in make-up. At this writing, the Fall colors that are being whispered are black, of course; blue as a carry-over from this bluest of years, fashionably speaking; red with a purplish cast—even brown with a purple note and regular brown and green. Before you buy a thing, sit down and think out your ensemble from head to toes. There is one mistake in make-up and costume ensemble that is fatal—the wrong color. You simply can't remedy it. Lipstick or hat, if it's the wrong color, it's a white elephant, all right!

Give serious make-up attention to your lipstick. Here is the vivid spot of color on your face. Virtually all of us might well possess two make-up color ideas. We need one for the cool or bluish tones—bluish reds, blues, purples, wines, black and white, though black and white both look well with the warm tones, too. This make-up should be of the pure red or the blue-red type, of which you will see plenty. One Fall forerunner in lipsticks is designated as cranberry red. You'll find this perfect with the costume colors mentioned. If you wear true greens and browns, then the warmer tones of make-up give a harmonizing effect. There's a very new lipstick known as sienna, indicating depth and warmth. In the stick, this looks definitely brown, but when applied to the lips has a changeable quality that seems to melt into your own coloring and give a wholly lovely effect. Also, there is a lipstick actually black. On the lips, it turns to red. This stick is frankly expensive. One of the most interesting lipstick developments has been the choice of two finishes in the same tone, a gay, lustre effect or a soft, subdued one. The small mouth looks well with a highly lustrous

lipstick because it makes the mouth look larger, while the large mouth seems softened and refined with the duller finish.

Men's reactions to lipstick are interesting because, like nail lacquer, here is a point that has aroused criticism and hot arguments. Men definitely like colorful lips but they do not like lipstick so heavily applied that it looks thick and caked. They are bitterly against drawn-on Cupid's bow lips and carelessly applied lip rouge. Neither do they like to feel that if they kiss you, smudges will be left on the face. In other words, they seem to prefer a mouth that is lovely and colorful if they concentrate their gaze on it, yet do not want a mouth to stand out above all other features of the face. To get a good effect, Jacqueline Wells illustrates a simple method. Have your lips fresh and clean of old rouge, then with the flat edge or point of your lipstick gently but firmly outline the natural line. Now relax the mouth and open slightly, as you fill in with the blunt part of your stick. Be sure to carry the color well inside the mouth to prevent a break in tone when you smile. Always wipe off old rouge before applying new. Lipstick tissues for your bag or cleansing tissues do this. Bringing the upper rouged lip down over the lower is a Hollywood idea of a good lower lipline. Rouge over the imprint the upper lip makes.

Speaking of not leaving marks on another's face, a while ago I mentioned a liquid tone for the lips. This is fast growing in popularity. The liquid dries in a second or two in rich tones from a deep red to a tawny one and when dry cannot rub off without effort.

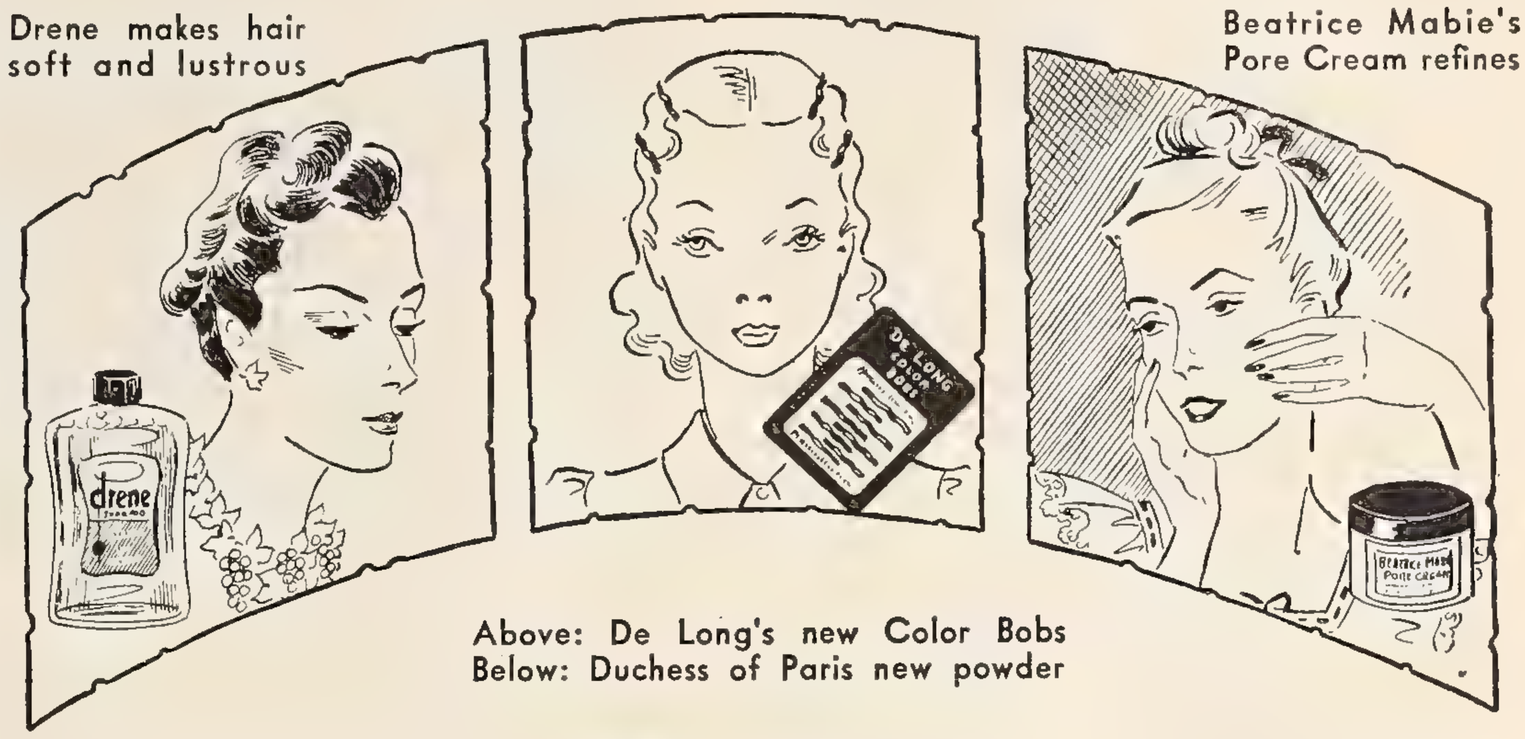
Rouge, of course, trails along in a paler tone version of your lipstick. Fortunately, these two tones have been so perfectly coordinated today so that you may confidently buy one or the other and its matching counterpart knowing that they harmonize perfectly. There is, however, one famous little rouge that sells all alone, because it is one of those perfect color creations that just seem to go with anything on anybody. By the way, a splendid method of testing out a new color scheme for yourself is to buy those small make-up ensembles, everything complete, and then if the effect is right to buy the larger sizes as you need them. One particularly good idea is an ensemble of this kind keyed to the color of your eyes. Everything harmonizes and the set is inexpensive.

The use of brushes for applying all make-up, even rouge, as Priscilla Lawson shows, is fast growing. A brush applies color lightly, which is the whole trick of a lovely effect. Never over-use rouge; under-use, if anything. Nobody wants apple cheeks. What most of us want—and need—is a glow, a subtle radiance over the upper cheeks, that lights and lifts the face. If you will smile before you apply rouge, you will lift into prominence that cushion of the cheeks which, for many, is the correct rouge area. Rouge, applied with an artistic eye, can do some nice things for faces. A thin face should never place rouge in the cheek hollow, as this makes the face thinner. Using rouge a little forward toward the nose on a full face seems to slenderize it and placing it farther back makes the narrow face look wider. A light touch on the chin makes a long face look shorter. If you are the young, fresh-looking type, a faint touch on the space just below the eyebrow adds more youth and radiance. This is more or less a French idea. I have seen this effect on Norma Shearer, very charming with her blue-gray eyes. A fresh, unmatted rouge puff, like a fresh powder puff, will help make your rouge look like a natural flush of color. A too-used puff grinds rouge into your skin, bad for your skin and for an artistic color effect. Dry rouge should be

(*Please turn to page 79*)

Yours for Loveliness

Simple Aids That Pay Big Beauty Dividends



Above: De Long's new Color Bobs
Below: Duchess of Paris new powder

WHENEVER I see beautiful hair, I like to ask its possessors, "What shampoo do you use?" A very large number reply, "Drene." I don't wonder, because Drene, neither a soap nor an oil, but a special patented process, does seem to make hair more beautiful, lustrous and easy to manage than you ever dreamed. Drene comes in two forms, for oily or normal hair, and for dry, dull hair. A half tablespoon makes a rich lather in cool or warm water; two rinses finish you off in a jiffy. Drene is mild so you may use it as often as you wish. It's a splendid idea for end-of-summer hair that is dried and generally abused by too much exposure. Drene will help tone it back to soft, shining, colorful beauty. Drene gets a sincere bouquet from us!



Depend upon De Long hairpins or bobs for the best in quality, the highest in style. With emphasis on style, De Long creates Color Bobs, distinctive bob pins in costume colors. In red, blue, pink, turquoise, green and canary, these bobs come eight of a color to a card. They stay put and the lustrous enamel lasts. Smart hair touches that hold securely and tie in with a costume ensemble.

Recently, I saw some surprisingly convincing records in favor of Betty Wales Wrinkle Reducer. It seems that practically everyone who tries it, re-orders. It's just that effective. Much of its efficacy is due to the olive and avocado oils that give it high emollient value, so that dry, lined, lifeless skin responds to its richness. This semi-liquid cream should be gently massaged into the skin once or twice daily. It is quickly absorbed and easy and pleasant to use. Since lines and wrinkles take time to develop, time and an effective preparation are necessary to correct or soften them. I believe that this Wrinkle Reducer will do a splendid job, if you will use it faithfully and according to directions. We suggest it with confidence.

Large and coarse pores are the skin woes of many. What to do about them? Two steps are necessary, first, real cleansing; second, contraction or shrinking. For this purpose, Beatrice Mabie offers her Pore Cream. You apply this at night, after cleansing, well over the affected area. Sleep with it on. A whiff of the cream tells you it contains camphor and other medicinal ingredients that actually get to the root of your trouble. It works to overcome the cause of those distended pores, then to reduce them to fine, normal skin texture. It is helpful for blackheads, also a pore disturbance.

A talcum bath is always a means to body coolness, daintiness, and fragrance. You can afford a real shower, too, with the new Duchess of Paris talcums, because the tall cans hold a generous quantity at a minimum cost. This is a smooth, soft powder, fragrant in four lovely scents, Lilac, Gardenia, Singapore Nights, and Mischief. The gaily designed containers make a bright bath spot, and literally spray you with daintiness from head to toe.

Summer is likely to end up with minor skin ailments for many of us. We're prey to oak and ivy poisoning, insect bites, sun-irritated skin, heat rash, and on and on. When skin misbehaves in small ways, you may always turn to two reliable home remedies—Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment. They should be "musts" in every modern home medicine cabinet, for their uses are many. For years, they've been depended upon for first aid in too many surface skin troubles to enumerate here, from baby to grandmother. The general procedure for skin ailments is first to bathe gently with Resinol Soap, dry gently and then apply the Ointment. These are medicated preparations, whose definite purpose is to correct a disorder. When your skin seems generally out of sorts, a rousing bathing with Resinol Soap is stimulating and antiseptic and the Ointment applied to bumps or spots is soothing and healing.

It's not too soon to remind you of a good skin protector, for Autumn winds and football are not far off. Chamberlain's Lotion, for hands and skin, helps prevent and heal late sunburn, windburn, and resultant roughness. Wonderful for keeping hands smooth, soft and white, and for removing vegetable, fruit and nicotine stains. An all-around excellent lotion for all skin loveliness. An amber fluid that the skin will quickly absorb.

C. M.

Is Success Spoiling Tyrone Power?

Continued from page 63

cooperative. This is no commonplace characteristic. Consider the newly-rich in your own circle of acquaintances. Tyrone is as easy to contact as ever. He still puts himself out to please others. He still likes people. He early figured that honest friendliness was a key which would unlock many doors for him.

He has moved up in his living scale. His home is a fairly large, beautiful Colonial house in Bel-Air, Los Angeles's most exclusive residential park. Who, being able to, wouldn't choose such luxury? Tyrone greeted me in polo shirt and summer slacks. When he smiles his good humor is irresistible. And his eyes narrow with merriment.

"I want to see the swimming pool and the gold fixtures in the bathroom!" I declared.

"How embarrassing!" he retorted. "I've neither. But you can come in, anyway. This is the first afternoon I've had to stay home."

We sat in the lawn chairs. "Of course I haven't bought the place," he asserted. "I couldn't afford to. Further, I don't want to own a home yet. I don't want to build one. I don't want to settle down. Somewhere in the future I visualize owning a little hideaway in some warm spot. Probably not Hollywood, which isn't so warm!" He kicked at a grasshopper. "I'm not panning Hollywood. It's swell! I was thinking of the climate. The hotter the better for me. Well, then, I see myself doing a play in New York from November to April, then when I'm not traveling I can just sit and relax at the hideaway."

There is no imminent chance of Tyrone sitting and relaxing. He won't until he's eighty. He isn't the type. But he is imaginative, and it's a pleasant idea for the occasional afternoon at home.

"A lot of folks don't agree with me," he insisted. "They want me to settle down. They contend I should become business-wise, too. I'd like to, but apparently it's not in my makeup. I don't want an enormous income; I never have. Material possessions for myself have never seemed so wonderful. The biggest thrill I get from what I'm making is that I can help others at last. I always wanted to send my mother on a trip. She's been to Honolulu, and she had a grand time. I've had my grandmother out here and my cousin Billy is on his way.

"I want to travel, certainly. But this will have to come later. When I had all the time in the world I had no money. Now I am working steadily. I've just finished a hundred and two days straight—without a single day off." His Sunday radio show, in which he has been starred, took up his one day free from pictures. "But," he hastened to add, "I'm certainly not complaining! Oh, no! I'd much rather be inside than outside the studio gates. It's cold out there, and nobody cares about you. *I know.* I was there!"

Riches are as dangerous as any insidious enemy can be. Tyrone, whirled from scraping and scheming to make ends meet to a star salary from both movies and radio, could have gone hog-wild. But he hasn't. He knows nothing of business. Yet, so broke until two years ago, he isn't buying lavishly or extravagantly. Nor will he end up penniless. He has put his business affairs in the hands of an attorney who has been a friend of the family for many years. And today Tyrone continues to be efficiently budgeted. He is allowed, personally, thirty dollars a week for spending money. From this he pays for all his entertainment, including his *dates*. He can hardly whoop it up often at the Trocadero or the other gay night clubs. And he is fortunate to have a sweetheart like Janet, who has never believed in throwing money away, either.

"I had a hunch I could gamble last night." Tyrone was soon telling me. "I went down to bowl with the boys. It's a weekly get-to-gether, you know. Fellows from the studio. I had only one dollar left. It was Wednesday and no more cash coming in until Saturday! So I listened to a little bird and I won three dollars bowling. Then we ski-balled, and I won three more. It was lucky, because I had a flat tire coming home and so getting it fixed didn't cost me anything!"

He showed me through the house. "After I'd been here a month I tried to break the lease. But we couldn't. It seemed too big for mother and myself. I couldn't adjust myself. I felt like I was rattling like a pea in an oversize pod. So I rented a two-by-four apartment in the middle of town again and left mother to be elegant. When there was no way to settle the lease I came back. I've been working up to the house gradually. What's really turned the trick was the stag party I gave while my mother was in Hawaii. Before it never seemed lived-in. That broke the ice!"

Tyrone's favorite etchings now decorate the sun porch off his Colonial bedroom. "I sleep so much better up here. It's silent as a tomb at nights. I've never had such quiet before!" He has wanted to put on additional weight, and the sleeping helps. Roy and Addie, the colored couple who run the house, are devoted to him. "They really take such a personal interest, and it's keen to know they're always here." He scorns the notion of a chauffeur. He enjoys driving. He has a big Packard coupé and his mother drives a Buick. The purr of a fine motor has always intrigued him.

There are many magazines and books around. He is anxious to keep posted on everything that's new and smart and worth commenting about, and despairs at not having time to read all he wants to. He misses the stimulating superlatives New York life can offer. He has flown East twice in the past year for brief holidays. His long-anticipated holiday trip to Mexico finally was to be realized. "Though," he grinned, "when I made the definite date I fully expected to find myself eventually settling for a few days at Catalina!"

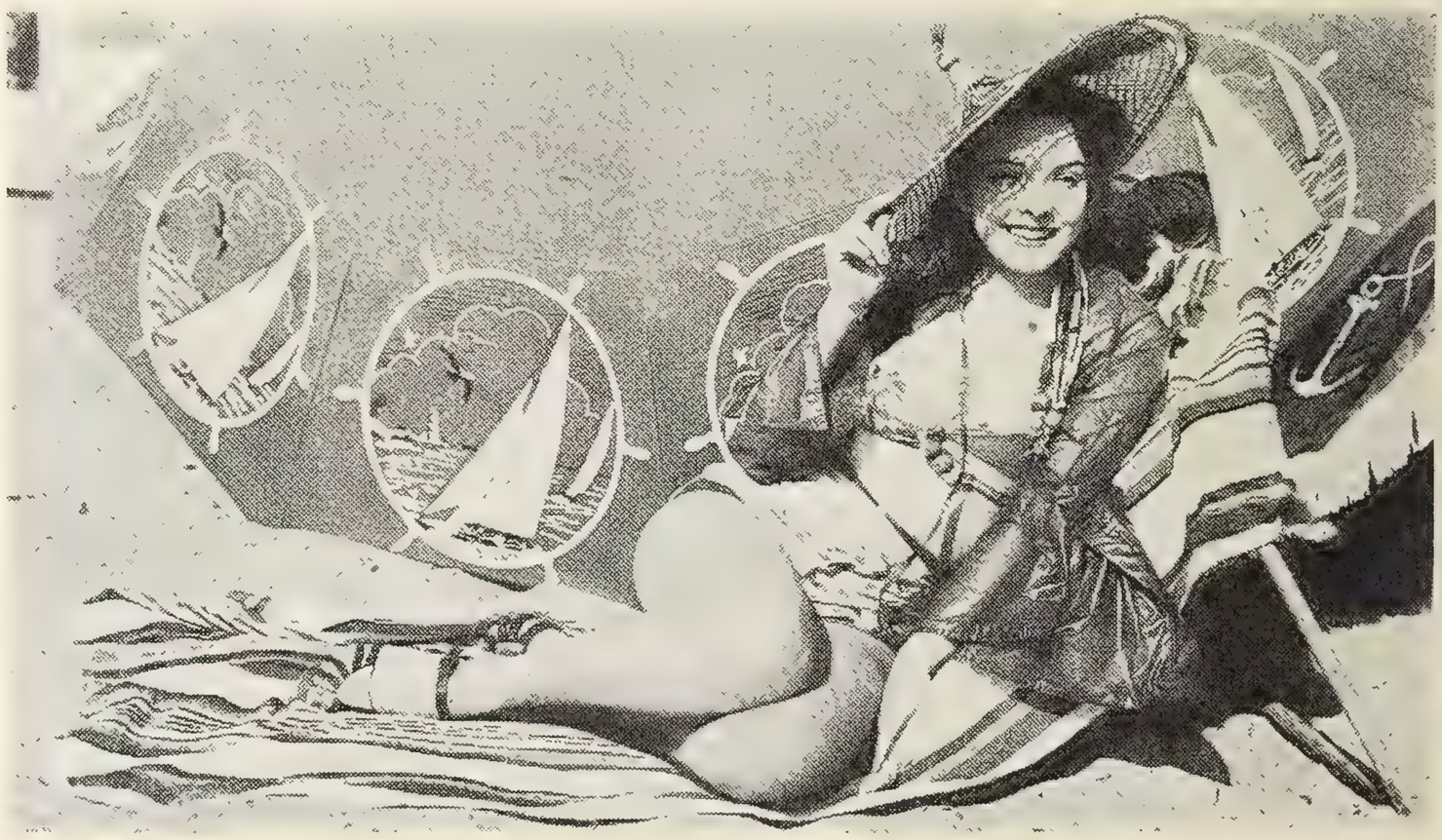
One notable way in which he has changed is that he is not going out to parties as he did during his first year at the studio. He was quickly lionized, invited everywhere by Hollywood society. Tyrone thought it was a lot of fun. But he hasn't been to a big party but once in the last six months. Why? *Cherchez la femme.*

Tyrone has experienced one spectacular romance. He had gone with several girls during his nobody days. His headlined romance with Sonja Henie began with a bang and ended with one. They enjoyed the first flush of Hollywood conquest together, and were seen everywhere. But Tyrone can't be run like a clock. He is as unmethodical as Sonja is particular about little details. Nor will a woman ever hold him by claiming him. What had started as a lark ended, according to both participants, as merely a lark. The chapter is definitely to be forgotten, Sonja ordered.

He says nothing for publication about how he feels toward Janet, just as he was the complete gentleman with Sonja. But, personally, he is most enthusiastic. The reason for his withdrawal from the party lists is, simply, that he'd rather spend his evenings at Janet's.

Tyrone is extremely emotional. He is a gay, witty, amusing beau. His leading ladies find him a fun-maker rather than a self-centered flatterer. He appreciates a joke second to no one, including jokes on himself. On his last picture, when he wasn't exchanging ribs with Alice Faye, he was sparring with Ethel Merman. She tied a jacket of his in knots and hid it in the refrigerator in his dressing-room. He caught her inside hers, which was on wheels, and spun her 'round and 'round to everyone's applause. But Ethel got more. Tyrone couldn't find his pants, and presumed she had spirited them away. So he walked onto the set, where there were several hundred extras besides the principals, and up to the loud-speaker. "I want my pants back, Ethel!" he shouted. She hasn't considered ribbing him since.

His sense of humor is proved by his reaction to director Woody Van Dyke. Van Dyke never recalls anyone's name the first week on a new picture. "He'd call me Sonny, or Lad," Tyrone reminisces. "Finally it was always either Mr. Gable or Mr. Taylor." Not to be outdone, Tyrone inquired around until he discovered Van Dyke's sore spot. And so one day, when a serious scene was to be made, he cried, "Oh, Laughing Boy, you mean I should stand here?" There was an appalled silence.



Margaret Tallichet, the typist who found her place in the movie sun, is basking on California sands, happy she's to play CAREEN O'HARA in "Gone With the Wind."



Candy stripes make a cool and briefly chic sun-suit for Franciska Gaal, here giving the cameraman something really attractive to shoot at.

Once the noted director directed a film by that name, and it lingers in his mind as a terrible flop. But there was a grin. "Mr. Gable, or Mr. Taylor"—alias Sonny and Lad—had pulled a nifty!

Leaning back in a comfortable brown chair in his den, Tyrone told me some of his own faults, as he sees them: "Carelessness comes first. About the tenth take, when it's dinnertime, I'm so anxious to be done that I pay no attention to a lot of details that are important. Then, when I go to the preview, I wish I'd not been so silly. They inevitably keep that sad take!

"I'm impatient. I think I get the point right away, and I die at having to listen to long-winded explanations. I hate to waste time."

He wasn't sparing himself. "I really have about as little finesse as any man could have. Romantically speaking. I don't know what's expected of me. I read about midnight suppers and caviar, and about what the well-dressed man should wear. I try to put two-and-two together." He's doing all right!

He can't stand "stuffiness. Or anyone trying to inflict opinions on me." Automatically he admires "those who achieve." Not accomplishing is, according to his attitude, awful time-wasting. He not only has found his hunches invariably correct, but he has never been and isn't willing to sit by and wait for what he wants. "When there was no place to go, I made someplace to go. I never could walk aimlessly; I had to head somewhere, for *something.*" He has never been conscious of age, in himself or in others. He learns through curiosity, as well as by reading and by advice. "I want to be successful and happy *now.*"

As impulsive as they come, Tyrone tempers his enthusiasms when it's wise to do so. "I weigh consequences." He has no faith in depending, idly, on destiny. "Destiny is a dud, if you rely on her. I waited for someone to show confidence in me. I couldn't find anyone in Hollywood of the same opinion of myself as my own, so I went East and on the stage. That move was my wedge."

His sane behavior is due to Tyrone's having foreseen himself in this specific situation. When he was a nobody he studied how the stars who last conduct themselves. He won't slip in his acting, for he recalls how he used to check on the performances of others. "When I was in high school I ushered in a theatre. For five hours on week nights, for nine on Sundays; I earned five dollars a week. And I kept books on the stars. I had a whole system of grading films. The acting, directing, story, photography — which pictures made the most money at the theatre, which ones we couldn't drag 'em in to see with a noose. Which made the audiences cross. I used a regular composition book from the dime store. And when I wasn't jerking cokes, when I worked in a drugstore later on, I was reading the movie magazines in the drugstore news stand." He wanted to see what stars said in interviews. "The honest ones were the most interesting, I thought!"

I urged him to divulge a couple of additional idiosyncrasies. Such frankness couldn't be passed up. "Girls who are forever making up drive me nuts. And the type who must take two lights on their cigarettes—they're depressing."

Until he was in his particular niche he claims he was not the life of any party. "I never could say a word. Nothing but 'Yes,' and 'No,' and such. I was like a parrot, a feeble one. I expected people to mutter any moment, 'What's the matter with it? Doesn't it talk at all?'" But that was only when he had left school and was afraid he'd never get his break.

He swears he gets a thrill from wandering out into the back lot and realizing that was where Janet Gaynor and Will Rogers and Charlie Farrel made such epics. Although he's so avidly modern, he's romantic even to respecting the past.

He's taken to riding a bicycle around snooty Bel-Air, for exercise. Recently he has been attempting golf. He's purchased a candid camera and when a cameraman on the set photographed for him with it, and none of the shots developed, Tyrone decided to wield it himself. His results amuse him.

He has no say at all on his rôles.

Though enchanted with Janet, he is popular with men. He is one of the gang, not showing-off or splurging. His closest men friends now are his attorney, his manager, director Walter Lang, and cameraman Pev Marley.

"Hollywood," he concluded, "doesn't seem like a blinding pace, full of unrealities, because I knew it could be all right. And it is."

Spoiled? Sorry. Not yet! He's had the push to go get the career and the girl he wanted. He's had the courage to stay himself—a warm-blooded guy, generous and democratic. Tyrone is taking the silver platter he found for himself in pretty remarkable style. Considering that he is only *twenty-four—!* If he weren't worthy of his opportunities he'd be making a mess of them. He isn't. I think you'll agree to that.

Benign Beef-eater

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theatre sitting there is no doubt (come on, 'fess up and admit it), and that also, the executive claimed, is why theatres are now out of luck for "big" pictures to offer you on every new bill during the summer.

The man with the mountainous build and a positive genius for putting sustained dramatic "punch" into his pictures, wasn't talking in clinical terms when we visited him. "Hitch" had put Herbert Marshall into pictures years ago—a film called "Murder"—and you know where Marshall has been ever since; he brought Madeleine Carroll back into the picture after that star's first Hollywood failure (the film "The World Moves On" was a Hollywood "bloomer" and just about sent the stately blonde beauty back to the bush leagues). And Madeleine, after Hitchcock's smashing hits, "39 Steps" and "Secret Agent," came back to Hollywood for a second and successful try. Robert Donat and many others enhanced their picture prestige under Hitchcock's direction.

"So long as we're making a certain quantity of lesser films, the so-called 'B' pictures, why don't we use them to give actors experience, and develop personalities who can graduate up into the more important pictures when they establish their reputations with the public? And just as important as the actors is the writing material—experience for talented writers could be gained by giving them opportunity to do scripts for these pictures. The minor works instead of being cheap imitations of the bigger productions, should be made along pioneering lines. Let the public by its approval or its apathy pass on ideas we might invent along story lines. How do we know, for example, that the public might relish film versions of the works of Edgar Allan Poe, or other writers so deservedly popular in book form with older generations?"

Certainly lots of ambitious girls and boys who have their minds set on a movie career would be with Hitchcock on that. And we don't know but that the theatre-goer would more than welcome a greater variety in the styles of stories and the types of pictures, especially in view of the general similarity of plays that come two by two in many a double feature bill. And, while Hitchcock hadn't at that time been informed about the theatre men's "Dissipation" dilemma, the idea also would take care of that malady.

All of which presents Alfred Hitchcock in a most sober light. As a person he's different as day from night from his film creations. Jolly, good-humored and quick for the laugh, "Hitch" is as bland as his films are diabolical in their relentless drive for dramatic suspense. He had his audiences in an agony of terrible uncertainty in the memorable sequence in "Woman Alone," when the boy carried that time-bomb through London on a mission of death innocently undertaken by the lad at the order of the villain played by Oscar Homolka; Robert Donat alternated chills and chuckles in "39 Steps;" Peter Lorre, Robert Young and Madeleine Carroll had us all in a dither of excitement throughout "Secret Agent." These, and other great films, like "The Man Who Knew Too Much" and "The Girl Was Young" are classic examples of the best melodrama of which the screen is capable—and they are the work of this same smiling, portly fellow from London.

In his latest picture, Hitchcock is turning up with a new star; Michael Redgrave, trained on the stage but brought over to films by the director who picks and chooses his actors in accordance with his story requirements.

Are the Stars Really Doomed?

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Grants and Sonja Henies, but we want them when we get value, not when they drive people away from the box office. And here we meet up with a situation where the exhibitors suffer for the producers' mistakes. Producers know the stars who attract business because there are few producers who do not have theatre affiliates, and those who do not just have to read their percentage contracts to find out which stars bring in the shekels. Yet, so afraid are studios of losing a star, they tie them up for many years with the result that stars continue to receive top salaries far after their box office rating slides. Kay Francis, for instance, is still receiving many thousands a week from Warners on an old contract. Yet so poor is her draw, she is now making B pictures. Paramount showed cleverness and consideration for exhibitors by buying off Dietrich's contract which called for one more picture. Dietrich, too, is poison at the box office."

Of the "poison" stars only Mae West, on a highly successful personal appearance tour in the East, had a comment to make for the press. Said Miss West, "Why, the independent theatre owners call me the mortgage lifter. When business is bad they just re-run one of my pictures . . . The box-office business in the entire industry has dropped off 30% . . . The only picture to make real money was 'Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs,' and that would have made twice as much if they'd had me play Snow White." The other maligned Glamor Girls couldn't toss it off quite as flippantly as La West. Their pride was deeply hurt. It's no fun being called "poison." Only Kay Francis had a statement for the public, and that was in the nature of an announcement of her marriage at the end of her contract in September, and her retirement from the screen. The exhibitors said that would be just ducky. Hollywood said it's "putting on face."

But let's do a play-back over the careers of these stars who have been so callously dubbed a dish of poison. Every last living one of them has been made a star by—YOU! The producers didn't thrust a single one of them down your throats. Not a single one of them is a "girl friend" or a relative of a producer. It was because *you* liked them, and demanded to see more and more of them, that they became stars, with lots and lots of money. *You,* the public, simply went mad over that Swedish girl that Metro imported from Europe, and when you saw her ages ago in "The Torrent" you fairly swooned. If *you* hadn't liked her she would have packed up her luggage and gone back to Europe long ago, just as Lilian Harvey and Ketti Gallian and other foreign importations have done. You were nuts about her pictures then—why don't you go to see them now?

In a Joan Crawford picture several years ago a rotund gentleman played little more than a bit, but it consisted of a drunk scene that was a knock-out. It was *you*—not Mr. Mayer—who discovered Edward Arnold and demanded to see him in more pictures in bigger parts. At Paramount several years ago a fugitive from Broadway played a very minor part in a George Raft picture and when she said, "Goodness had nothing to do with it, dearie," you fairly rolled in the aisles, and on the preview cards you wrote, "Let's have more of Mae West." So to please you Mr. Zukor made Mae a star. Kay Francis was practically working for peanuts when she came to Hollywood—she was a stooge in a Marx Brothers picture, and you can't get much lower than that—but you decided that she was "class" and smart and glamorous so you picked her out of a whole slue of struggling Paramount players, wrote letters and did nip-ups so violently that Warner Brothers took her away from Paramount at a terrific rise in salary. In the early pictures in which Joan Crawford appeared there were many gals with far more important parts than Joan played, but Joan, even in a bit, appealed to you more than did the stars and featured players, and you asked for Joan, and so naturally Mr. Mayer gave you Joan, and you were tickled pink. Well—so what? So, *you* made them what they are today. So why don't *you* go to see their pictures? Or do you? The exhibitors say you don't!

It's quite evident something has happened. We don't need Philo Vance or Ellery Queen to detect that. But what? Is the public tired of stars and the star system? Are the stars really doomed?





Time for lunch! Robert Taylor, left, eats his favorite—corned beef hash. Maureen O'Sullivan, above, takes a chicken and ham sandwich, wholewheat toast.

Hollywood has plenty to say about it. Hollywood—or at least that part of Hollywood that writes and doesn't act—will tell you that the fans are bored with the stars because they don't like too much of too much. Take Connie Bennett, for example. Connie at one time was one of the most popular stars in Hollywood. Women all over the world tried to copy the Bennett slouch and the Bennett clothes. And then Connie suddenly went very snooty on us, and depressingly social. Every big-wig with a title was entertained by la Marquise. A grand actress is Connie, with a charming flair for comedy, but she just became too-utterly-too for the likes of the common people. They got bored with reading about how much she paid for her clothes and how she entertained Lord and Lady Poop de Doop. She lost that earthy touch, which no actress can remain a great actress without. Rather a pity, too, for Connie has all the chic and glamor of a star. It's practically ditto for Fred Astaire. Fred can dance like nobody's business, on tables, under tables, everywhere. When he first danced to fame with Ginger Rogers you and I and the rest of the fans simply went insane about him. And then we made that awful discovery. Although born of the people, he had drifted away from the people. It was impossible to do a good "human interest" story on him—the way you can do one on Spencer Tracy and Clark Gable and Pat O'Brien—because Fred seemed to think that magazines and newspapers were just too degrading—and besides his "private life" was his own. The few interviews that he gave he demanded that he okay before the writer could submit them to the editors, and you can be quite sure that by the time he had finished editing them they were about as colorful as an old boiled rug. It is said that his marriage into the Social Register was responsible for his attitude. Fred's picture—*without* Ginger Rogers—didn't do so well.

Marlene Dietrich, they will tell you out in Hollywood, became too engrossed in her glamor and her mirrors, and in that way completely lost the warmth and earthiness she had in "Blue Angel" and "Morocco." Marlene's glamorous beauty, and there has never been a star who could equal it, ran her salary up to enormous proportions—and then the fans, even as you and I, became a little fed up with beauty. Katharine Hepburn, who should have known better, tried to do a Garbo—closed sets, no interviews, no publicity, no autographs—but didn't get away with it. There has only been one Garbo, there never will be but one Garbo, and as soon as the movie personalities realize that the better for them. And besides, as the exhibitors are only too happy to announce, "Garbo is a tremendous draw in Europe, which does not help the theatre owners in the United States." With Europe in the condition it's in right now the smart thing to do is to please the home folks.

Hollywood will tell you all this and more. Hollywood will tell you that the star system is as passé as last year's hat. Mr. Zanuck, the recognized genius among the producers since the death of Irving Thalberg, has always contended that the story is far more important than the star. (Stars at Twentieth Century-Fox have never been coddled the way they are at Metro.) Hollywood will tell you that stars as stars are all right, but the minute stars start picking their scripts (oftentimes writing them), directing their directors, and running hog-wild in the wardrobe departments they are all washed up as stars. Hollywood will talk your ears off at the drop of an eyelash. "Are the stars doomed?" is the most important question that has been asked since D. W. Griffith ventured west of the Rockies.

But I happen to want to get in *my* two cents' worth. I want to speak my little piece, and by golly, this is my chance to do so. I don't think it's the stars who are keeping the public out of the theatres. Not directly. I think it's trends. The heavy, the "menace," in my little mouth-shooting-off, is *not* Marlene Dietrich (poor Marlene gets blamed for everything, even Simone's temperament), is *not* the producers, and is certainly *not* the recession. It's trends. People do not remain the same year after year. Their taste in everything else changes, so why shouldn't their taste in movie stars? We once went stark staring insane over Michael Arlen's "The Green Hat." The "mad Marches who were never let off anything" simply had us in ecstasies. Today we think "The Green Hat" stinks. The tastes of people change, and that makes trends.

First we had the Mary Pickford trend and everybody copied Mary and her curls. As a welcome reaction there followed the "flaming youth" trend with Clara Bow as its jazz-mad leader, and soon the screen was so cluttered up with Bow imitators that everyone drew a deep sigh of relief when the hot-cha girls gave way to the Glamor Era. This was the biggest and best trend of them all. Everybody wanted sunken cheeks and emaciated figures and gardenias and romance. Garbo, of course, was the number one Glamor Girl with Marlene Dietrich running her a close second. Joan Crawford, who got her start as a dancing daughter in the "flaming youth" era, now became beautiful, glamorous, and exotic—and more popular than ever. This trend also brought Kay Francis to the top, and Katharine Hepburn and Norma Shearer, and Connie Bennett. Claudette Colbert and Carole Lombard muscled in slightly, but they weren't exotic enough, so no one paid them much mind.

And then, quite gradually, the public changed. They were sick to death of glamor, gardenias were nauseating, and sunken cheeks were unhealthy. Carole Lombard took a prat fall in "My Man Godfrey," carried on like a crazy nit-wit—and the "screwball" trend was upon us. Most of the stars who had been so busy being glamorous didn't realize until too late that another era had descended, so naturally as the "screwball" comedies rolled on and on their public forgot them. Kay Francis, Marlene Dietrich, and Greta Garbo were practically left out of that entire trend, so little wonder that they lost out at the box office. The public discovered that Claudette Colbert and Irene Dunne were excellent comediennes, and both of them who had been so busy being ladies in the Glamor Era now dropped their dignity and behaved in the prescribed mad manner. As the "screwball" trend drew to its close both Katharine Hepburn and Connie Bennett tried a zany comedy, Katie even going so far as permitting her public to see her panties. But it was too late, the public had become bored with madness. They were in the midst of a recession and they wanted their favorites to be normal and natural and folksy. To check on this you have only to look at the last annual exhibitors' list. The woman stars who brought in the most money at the box office last year were Sonja Henie and Myrna Loy—and you couldn't ask for two more human gals than those two, pink-cheeked, natural, and depressingly healthy.

The great Lubistch himself has said, "Sex is out." The studios have ordered "No more glamor portraits." It's safe to say that we are now in the midst of a "natural" trend and an exotic star hasn't got a Chinaman's chance.

But there is no reason that the Glamor Girls of today should be doomed. Just as they turned to "screwball" comedy three years ago they can now turn to the simple human interest drama that's bound to be popular. Witness, "Test Pilot." A star who's any kind of an actress at all can be glamorous, screwy, or natural, just as her public demands. There always have been stars in the theatre and there always will be. But don't wear gardenias and orchids when the trend calls for daisies and corn flowers.

Now I'm not saying, of course, that all pictures are thus and so. Just as there were good dramas during the "screwball" era there will doubtless be excellent goofy comedies during the present "natural" trend.

Well, this star system is something we can argue about until the cows come home. I've said my say, now you can say yours. Why *don't* you go to the movies? Are you bored with the stars you yourself made? Is it the stars, or the stories, or what?

Maybe, after all, Sam Goldwyn said a mouthful when he said, "when you consider that Charlie McCarthy and Snow White are the two biggest entertainment attractions found this year, you wonder if people aren't just tired of people!"





Clark Gable's luncheon usually consists of pineapple and cottage cheese salad. Virginia Bruce, right, also eats salad, of raw vegetables, for her studio lunch.

Color in Your

Continued from page 75

applied after powdering and cream rouge before, preferably over a cream or lotion make-up. After your make-up is applied, always try to let it "set" five or ten minutes before your final self-approval. Skin warmth often deepens color, and this safety idea prevents those shocked moments when you catch a glimpse of yourself in a mirror, looking like the big apple, when you thought you were delicately done to a turn.

It's surprising how eye shadows can increase the color of the eyes, though shadow tone need not be matched to your eyes. The two-tone method is newer. One tone is blended over another, or one tone, such as a gray-blue, used over the lids, then a very light touch of green-blue super-imposed just above the lashline. All very lovely and colorful when applied skilfully.

Powder is truly the veil of illusion that blends make-up into a flower-like effect. Even your most beautiful of stars has that shiny, unfinished look before powder is added. There is no reason for rubbing powder into the skin, as many do. This is bad for the skin and gives a harsh make-up effect. Always press or fluff it on, and with your relaxed fingers or a brush, dust off any surplus. You will notice that Dorothy Moore has folded her flat puff over to reach well into the nostril curves. These, plus eye and mouth corners, are points many forget and so have a half-powdered look. Powder shades must remain more or less as they are to match skin shades, though as you get into the cooler days, you will notice tan and burn fading. This probably means a lighter powder tone. I believe the fairish look, no matter what your natural coloring, is here to stay. This does not mean a too light powder but one with an enlivening undertone that gives the skin life. Few skins, except the naturally florid, are enhanced by flat tones.

A peep at the future nail lacquers shows many in the true red and bluish red group and in lighter versions of these basic tones. These, like lipstick, should bear relation to your costume. Of course there will be warmer tones, too, for browns and dullish greens. The idea of harmonizing lacquer and lipstick will always be good advice. The gold and silver sequin polish that made its bow last winter will probably continue in high favor for evening, and a lovely idea, when the metal tone is matched to costume or jewelry. Then there is a pure white polish that is dramatic for certain types of tanned or dark-skinned hands. White, however, is lost on the pale hand. This hand needs color.

The artistic use of make-up seems as much a fashion point today as an accent to beauty. Beaded lashes, screaming lips, deeply rouged cheeks are a rarity, yet practically everyone uses make-up. Now and then, however, I meet the girl who boasts, "I don't use make-up." I always think this is just too bad. The lack of small touches for better looks marks that girl as out-of-date, as different from most. An illustration of this: recently, a personnel manager told me of a hunt for a special type of secretary. Finally, she found the perfect girl, background, experience, personality—but no make-up. She frankly advised this girl to use make-up lightly before interviewing her prospective boss. The girl took the tip graciously, did as told and landed the job against high competition.

Color is so important! It not only makes you look but also feel alive and alert. These are two priceless assets that are fast replacing glamor and cold beauty as attraction points.

"Martha Won't Talk—So I Will!"

Continued from page 33

syndicated gossip column and which bore the title, "Has Martha Raye Gone Hollywood?" It went on to say that Miss Raye was now insisting on closed sets—that is, that she was barring all visitors from the sets on which she was working and, from all indications, she had suddenly gone upstage or snooty.

I suppose that a person is said to have "gone Hollywood" when he suddenly goes high-hat, snobbish, temperamental, cocktail crazy, or just plain aloof. Nobody seems to be very positive on the subject. Suffice it to say that in the picture industry today you can count the actual snobs on one hand. That's not hard to understand. Why should there be? Whether you believe it or not, it takes more than average intelligence to be a successful actor or actress, and intelligent people aren't in the habit of insulting the very public upon whom they depend for a livelihood. But to get back to the dread "Hollwooditis" virus that was said to have caused Martha to close her set to visitors. It happened this way. I know because I was there. During the filming of "Mountain Music" last year the script called for Martha to do a rough and tumble adagio dance with a team of professional dancers. At the end of the dance she was supposed to sail through the air and get caught in a chandelier. She refused an offered double for the strenuous scene and flew into the dance with characteristic Raye enthusiasm. Time after time she was flung about by those professional strong-arms and time and time again she hit the chandelier with a crash only to take a nose-dive before she could secure a firm hold. In the finished picture it appears simple enough, but before that scene was finished Martha was very nearly a hospital case. After several tries she had the visitors on the set in hysterics. And Martha was, quite naturally, becoming a trifle embarrassed by all those awkward spills in front of so many strangers. Finally the director suggested closing the set for the duration of that particular sequence. So the set was closed for that one scene and the next day it was open to visitors as usual.

Now, I wish some kind-hearted soul would break down and tell me how such an action could possibly be construed as being high-hat or snobbish. Yet the very next day the item appeared in a widely read gossip column that Martha Raye was now insisting on closed sets and went on to predict an early obscurity for such a display of temperament! But her friends will vouch for me when I say that Martha Raye doesn't know what the word "temperament" means. And if you doubt me just ask any of the electricians, prop-boys, cameramen, or extras who work with her daily what *they* think of her. To a man they'll tell you she's tops. And that really means something no matter how hard up for copy the gossip columnists may get.

And another thing, now that I'm getting sort of into the swing of it: One of our better-known movie radio commentators only a few weeks ago practically had a nervous breakdown right over the air because of something he'd unearthed about Martha that was, so he would have one believe, causing him an undue amount of mental anguish. Guess what it was! Her EXTRAVAGANCE! According to his dire prediction Martha Raye would be lucky to cash a WPA check in three months' time. She had gone on a whingding where money was concerned; had lost all sense of values and had, in other words, become completely unraveled, financially. In one of his "newsy" broadcasts he dolefully announced to a jittery public that Martha's sudden zoom into the upper-bracket salaries had done something pretty drastic to her common sense and that she was indulging in a spending spree that was no less than shocking to his aesthetic soul!

But to be fair with him and just to ease his agitated mind of any apprehension he may honestly feel toward Martha's future financial security, allow me to give out with the grim truth. And let the rubles fall where they may. Certainly, Martha went on a spending spree. And a good one at that. When she had recovered from the shock of signing a long-term contract with Paramount at an almost unheard of figure, at least to her, she went right out and did exactly what you or I would have done had we been in her shoes. She bought flocks of clothes, she bought two cars, one for herself and one for her mother, she gave parties, she rented a house at the very top of Laurel Canyon, she gave presents to her friends and to everyone who had lent a hand during the long, hard climb. It's common knowledge around town that Martha gets a bigger bang out of buying things for her friends than she does for herself. In short, she had herself quite a time. Now, will the same gentleman tell me wherein lies the heinous crime of spending your own money? If you were suddenly catapulted from behind the ribbon counter or from your stenographer's job to a picture and radio contract at a weekly salary well up in four figures, what would *you* do? Honestly, now. Would you rub your hands and gloat and sink every dime into the vaults of the nearest First National Bank? You would not? You'd set right out to buy all the things you dream about at night—to do all the things you plan and hope of doing someday. So why pick on Martha for doing just that?



The cats meow—for starlet Kay Winters, their pretty mistress.

Martha has known adversity, plenty of it, as who in show business hasn't? But now that the first flush of novelty has worn off a little and she has definitely established her film future she has put herself on a systemized budget, and she sticks to it even if I have to hide her check book occasionally. But to hear Mr. Radio Commentator tell it you'd think that Martha was in the habit of strolling down Hollywood Boulevard and passing out ten-dollar bills just for the fun of seeing the eyes of the citizenry boggle.

Next I learned that Martha Raye had suddenly gone snobbish. Imagine my utter amazement at this choice new rumor! I sometimes wonder just how and why they ever get started. Now, as you already know, Martha is essentially a singing comedienne. When you see her cavorting across the screen in a scene that suggests a mild attack of lunacy you're seeing Martha exactly as she acts off the screen the greater part of her waking hours. She lives under the firm but happy conviction that everything—life, people, pictures and most of all, herself, is nothing but a gag. Now can you truthfully imagine a person to whom the most precious thing in life is a laugh, developing a sudden attack or snobbery? No, neither can I. Least of all Martha Raye.

Out at Paramount there is a certain young girl who, all unbeknownst to her, owes her life to Martha. For months she had been suffering from chronic appendicitis but couldn't afford to take the necessary time off for an operation. Martha heard about it quite by chance, arranged for her hospitalization, paid all the bills and her salary as well until she was able to return to work. And to this day that girl believes that a kind-hearted studio arranged for her operation and care. Martha never would tell, and neither would I. Until now. Does that smack of snobbery to you?

The studio gave quite a shindig on the lot at the conclusion of the shooting of "Give Me a Sailor." The entire cast including Bob Hope, Betty Grable, actors, cameramen, electricians, writers, technicians and, in fact, everyone who had had a thing to do with the making of the film were present in various stages of sobriety, depending on the state of their nerves. At the height of the festivities, along about midnight, a famous director was heard to say, "Where is Martha Raye? I crave a dance with the comely lass." Well, everyone within earshot immediately started glancing about for Martha, but without results. It seems as though the place was so cluttered with celebrities, both minor and major, that one star more or less was a little difficult to keep track of. So they looked and they looked and the orchestra kept right on playing and the famous director, not being used to waiting around very long for anything, became quite piqued and let it be known in no uncertain terms that he by gosh wanted a dance with Miss Raye. And right now!

One of the minor celebs—he only practically rules the whole Paramount music department—spoke up about then and said that if Martha was still on the lot he knew where to find her. And he did. At one end of the sound stage a temporary bandstand had been erected and about eleven of the studio's choicest swingsters were gathered in rhytnmic conclave. Sure enough, midway between the trombones and the saxophones, they discovered Martha singing away like she was being paid for it. Could she be bothered with the star-studded party in progress? Perish the thought! As long as there were musicians of this Goodman and Dorsey caliber in action all the producers and directors in Hollywood could go fly their respective kites as far as she was concerned. So the famous director stood there in front of the bandstand and motioned and yelled for Martha to come down and dance with him and Martha hollered back that she was sorry she couldn't because she had to take the next two choruses. Which all just goes to show how snobbish the Raye gal can be when she really puts

her mind to it. Give her a handful of musicians who know the meaning of the word "swing" and Queen Mary would be lucky to rate a nod.

But for all her unadulterated love for swing music and the "yeah, man" mode of life, Martha has a serious side to her which often surprises even me. For example, right at present she is determined to lay aside her rôle of a completely pixilated songstress and prove to the world at large that she can emote and give off glamor along with the best of them. And the funny part of it is that she is just the girl who can do it, believe it or not. From being as closely and as constantly associated with Martha as I am, I am probably as intimately familiar with her as anyone in the world with the possible exception of her mother. And when I give warning that Martha Raye has made up her mind to devote some of her time in the future to more or less straight dramatic endeavor rather than the usual slightly hectic parts in which she has previously appeared, you can depend upon just that, because the girl *can* act—the studio knows it, I know it, and after you see her next few pictures *you'll* know it! Any good dramatic coach will tell you that it takes real innate dramatic ability to play a comedy rôle successfully, no matter how hare-brained it may seem. So, if Martha wants to do drama, then you can lay your bottom piaster that the Davises and Crawfords and Loys are about to acquire a bit more competition. Watch and see.

Martha owns an automobile. I've told you that before but now we'll elaborate a little. This car is a twelve-cylindered Packard, (no plug intended) and from the chauffeur's seat its length gives you the distinct impression of guiding the Saratoga or Lexington down the thoroughfare. To Martha this is a decided handicap as she would rather drive a car than attend a Coronation every week—the darned thing is just too huge for her to easily navigate. So what does she do? She and her stand-in, Jeanette Rudy, who also lives with Martha, shopped around and finally hit upon an outstanding vehicle that was built to order for an undersized girl to wheel about. A 1928 convertible coupe. But this magnificent carriage was sadly in need of a paint job, so the two girls bought several quarts of red paint and went to work. All one day and most of the next they labored and "oh'd" and "ah'd" and daubed red paint all over themselves and the surrounding landscape and when they were finished, stepped back and viewed their handiwork with pardonable pride. Rembrandt, after all, was only a sissy. And now, unless there's something special going on, the ancient Chevy holds first place in the Raye affections and the lordly Packard seems doomed to sit most of the time in the Raye garage and sneer disconsolately at the four walls.

So, here, then, is the Martha Raye that I, as her secretary and confidante, know. A girl who would much rather sit in a corner with a bunch of killer-diller musicians and give out with the swing that she honestly feels in her soul than try to impress the populace with a sense of a falsely felt importance. A girl who would much rather drive a crusades-model jallopy around town than be driven in a limousine that represents a small fortune. A girl who is as real and unspoiled, as fresh and as vital as tomorrow's headlines. But it was not until the other night when Martha pointed out an utterly untrue item in a movie gossip column about herself and I saw her chin quiver and her eyes fill that I finally got so doggoned mad that I went into another room and sat down at this typewriter and did my level best to tell about the Martha Raye that I know.

London

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So when he isn't on the floor he retires to a private estate fenced off among the trees and flowers and plays around with sanitary rubber "bones" and barks at all the people who crowd outside to watch him.

Little Elisabeth Bergner paid her respects to him the other morning and Asta only opened one sleepy eye at her, then rolled himself round and went into dreamland again. The elusive Austrian star of the blonde bob and the haunting brown eyes is playing a double rôle in a new film called "Stolen Life." She plays twin sisters in love with the same man. He marries the selfish pleasure-seeking one and when she dies in compromising circumstances, the other, gentle sister goes to the husband to keep him happy without telling him of the substitution. That certainly seems something fresh in movie stories!

Edmund Gwenn has a new type of part, too. After his recent illness he went for a



Both for her smile and her style, we like Ethel Merman, above.

vacation voyage in a freighter and spent six weeks at sea. The day he came back he signed to star in a film called "Penny Paradise" and found he had to go right back afloat because he plays the captain of a Liverpool tug-boat bringing the great Atlantic liners into dock.

Talking about liners, I hear that the *Queen Mary's* pink gymnasium was shaken from end to end when young Tommy Bupp rehearsed his broncho-busting yells coming over. Tommy certainly shook me when I went to watch him working with British comedian Will Hay in "Hey, Hey, U. S. A." Something with a tousled head and a freckled face grabbed me and burst out "Say, I'm Tommy and I'm fourteen years old and I been in seventy-five films, thirty-five with screen credits and I started in 'Our Gang' and I been with W. C. Fields in 'It's a Gift' and why are your automobiles so crazy and my folks just bought a new ranch in the San Fernando Valley it's north of Hollywood and I'm raising horses there and—"

And then Edgar Kennedy took pity on me and called Tommy back to the set, and when I'd been revived with a cup of tea I elicited how Tommy is making screen history by being the first American boy actor to be brought over for an English film. He's the tough son of a Chicago gangster millionaire, played by the inimitable Edgar, and Will Hay is the English tutor engaged to teach him etiquette and such.

Will's favorite screen lady is Ruth Chatterton, and after we'd been discussing her it was startling to go back to town and learn she had just arrived in England herself. She's visiting all the stage plays in London, frequently squired by Noel Coward who is among her greatest friends, until Paramount have her new dramatic film all ready to take the floor. They are now finishing "This Man is News," set in a newspaper office, with Valerie Hobson and Barry K. Barnes as rival reporters.

Do you remember a wisecrack about polo in Alexander Korda's army life color film "The Drum," when a character said the game was "an Indian invention, an English amusement, and an American profession"? Well, that bit of dialogue has been sticking in the Korda memory so persistently he has now bought a scenario called "Calcutta Cup" which is all about polo in the three countries as named. Sabu, the little Indian boy, will act in it so Korda has refused to loan him out to R.K.O. in Hollywood until winter. (They really wanted him for "Gunga Din" as a beginning).

Korda's great whitestone studios house another unconventional film at the moment, a story of life in a girls' reformatory called "Prison without Bars." It has no recognized stars but just a lot of clever young character actresses, several of them frankly ugly and others acting cripples and criminals. There is no glamor, no dresses beyond the drab uniforms, and no love-interest or even man-interest except as an incidental reference. Korda is producing it under conditions of secrecy and avers it will startle the world with its new technique and impressionistic photography.

It looks as though Sonja Henie may have a competitor in Hollywood this fall, for Britain's loveliest skating champion, Marie Belita, is going to California to skate for the films. Marie is fifteen, her real name being Mary Turner, exquisitely slim and dainty with sparkling black eyes, and has been gliding over the ice since she was three years old. She's a singer and ballet-dancer, too, and proud owner of one of the largest stamp collections in Britain at her London home.

Producer Herbert Wilcox has changed his mind about allowing his golden-haired Anna Neagle to co-star with Leslie Howard in the film about the life of Admiral Lord Nelson. Now Leslie will star by himself when the production takes the floor and be supported by Diana Wynyard making a come-back to the screen as the beautiful *Lady Hamilton* with whom the famous sailor had such a passionate and tragic love affair. You won't recognize the girl you knew in "Cavalcade" and those other Hollywood films of a few years ago. Diana has changed her personality completely during the interim she has spent acting on the European stage. Now she seems taller and more stately, her figure plumper and her hair a darker brown, dressed in a Garbo-like bob but curled back off her forehead in front. She is still unmarried, living quietly with her parents at their country house near London, spending her leisure riding and gardening and practicing music.

So now Anna Neagle's next appearance will be in a picture based on the life of Marie Lloyd, the comedienne of fifty years ago who was then London's "Queen of the Halls"—vaudeville top-liner to you. She was a vivacious high-spirited lady singing songs considered rather naughty in those days, so that portraying her will be a tremendous change for Anna after her two successive films as *Queen Victoria.*



High-powered glamor! Hedy Lamarr, right, and Sigrid Gurie turn on the charm in their contest for the attentions of Charles Boyer, in a scene for "Algiers."

Hollywood's One Real Glamor Girl

Continued from page 23

ambitious and possessed of a burning desire to realize the one dream that carried her through rigid days of strait-laced conventions, Hedy tried to make her Austrian nobleman see light. She knew what she wanted from life. She was tired of the stifling luxury and the meaningless pattern that made up her days and nights.

Her young man pleaded. Hedy reasoned with him. She tried to show him he was fifty years behind the times, that he was living in the twentieth century and not in the dark ages. She showed him there was room enough in her life for both love and a career. She pledged him her love but she wanted to share whatever talent she had with the entire world. But he could not see Hedy's argument. He threatened he would not go on if she did not abandon her career. Hedy, familiar with the situation as so often repeated on the stage, thought her young handsome officer was merely repeating lines he had heard. In vain, she remonstrated with him. Then realizing the futility of her passionate pleadings, she sent him home and told him to return the following morning to discuss the situation further.

The next morning he was found dead—a bullet in his brain!

From that day on a tragic pall that few people can understand has seemed to veil her life. If Hedy Lamarr's eyes have a deep cast of sorrow in them, it has been put there by the great disappointment she suffered so young in life. If her voice carries a shaded nuance of tragedy, it is because a handsome young man used to love to sit at her feet and listen to it for hours at a time. If her laughter seems a bit overcast by unreality and she seems to be feigning gayety, remember that she still carries too deep a scar in her heart to laugh sincerely. Wherever she goes and whatever she does, she cannot escape the constant haunting image of her dashing young sweetheart.

No matter what she does, Hedy Lamarr will never be able to forget him. She is sure that if only he had returned the following morning and listened to her, everything would have turned out happily. As it is, she feels the weighted burden of her cross more strongly every time she sees happy couples walking down the street together or holding hands in the moonlight. She looks at them wistfully—even enviously—realizing all this might have been hers too.

To keep herself from constantly thinking of the great tragedy that darkened her life and left her floundering about hopelessly, she threw herself furiously into the one means of forgetting—work. She arose early every morning and worked until she was no longer able to stand on her feet. She studied dramatics, music, diction and all other related studies that would aid her in becoming a proficient actress. And the more she was inclined to think of her erstwhile handsome suitor, the greater would be her concentration on the only thing in life she now wanted. When stage and screen offers came her way, she didn't hesitate about accepting them. Anything that kept her mind occupied was welcomed as a palliative. Meanwhile, her beauty was attracting the attention of European society and she was much sought after at social functions and gatherings where the cream of the upper strata congregated. Her vital charm and suave poise especially fascinated the impregnable Fritz Mandel, the mystery man of Central Europe. Though she refused to see him for many months and she shunned his attentions in deference to her deceased lover, Mandel became too insistent for Hedy to hold out against his impassioned wishes.

When she completed her assignment on a picture called "Symphony of Love" and returned to Vienna to rest and relax, Fritz Mandel immediately resumed his whirlwind courtship and succeeded in breaking down the last shred of resistance. Though she knew she would never be able to love anyone else with the same depth and sincerity as her first love, she accepted marriage as a safeguard against her vast loneliness.

The honeymoon of Hedy and her millionaire husband was marred by one thing. The obscure film which she had made in Czecho-Slovakia before her marriage was released. Her husband heard about the generally undraped manner in which she was required to disport herself for the realistic interpretation of the story. Everybody else heard of it too! Then a storm, of which Hedy was the innocent but none-the-less dynamic center, swept across international boundaries. Reports from widely separated world capitals told how Fritz Mandel, desiring a demure, conventional housefrau in the accepted Austrian tradition, tried to suppress the film; how he dispatched his agents throughout Europe to buy up all the prints and photographs of his wife; how he spent over two hundred and eighty thousand dollars. But a few of the prints eluded the hands of his agents, apparently, and under the title, "Ecstasy," the picture created a sensation wherever it was shown.

Germany barred the film. Mandel and his powerful friends expected similar action in Italy. But the expected "sympathetic" echo from the opposite pole of the Rome-Berlin Axis struck, instead, a jarring and unlooked-for discordant note.

In Italy, Mussolini had decided to stage a gigantic exposition of motion picture art. He invited all the countries of the world to submit their best product. Czecho-Slovakia submitted "Ecstasy." This was to be a purely artistic display in which blue-lipped censorship and limitations must bow to the sovereignty of art. And the grand prize was awarded to the Hedy Lamarr film!

All this time agents were still busily buying up the prints of the picture. A copy managed to trickle through and find its way to New York. But it got no further than the harbor. The Federal men seized it in the name of decency and the Smoot-Hawley Tariff Law. The print was destroyed by the unaesthetic customs men who put it in the same class as those garish calendars once found in every barber shop.

Another print was sent over. The case went to the courts. There were many decisions—pro and con. Mrs. Morgenthau, wife of the Secretary of the Treasury, reportedly saw the film and didn't find it obnoxious—merely a trifle too bold for our carefully guarded American morals. But when Judge Learned S. Hand decided that with a few minor changes the film would be safe for the American people, we were at long last permitted a view of Europe's glamor girl.

In the meantime, Hedy Lamarr conceded to her husband's wishes—just as a good wife should—and retired from the screen. But it was rumored that as she sat in her palatial mansion, entertaining the elegant throngs of distinguished visitors, her thoughts were continually drifting back to the world of motion pictures. Within her was strongly rooted the nostalgia for grease paint and cameras, for the excitement and lure of the world of make-believe. Now, she had neither an interest in life or the happiness she was trying so hard to capture. The great void she was striving to fill again threatened to completely engulf her. Finally she sought a divorce so she might continue the career which meant more to her than all the money in the world.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lost no time in signing her up when they discovered her intentions to resume her motion picture work. They planned an elaborate début for her in America, but to Walter Wanger goes the honor of presenting her to the public in her first American made film, "Algiers."

A smartly dressed girl, once a lover of glittering jewelry, of seasonal pleasure trips to the Alps, to North Africa, the Riviera and to the gay distant cities, the alluring Hedy Lamarr now admits she finds more of a thrill in living in America.

"I have heard that in America money is a god and an actress must live like a goldfish in a glass bowl with curious eyes spying on her all the time," says the girl who could have sat back and enjoyed the wealth of kings. "But I have found this to be untrue. In Europe, a successful actress is expected to live elaborately, have many servants and 'promenade' all dressed up in her Paris originals if she is to impress people with her position. In America, the center of all glamor, I find many of the most famous

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Use Pond's Cold Cream in your usual way. If there is no lack of "skin-vitamin" in the skin, our experiments described in the next column show that the skin is capable of storing some of it against a possible future need. If there is a lack of this vitamin in the skin, these experiments indicate that the use of Pond's Cold Cream puts the needed "skin-vitamin" back into it.

Begin today. Get a jar of Pond's, and see what it will do for your skin.

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First Published Reports

In 1931 and 1933, deficiency of Vitamin A ("skin-vitamin") was first recognized as the cause of specific skin disorders. In the cases reported, a liberal Vitamin A diet made the dry, roughened skin smooth and healthy again. Later reports confirmed and extended the evidence of this.

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Tests with Pond's Creams

Experiments were made concerning possible causes of deficiency of "skin-vitamin" in the skin

I. Dietary—The skin may lose "skin-vitamin" from deficiency of it in the diet. In our tests, skin faults were produced by a diet deficient in "skin-vitamin." Without any change in the diet, these faults were then treated by applying "skin-vitamin" to the skin. They were corrected promptly.

II. Local—Our experiments also indicated that even when the diet contains enough "skin-vitamin," the stores of this vitamin in the skin may be reduced by exposure to sun, and also by exposure to warm, dry air together with frequent washing. In further tests, marked irritation resulted from repeated use of harsh soap and water. This irritation was then treated by applying the "skin-vitamin." The skin became smooth and healthy again. It improved more rapidly than in cases treated with the plain cold cream or with no cream at all. The experiments furnished evidence that the local treatment with "skin-vitamin" actually put the "skin-vitamin" back into the skin!

All of these tests were carried out on the skin of animals, following the accepted laboratory method of reaching findings which can be properly applied to human skin.

Even today it is not commonly known that the skin does absorb and make use of certain substances applied to it. Our experiments indicated not only that the skin absorbs "skin-vitamin" when applied to it, but that when "skin-vitamin" is applied to skin which already has enough of it, the skin can store some of it against a possible future need.

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The "skin-vitamin" functions like an architect in regulating the structure of the skin. It is necessary for the maintenance of skin health. When the skin is seriously deficient in the supply of this vitamin, the skin suffers.

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eople in the world going about unnoticed nd wholly unspoiled by their reputations nd success. Instead of pompous, self-satisfied people, I have found ambitious, sincere artists who work hard and play enthusiastically. Everyone is busy. Everyone is planning for a future.

"I haven't found a single actor who considers his picture career his life's work. Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone are planning operatic careers; a number of actors are hopeful of becoming directors; others have producing ambitions. One girl told me she wanted to become a talent scout.

Hailed by Hollywood as the most glamorous of all glamor girls ever to set foot on California soil, Hedy Lamarr readily disproves the theory of the beautiful being dumb. No keener brain functions behind so beautiful an exterior. Her mind is ever alert and her soft hazel eyes burn with a cold intoxicating fire. There is a searching look in them as if she were endlessly seeking something she will never find. Her flawless white skin is a perfect foil for her deep rich black hair. She is five feet seven and her one hundred and ten pounds are rhythmically proportioned to delight the most discriminating connoisseur.

Her own simplicity is almost breath-taking. She is thoroughly and unexpectedly unpredictable and therefore femininely fascinating beyond all bounds. Nothing she says or does infer it, but one glance at the calm, self-assured girl whose beauty is almost fatal, makes you feel it. You cannot help predicting that she will leave her footprints in the history of motion pictures, because people who see her cannot easily forget her. She clings to one's memory like some rare perfume. You cannot help recalling her every little gesture, the movement of her tiny flower-like hands, the characteristic expressions of her face—all meaningless in itself, but collectively making up the strange appeal of Hedy Lamarr.

Even beyond her startling beauty you can fathom the clear, analytical understanding that this foreign star has deftly secreted within her. She makes you think of strange, exotic romance under the stars, of soft nights and the distant strains of haunting music. She conjures up the spirit of adventure and invokes thoughts of love, just as Myrna Loy suggests sophistication or Greta Garbo suggests mystery.

She says things with her eyes that words cannot hope to express. But her manners and bearing make you stop to wonder if beneath the glamor and beauty lies the tired heart of a naïve peasant girl rather than that of a lovely lady who can disturb the peace of entire nations.

Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 11

or duck—we use apple and prune instead of the bread dressing you have here. With spices, it gives a taste we like."

"But it is fish we like most," put in Sonja. "There is a dish of stuffed baked fillet—oh, *boy!* I know how it is done. I know how to cook. I do not have time, but I know.

"You take fillets of haddock or flounder and sprinkle them with salt and pepper. Put them in a greased shallow pan with stuffing between each fillet—the stuffing is made of bread crumbs, with minced onions, chopped green peppers, parsley and celery salt, moistened with a very little water and one beaten egg. After you have secured the fillets with toothpicks, you pour Campbell's tomato soup over the fillets and bake in a moderate oven for half an hour."

"Here's that fish pudding we spoke of," said Mrs. Henie.

FISH PUDDING

⅘ cup of boiled fish
¾ tablespoon butter
1¼ cups flour
¾ cups milk
Sugar
Pepper
3 eggs
For the pan—½ tablespoon butter
½ cup bread crumbs

Melt the butter and stir in the flour, add the milk a little at a time and let it boil slowly. When it has cooled somewhat mix it with the finely chopped fish, spice, etc., and mix with the eggs, one at a time.

Pour the mixture in the pan which has been buttered and sprinkled with bread crumbs. Bake in a medium oven one-half or three-quarters of an hour. Serve it with melted butter.

"In Paris, they have marvelous food," said Sonja. "I like everything they have there. Oysters have a special salty taste there that is perfect. Their vegetable soup, too—do you know, they cook each vegetable separately so that each one keeps its own distinctive flavor, and at the last minute they put them all together with seasoning.

"How those people can cook! Their sauces are magnificent. Oh, *boy!* There is one — Bordelaise sauce — we serve here sometimes. I will let you have that."

BORDELAISE SAUCE

Wrap ½ cupful sliced beef marrow in a piece of cheesecloth, place in a small pan of boiling water and poach until softened. Place in a small saucepan 2 tablespoons olive oil, 6 finely chopped shallots, and 1 sliced clove of garlic; simmer five minutes, add 2 tablespoons taragon vinegar and 6 tablespoons water, and reduce one-half; add 1 cupful of brown gravy and stir until it boils; simmer at one point until the sauce will mask a spoon, skim and stir often; add the marrow and a seasoning of salt and pepper.

Sonja is fascinated with the parties people give in Hollywood. "You know at home, we have dinner and we dance afterwards, and that is all," she told me, her voice rising on the "all." "Or maybe we are invited for cards and we go and play cards all evening. But here, they play games, or do stunts, or have fortune tellers, and everybody is doing the unexpected. I do not know how to play games yet, so I have not tried."

"I think fortune tellers would be fun," said her mother. "I like it, if it is all for fun. Sonja always laughs. She does not believe anything they say. But she does not believe anything they say in the papers about her, either. Would you believe, they say she is going to marry Cesar Romero!"

Sonja laughed. She murmured that Cesar came to her house with Ethel Merman—was that devotion? Sonja isn't ready to marry yet. She won't let herself get involved. When she marries, she will give up her career—and she means it.

"I am old-fashioned. A wife's job is enough," she added, with a vigorous nod.

There is love interest in her life right now. Cesar and Richard Greene and others come to her house, and so do Ethel Merman and Alice Faye and Tony Martin. Richard is the best "indications" player she knows.

"Indications is a game," she elucidated. "You indicate with pantomime or acting some phase suggested. Like charades, only you can't talk. I do not play—yet."

We went in to see the playroom, an intimate little place with English sporting prints on the wall and a map of the world under the bar.

"You can tell where everything is happening," she pointed out. "Every day I look

to see what country has now changed and where the headlines are happening."

The dining room has murals painted by a Hollywood artist and dainty satin-striped chairs.

"It is not very large, so we do not have big dinners—but we would not have them, anyway. I like to entertain outdoors, with the pool and the tennis courts and supper on the terrace. We serve special ham sticks that you might like, and hot Mocha."

HAM STICKS

Wrap paper thin slices of highly seasoned ham around thin bread sticks. If you have not bread sticks at hand, cut stale bread in sticks one-third inch in diameter. Brush with Crisco and bake until golden-brown. Then wrap with the ham, which must be very thin. Spread the ham with Gulden's mustard before wrapping, if mustard is desired.

HOT MOCHA

Mix 2 tablespoons Baker's cocoa with a little cold water. Add 1½ cups boiling water, 2 tablespoons sugar, a pinch of salt. Cook gently for five minutes. Add ⅓ cup strong coffee and 1½ cups of Borden's evaporated milk. Heat and serve.

It was decided that I should see Sonja's room, although, she assured me, it wasn't exactly right for her personality, because of the color.

"If I should stay in this house, I'd do it over," she observed.

In a small alcove is her collection of tiny Dresden figures, found in places all over the world. Delicate dancing figures, exquisite flower girls, romping children—and across the way a manikin in knee breeches playing a miniature piano.

"These are really mine," she explained. "I take them everywhere. When they arrive, I am home!"



Pretty Peggy! We means the lass above, Peggy Moran, of Warners.

Cagney

Continued from page 51

ended the discussion. "Dick," he said, "you're being disagreeable as hell, you know. And it's barely possible you *could* be wrong."

"No, he isn't," Jim interrupted. "He's a friend of mine and he's telling me about things as he sees them. I appreciate his honesty and frankness."

One of Jim's outstanding traits is that he cannot bring himself to admit he was wrong. You know from his actions he realizes when he's been wrong but he'll never admit it in so many words. He has never said he made a mistake in leaving Warner Brothers. I'm sure he had legitimate grievances. He's too intelligent to walk out of a lucrative contract without justification. But I know, as an outsider, that more time, care and consideration were spent on Cagney pictures than on any others that went into production on that lot.

When things were settled Jim told me, "That first meeting with Jack Warner was accomplished with amazingly little strain. I walked into his office, held out my hand, and said, 'Well, here's that troublesome ham again,' and he said, 'Glad to see you, Jimmie. It's been pretty dull around here since you left.'

"Then we sat down and talked things over. It's funny how you work at a place for years and are sure you know a person inside and out. Then something like this happens and you find you didn't know him at all. Since I came back things couldn't be more pleasant."

Most actors are interested primarily in themselves. Jim is interested primarily in others. The number of people he has "gone through" in his years at Hollywood is appalling. Once I taxed him with it and he indignantly denied it. "You have an exaggerated idea of my intimacy with the people you mention," he said.

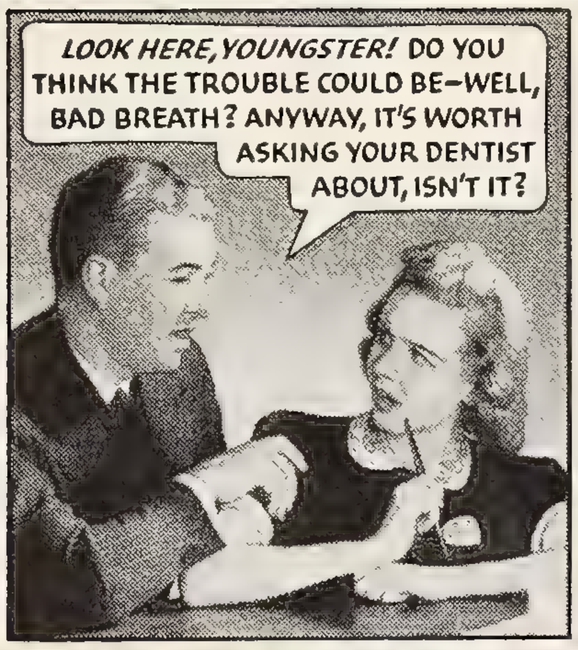
But I haven't. He reminds me of a passage in Galsworthy's "The White Monkey." The White Monkey was a painting. The monk sat there with an orange peel in his hand, staring vacantly into space. He had sucked all the juice out of the orange and there was nothing left but the rind. He couldn't understand it.

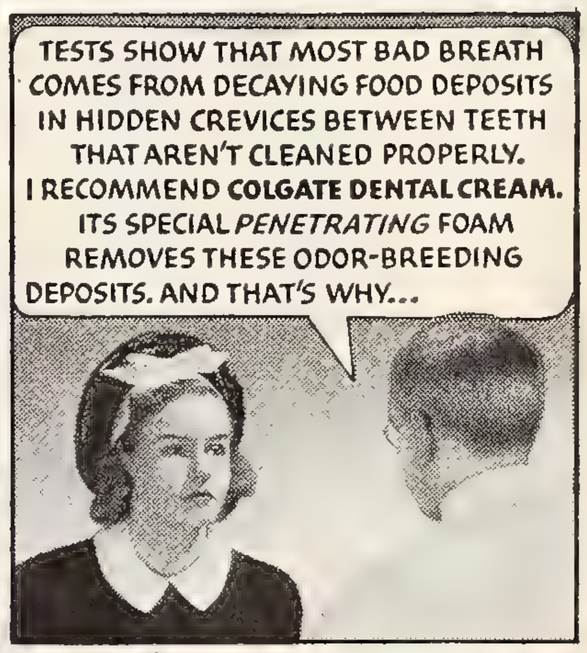
That's the way with Jim. Someone interests him and he has to be with him constantly. He can't understand it when that person wears out. He has drained him dry of everything interesting, without real-



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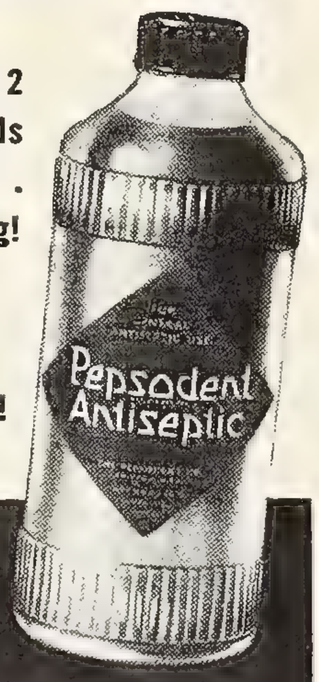


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izing no one could possibly have enough personality or originality to stand up under the strain of such constant association. He takes violent likes or dislikes to people at first meeting and half the time is wrong in his impressions of them.

Once when Phil Regan first came to Hollywood I took him by Cagney's house one Sunday morning for a swim. Jim drew me aside and said, "Dick, you and your friends are always welcome here—but please don't bring Regan out again. I don't like him." On another occasion, before Dick Powell knew many people out here (and long before he'd married Joan Blondell), we were driving around one night and passed the Cagney home. There was a light in the window so we went in and visited a while. Next night Dick Arlen and I had been to a preview. On the way home we passed Cagney's place and again there was a light burning and again we went in. Next day Jim said, "I like the way you drop in late at night—but don't bring Powell back, will you?"

Today, Powell and Regan are two of the closest friends he has! After he'd got to know them he found how wrong he was in his first impression of them. Both of them were a little awed by him and, in trying to make a good impression, had overdone it and prejudiced him against them. It took them quite a while to overcome that first meeting.

His loyalty to his family is a saga among people who know him well. His brother Bill furnishes an illustration. Bill is one of the best salesmen and one of the shrewdest business men I know. He handled Jim's business affairs so adroitly that several of his (Bill's) actor friends asked him to handle them also. Bill took them as clients. Suddenly he retired from the agency business.

One day Jim and a group of actors were lolling on the sands at the beach. The actors had been berating their agents (a common pastime and practice among actors) for inefficiency. One of them turned to Jim: "Why won't Bill handle anyone any more? *You* can't possibly take up *all* his time."

Jim grinned. "Your conversation is the answer. All actors expect agents to be super-human, to perform miracles. When they don't come through you think they're no good and damn them from Burbank to Culver City. I'm not going to have Bill put in that position. It never occurs to an actor that perhaps a studio doesn't want him and that no matter how good an agent is he just can't sell a client. It's always the agent's fault when a bunch of actors get together, to hear them tell it. Bill can make enough handling me to live on comfortably and, eventually, we hope he'll get a chance as a producer. In the meantime, we'd rather he'd keep his friends and the good opinion you fellows seem to have of him than to jeopardize it by trying to make money off you!"

It's the little things in life that count with Jim. As, for instance, women's hats. They're a fetish with him. Years ago, long before he ever came to Hollywood, he and his wife (whose name is also Bill) were in different vaudeville acts. Bill had a week's lay-off and wired Jim she would join him. When her train arrived it was matinée time and Jim couldn't meet her. She took a cab, drove to the theatre, and was waiting in the wings (after a six weeks' separation) when he came off the stage from doing his act. He rushed toward her with out-stretched arms. Suddenly he stopped short in his tracks. "My God!" he ejaculated. "Where in hell did you get that hat?"

To try to detail Jim's character in all its ramifications would be almost as endless a job as trying to work a Chinese puzzle. The simplest way to sum him up is to say, "There are other stars—and Cagney."

"Roosevelts Merry as Marx Bros.!"

Continued from page 21

was amazed at being told that in the movie houses there it takes four hours to run a picture of mine, because they rewind parts of it again and again. What the audiences want to see, over and over, is the dancing. For that matter, that's what I wanted to see in Havana. They could understand that, but they couldn't understand my neither smoking nor drinking, could hardly believe that I, a professional dancer, had never taken a drink of liquor or smoked a cigarette. I tried to make up for it by dancing everything. But when they wanted me to go to a place where a voodoo dance was performed and a goat killed I couldn't take it. Just the thought of that poor goat was too much for me. Instead, we all went to Mr. Bacardi's establishment. He gave each of us three bottles of his famous rum, twenty years old and from his private stock, and said if I'd come back by way of the Panama Canal he would give me a fiesta. There was no more dancing that night. But in New York I danced every night till five-thirty in the morning. There," she gaily mocked, "I was really playing the Hollywood actress, flaunting evening gowns and sporting the blue-gray fox cape my mother gave me. But in the daytime I wore the plainest sort of dress and tap shoes, then went around making thirteen—my lucky number—personal appearances at theaters where I'd worked in vaudeville. Waiting at the Pitkin Theatre in Brooklyn was a high school band with a banner which read, 'We're for Eleanor Powell!' The people at those houses were old friends, and because I'd played there as a kid they felt they had put me in pictures."

When I wondered whether Eleanor had felt the same way in Washington, she admitted: "At first, in the White House, I was afraid it would be rather stiff and very polite. Then I heard Jimmy Roosevelt shout, 'El!' His voice boomed through the corridors. I was dying, for I saw his mother coming towards me and didn't know how she'd take it. But Mrs. Roosevelt was very sweet, saying: 'I've been wanting to meet you after all I've heard from my two sons who know you.' You see, I'd known Jimmy and Franklin for six years when I was dancing in New York. Franklin now rushed in and exclaimed, 'Gee, El, I hear you're going to have lunch with mom!' At the luncheon I found him on my left. 'Mom,' he burst out as if in surprise, 'look who I'm sitting next to!' The little devil had got his mother to put him next to me. He's full of swing, and if he wasn't a Roosevelt he'd be a saxaphone player. Before we'd touched a bite, Franklin whispered to me, 'If the chicken's tough don't mind, El. The food here's terrible.'"

"How was it?" I bluntly demanded, interested to know what sort of table they set at the White House.

"Don't ask *me,*" protested Eleanor. "I was so nervous and excited that I didn't notice. It was all I could do to string along with Franklin. He's the limit. But there was one thing I did notice, that all the colored servants were addressed by their first names. I saw some of them peeking through the door at me. So did Franklin, who said, 'I've a good mind to take you out into the kitchen and have you dance for them—something hot.' I'd have liked nothing better. But what I was waiting for was to meet the President."

And *I* was waiting to hear her tell of it.

"There wasn't anything set about it," said

Eleanor. "I was glad of that—it made me feel more at home. After luncheon we were going through the lower floor of the White House when Mrs. Roosevelt inquired, 'Would you like to meet the President this afternoon?' Then she led the boys and me into Mr. Roosevelt's study. My heart was in my mouth. There behind his desk sat the President, just finishing a newsreel. When he caught sight of me there was a funny look in his eyes, and he called, 'Cut!' Then, smiling that wonderful smile of his, Mr. Roosevelt said to me, 'That was for you. You see, I know something about your business,' Cute. Then the President told me, rather severely, 'Miss Powell, young lady, I want to talk to you later.' Ah-ah! That didn't sound so good. I said to myself, 'He's heard of me with his boys!' After a while Franklin said, 'Dad wants to talk with you now.' I was scared stiff. We all went into his sitting-room. The President shook hands with me, then asked abruptly, 'Which son of mine did you know first?' 'Jimmy,' I replied, shaking in my shoes. 'I might have known it!' remarked the President, with a twinkle in his eye. He looked at me a moment, then asked, 'Well, now that you've met their old man, they don't mean anything to you, do they?' 'Not a thing,' I told him, grabbing his hand and squeezing it. 'Hey, dad,' broke in Jimmy, 'you don't cut me out like that!' The President laughed, then began asking me about my work. When I told of the technical part of it, about my taps being dubbed in, just as music is dubbed into pictures, Mr. Roosevelt said, 'Amazing!' Turning to Jimmy, he asked, 'Can you imagine that?' As we went on talking, I suddenly heard a great commotion behind me. Looking around, I saw Jimmy and Franklin wrestling on the floor. 'So you though you could take her away from me, did you?' snarled Jimmy. 'I didn't think, I *knew* I could!' yelled Franklin. And they went at it again, making out they were having a fight about me and rolling over on top of each other, while Mrs. Roosevelt stood over them and cheered them on. The President threw back his head and roared with laughter. I never saw such a playful family—they were as merry as the Marx Brothers."

Fun in the White House had evidently meant giving their astonished visitor a good time.

"I surely had it," agreed Eleanor. "They were all so human that I loved it. When things had quieted down a bit, the President said to me, 'Miss Powell, I never saw anyone dance with the spirit you put into it. After seeing you in a picture I've always felt just like getting up and dancing myself.' That was the greatest compliment I'd ever had, and from the greatest man. Then Mrs. Roosevelt suggested, 'Now we'll have our pictures taken, but on one condition—that we sit on the floor. We're not Hollywood stars in this family, you know.' So we went into her room and had some taken that way, the two of us plumped down, and it was a lot of fun. Afterwards Mrs. Roosevelt sat by the window and talked of her magnolias, saying, 'In summertime this is the most romantic spot in the world.' That was another side of her."

In her "homey" view of the White House family Eleanor had obviously seen various sides of its members. "That night we were with the President again while he was making his radio address. Then we went to the Birthday Ball. At it I danced everything I knew, even the chuck-a-boom. Finally, at three in the morning, there was the Golden Plate Breakfast. When it was over, the orchestra played a waltz and I danced down a line of two hundred officers. It was a beautiful end of a beautiful time," concluded Eleanor, putting back those holiday treasures into that Pandora's box.

Or was it Cinderella's?

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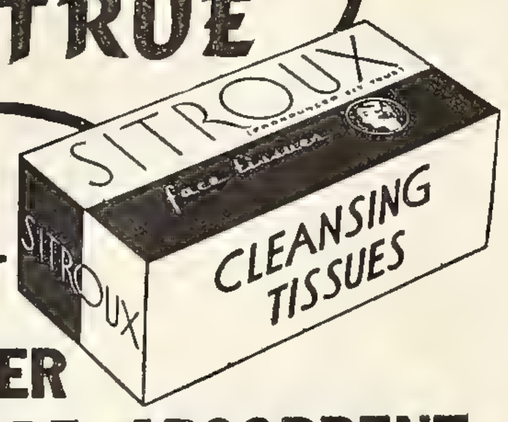
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Signing Their Own Confessions

Continued from page 25

well-made capitals and a uniformity in the slope of the letters, is that of calm simplicity. A logical mind with good reasoning powers is shown in the letters being always connected with each other and the high, clear capitals imply a quiet self-respect that keeps her advancing steadily from one thing to another, always correct and always as the result of a deliberate plan. She is a sane, wholesome girl who is in no danger of losing her head, friendly, self-confident, and ambitious. A bit of a sceptic, perhaps, and troubled only occasionally with the blues, her conscientious gift for hard work will undoubtedly carry her even farther, while her amiable disposition and an innate modesty of taste will always save her from the less attractive consequences of success.

Although she, too, has an eminently logical mind and can clearly think her way ahead, Claudette Colbert writes a hand strikingly different from that of Anita Louise. There is a florid sweep to it that denotes a lively imagination and a sensitive nature, easily susceptible to flattery. There is a generosity here, too, close to recklessness. The curved crossing of her "t's" indicates quick wit, a gay sense of humor. Also in that "t" one may see the natural ability to mimic that has already carried her far. Although the hooked dot over the "i" denotes a critical faculty, the open lip of the small "b" shows a trusting, credulous nature. The wide upper loops, everywhere marked in her writing, is evidence of sensitiveness and a ready response to music. The tightly closed loops on her "a's" and "o's," however, show a contradictory element of caution that must have saved her often from her general impulsiveness. The unevenness of her line points to a carelessness in detail that must often have required her own clear head to adjust.

The dominant quality about Gary Cooper is his will-power. The firm line beneath his signature denotes a forceful, positive personality. A frank, outspoken nature is revealed in the "a's" and "o's," which are nearly always open at the top. He has a friendly spirit and a generous one, but some measure of conceit is disclosed by the size and sweep of the capitals and by the fancy flourish with which he draws pen from paper. A good mind constantly applied to his problems by a strong will are weapons good enough for any career.

Jeanette MacDonald presents an interesting study in contrasts. The born fatalist—just look at her descending finals—she has, nevertheless, an almost relentless tenacity of purpose. The long cross of the "t" is evidence of tremendous energy, as well, and an aggressive determination. Luckily, like Claudette Colbert, she has a bubbling sense of humor. Her tightly knotted "a's" and "o's" are the mark of a secretive nature, while her small letters tapering off at the close of each word reveal a fund of tact coupled with a shrewd business sense. I see in this hand keenness of mind, a restless temperament that is kept ever on the go and a generous, spontaneous nature, a truly stimulating personality.

Note the beautifully rounded, well-spaced letters of Joan Bennett and you will realize at once that, despite the "t," which is the sign of an opinionated, critical nature, and the hooks on both ends, that reveal indomitable will and an active spirit that is inclined to overexert, here is an essentially clear, sane personality. A logical mind and a conscientiousness about small matters adds to the feeling of self-respect, the personal pride, that one sees in the high, well-formed capitals. Her "n's," so like "u's," show her to be easily adaptable to circumstance and a saving humor helps her over each situation. The blunt finals, however, mark a curtness, amounting to occasional rudeness, that must come from her sensitive nature. The Greek "e," so characteristic of her hand, indicates essential refinement, a natural taste for cultured surroundings and interesting people. Her head checks her every move, holding her emotions well under control, so that nothing may long stand in her way.

Barbara Stanwyck is almost unique among the stars whose handwriting I have had occasion to study in that the extreme slant of her line indicates a nature in which the heart alone is master, making of her an extremely devoted, highly-strung woman. An intuitive sensitiveness to her surround-



Colorful girl in plain white. Ellen Drew in her stylish slacks.

ings and the people with whom she is thrown in contact comes out in the occasional disconnectedness between letters, as well as the wide loops and whirls of both capitals and small letters. The cross far to the right of her "t" is the unfailing sign of an impulsive, warm-hearted nature, not subject to the usual restraints. Imaginative, inclined to be careless—note her uneven line—normally adaptable to changing conditions, her interest in clothes can be seen in her distinct, rather sharp "r's." Perhaps it took her high, graceful capitals to keep her head clear and hold her feet even on that path which has led her to a position in Hollywood she has earned by hard work alone.

Janet Gaynor is a flat contradiction in terms. The "y" in her name, whose upstroke she makes boldly to the right rather than to the left of the stem, denotes a dogged aggressiveness, and the hook on the beginning and the end of her "t" cross shows the relentless will of a person who must always be doing something and who

can relinquish no task until it is finished. The size of her small letters, however, indicates a restless, extravagant nature and there is friendliness, even a shrewd tact, in their gradual tapering. There is fatalism, too, in her abrupt finals, despite the ambitious energy of the "t's" long cross. Compact of an aggressive obstinacy and an innate friendliness that comes out unexpectedly in one letter or another, her nature is resolved, by the light touch of her pen, into one of simple taste and refinement, spiritually sensitive and of unobtrusive manners, and of an ever-ready humor.

Of an altogether different character is the chaotic jumble Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., writes, a hodge-podge of letters, almost indistinguishable one from another, that can only show lack of system and a general carelessness, coupled with an abrupt versatility. The downward slant of his line is an infallible indication that here is a man who is inclined to suffer from the blues. The wide loops of his "g" and "y" betray high animal spirits, however, and his open capital "D" shows frankness, open-heartedness, even some slight difficulty in keeping a confidence. The long dash-like dot over the "i" points again to his native liveliness, an enthusiasm and energy that can only too often deteriorate into quick irritability. Fortunately, his uniform small letters indicate a conscientious nature and his large capitals show the self-respect that must often have held him back from headlong excesses. His small letters open at the top are characteristic of an outspoken frankness. His moderately heavy hand with the pen reveals a capacity for work and the kernel of materialism somewhere in his temperament that, undoubtedly, brings him back for more, restraining with some difficulty the ardent liveliness of an inexhaustible nature.

On the contrary, the dominant trait of Leslie Howard's uncompromising hand is that of a will, signalized by the firm bar under the signature, nicely governed by a general lack of emotion and a distinctly scientific type of mind, revealed by his straight, vertical writing. Although normally friendly and sincere, a keen, critical mind can be seen, as well, in the tent-shaped dots over his "i's," while his small "e," closed tight like an "i,' is still another sign of mental keenness. The rounded "r," however, indicates an aesthetic interest in appearances. The even line of his hand, combined with a firm grasp of the pen and occasional open letters plainly indicate a brusque, almost bold manner. The nature of his capitals, so like enlarged small letters, shows him to be inherently constructive, with a fund of artistic abilities along several lines. His restless energy is always kept under perfect control by a logical mind. And there is no danger of his self-esteem growing out of bounds.

It is interesting to see, as illuminating cause and effect, how all these hands have in common certain basic elements that have steadily served to carry those who wielded them on to success, how all but one, indeed, reveal a cool, reasoned judgment generally controlling any erratic impulses and bringing them constantly back into line. A well-developed personal pride, indicated mostly by high capitals and occasional flourishes, distinguishes most of these people, as, to be sure, it should, from the ordinary, for these men and women, by this same personal pride and a directed energy have, figuratively, put themselves on a pedestal. Their images on the screen are bigger than life-size and the illusions they give out provide the stuff of which dreams are made. But, lest we be deceived by the shadow, let us look again at the substance. Let us take the hand they write and read there the little truths they cannot conceal. Like everybody else, they give themselves away!

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Hollywood Doesn't Want You!

Continued from page 32

All right. I'll go up and find out for you just what it's all about. I can get by the sign because I *don't* want to be an extra. Campbell MacCulloch, who heads Central Casting, is human and sympathetic. There is no executive pomposity about him. His office is simple: a large desk, a few comfortable leather chairs. On the window sill behind his chair there sits a loud speaker. He has only to touch a switch and over this loud speaker he can hear—just as the boys in the large casting office across the hall hear—all the calls coming in over the switchboard. At the busy time of the day, from five to eight, upward of a thousand calls an hour stream through the four switchboards. Then the casting room is bedlam.

"Mr. MacCulloch," I said, "suppose I had arrived in Hollywood yesterday. I want to get into pictures. I want to get extra work. How do I go about it?"

Mr. MacCulloch indulged in a rather grim smile and a shrug. "The answer to that is simple, and definite. *You don't!* I can't register you for extra work until you become a member of the Junior Screen Actor's Guild."

"And how do I go about joining the Guild?"

"All I can tell you is that their offices are located on Sunset Boulevard, on 'the strip.' That's about five miles from here. You might try going there, although I hardly think it will do you any good. They are interested in cutting the extra group rather than adding to it."

That's the extra situation in a nutshell. You can't work as an extra unless you belong to the Guild. And the Guild will not give you a card. Even though you may have the twenty-five dollars for the initiation fee and the additional eighteen dollars to pay a year's dues in advance—even then they will not accept you. Extras are now working under closed shop conditions.

While I considered this paradoxical situation Mr. MacCulloch's secretary brought him a sheaf of papers. He glanced briefly at the paper on top of the pile and then picked it up. Holding it up significantly he said, "If you were really interested in becoming an extra, you would naturally be interested in the possible financial returns. Here, for instance, is a report which tells me that the earnings for the average extra have been approximately thirty-two dollars a month. This covers the first four months of 1938.

"Now consider the year 1937. In the entire year some three million dollars was spent by the studios for extra talent alone. Through Central some sixteen thousand extras shared that amount. But—of those sixteen thousand, approximately fourteen thousand two hundred made less than five hundred dollars for the entire year! Only eighteen hundred of them made more than that amount. Of the eighteen hundred, only three people made more than three thousand dollars; six hundred and seventeen made over one thousand; the rest of them made a thousand dollars or less. Judging by those figures, your chances of becoming a millionaire through extra work—or even of earning a fairly decent living—aren't very good, are they?"

Anyway, he might have added, there is no longer any chance of becoming an extra. The Guild is cutting down. Their aim, it is said, is to whittle the extra list down to a point where it will be reasonably certain that no extra will make less than a minimum yearly salary of fifteen hundred dollars. If you're good at figures you can try dividing three million (the average yearly amount spent by the producers for extra talent) by fifteen hundred. The answer to that is two thousand. So the Guild would like to have no more than two thousand extras. At present there are eighty-five hundred, all with Guild cards. A little over a year ago there were around fourteen thousand five hundred. Already some six thousand have been dropped. Further cuts are rumored.

It was with a mind full of such facts and figures that I left Central. In the same building on the ground floor there is a drug store. Most of the extras in Hollywood have, at one time or another, patronized its lunch counter. I needed some coffee to settle the facts I had gathered. I was lucky. I not only got my coffee but I found at the counter just what I needed—an extra. Furthermore, he was one whom I happened to know.

Terry —— is a dress extra. He belongs among the six hundred and seventeen who made from one to three thousand dollars last year. He has been an extra for some ten years. He knows his way around and, in turn, is known as a reliable player. If a stray line crops up when a scene is in progress and he is on the set, he'll get it. Directors know that he can handle lines. To my greeting which I deliberately set to the "how-are-things" tune, his reply was pointedly succinct. "Lousy," he said with feeling, "things are lousy!"

I soon learned that his diagnosis was correct. It had been more than a month since he had had a day's work. More than that, his financial returns for the first four months of this year showed a six hundred dollar decrease as compared with the same period last year. In other words, his income for four months has totalled roughly two hundred and fifty dollars.

If that is the situation with Terry it's a safe bet that his eighty-five hundred coworkers have fared no better, and a lot of them a whole lot worse! No matter how his income has shrunk, however, Terry must pay four dollars and fifty cents dues to the Junior Guild every three months. And if that amount is not forthcoming on the due date it is likely to be doubled—as a penalty. Failing that, he'll be dropped from the Guild. Then he's really out. Another thing. Terry has a wardrobe that represents a dream of paradise to every moth in Southern California. That wardrobe is just as much a part of Terry's trade as a Stilson wrench is part of a plumber's. It must be kept in A1 condition, no matter how much money he hasn't made. If he gets a call for next Thursday he may need his full dress outfit; or his tuxedo; or his cutaway; or one of his four business suits; or one of his many sports outfits; or his really swanky riding habit. An impressive percentage of his yearly earnings goes toward the upkeep of all those clothes. This is even more of a problem for the beautiful girl who may dance with Terry at the ritzy nightclub on Stage Three at Metro or hand him a cup of tea at Mrs. So-And-So's lawn party on Stage One at Paramount.

But there is a more heartbreaking side to this extra business than the meager financial rewards and the general precariousness of the profession. Terry knows this other side only too well. He knows, just as every extra who ever had any aspirations, any dreams of wealth and fame must know, that the day he registered as an extra—that day he purchased a one-way ticket to nowhere! Since then he has seen his dreams and aspirations crumble to the bitter dust of futility. After ten years of struggle and disillusion he can tell you that once an extra, always an extra.

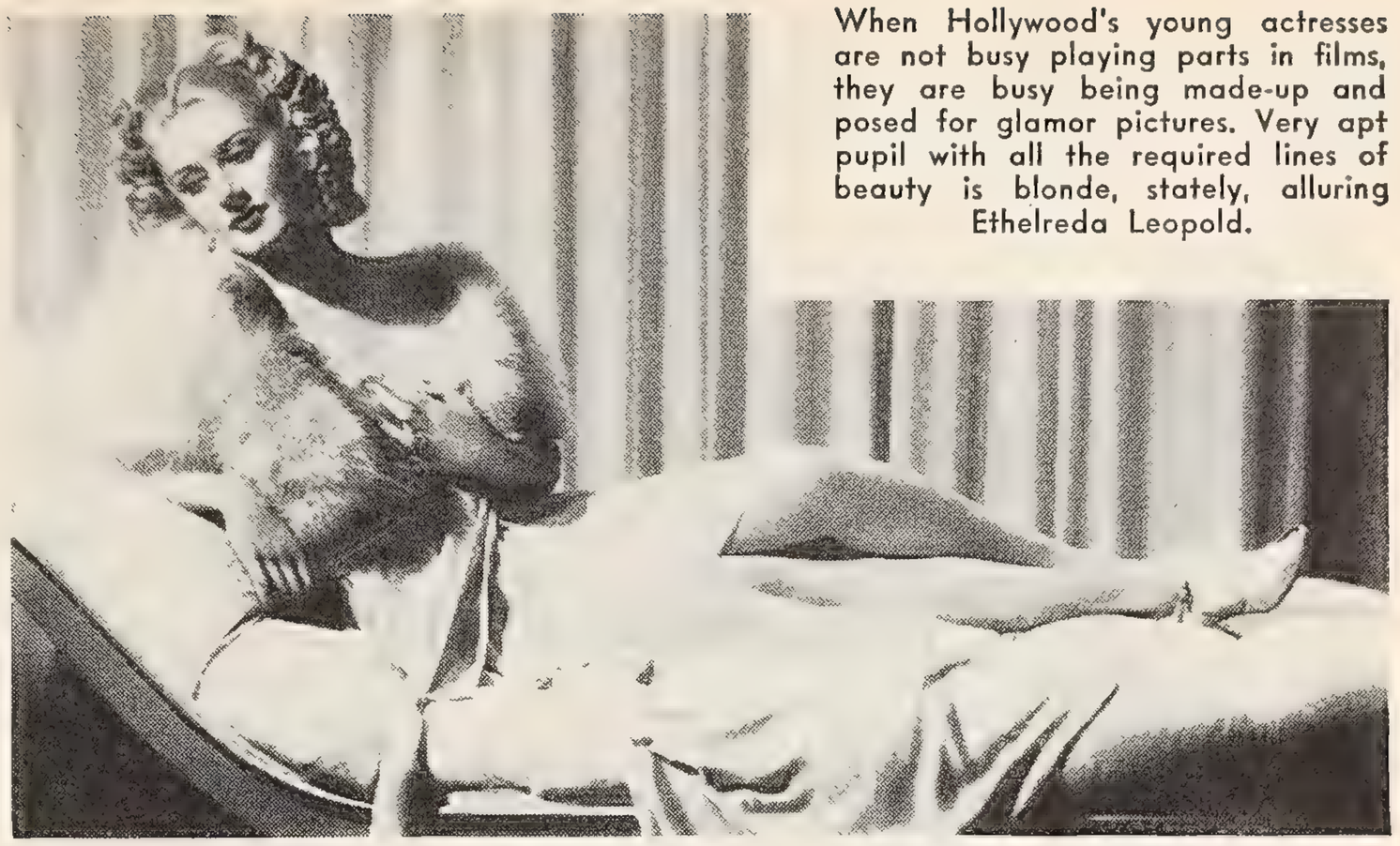
That's a specious generality, you think.

Well, here's a case in point—just one of hundreds. A few years ago one of the studios was hunting desperately for just the right girl for an important part in a picture. Many girls had been tested. Finally, on the recommendation of the casting office an extra girl was given a test. She was exactly the type needed and the test proved that she could act. She was called in and offered the part. Then the trouble began.

If the studio had selected any one of the free-lance actresses who had been tested the salary involved would not have been an issue. The studio was prepared to pay an hundred dollars a day or five hundred a week. The part was an important one and worth that amount. But this girl whom they now wanted was an *extra*. Many times in the past she had worked in the studio for ten dollars a day. That made things different! When she asked for seventy-five dollars a day (and she based that amount on the information she had been able to get in regard to the established salaries of the other actresses who had been tested) she was offered twenty-five. She could take it or leave it. And the inference was that if she left it—then it might be hard for her to get extra work in the future! She took the part. She turned in a very satisfactory performance.

And after that did she go on to bigger and better things? She tried. When she got down to her last dime she went back to extra work. Since that was before the Guild had swung into action she was able to return to the extra ranks.

Today at another studio a scene is being shot. In that scene there are twelve young women all togged out in fancy evening attire. All twelve are free-lance actresses and they're each getting fifty dollars a day. There is nothing important for them to do—a piece of business here, a piece there. No dialogue. Among the hundreds of pretty girls on the extra list there are certainly twelve who would have proved satisfactory for this job. But last week when the director was thinking about this scene he made it quite clear to the casting office that he did not want extras—*he wanted actresses!*



When Hollywood's young actresses are not busy playing parts in films, they are busy being made-up and posed for glamor pictures. Very apt pupil with all the required lines of beauty is blonde, stately, alluring Ethelreda Leopold.

You see, once you become an extra you are branded. You may still feel individual. You know you've got looks and talent. Sometimes your vaulting ambition makes the blood fairly pound in your head. That's the way you seem to *you*. But to the studios you're merely a piece of animated scenery. In case you've forgotten, you can't even get yourself established in the extra ranks. The "closed shop." Remember?

Then how does anyone get into pictures? More particularly, how can you wangle it? Well, you can make a name for yourself on the stage. Then Hollywood will come to you. Or you can stay at home and trust to luck that a talent scout may be around some time when you happen to be playing a good rôle in that Little Theatre show. Then you may be offered a test and later a stock contract. If that happens—then "go to town."

Meanwhile think this over when you think about Hollywood in its relation to you. You're not wanted if you come here looking for fame and fortune. And about those new "discoveries" that you read about all the time—you hear a lot about them when they're discovered. But you never hear anything when their options are not picked up!



Binnie Barnes has the fresh beauty so often found in her native Britain. After successes on the London stage, her movie roles under the direction of the famous Alexander Korda led to a Hollywood contract in 1934. (*See her in Goldwyn's "Marco Polo".*)

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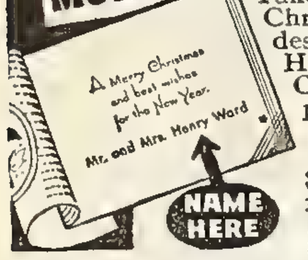
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Ginger's Secret Heart

Continued from page 29

nation. "Dad," she cried, "there's a man in the kitchen asking for something to eat, and the hired girl won't give him anything!"

Mr. Owens marched out into the kitchen and instructed the hired girl to give him as much food as he could eat.

An hour later, the minister who lived next door, toiled up the steps of the Owens' front porch. "Mr. Owens," he said, "your maid told my maid that you fed that tramp. The man doesn't deserve food, Mr. Owens; he's just a lazy good-for-nothing who won't work."

"Maybe he is and maybe he isn't," retorted Owens, "but I'd rather feed a hundred men who don't deserve it, than to turn one away who does. And another thing, Reverend Blank, anytime you feel you can't afford to feed a man who comes to your back door—just send him over here. I'll manage, if you can't!"

There were five daughters in the Owens family, and all of them were talented. Lela, future mother of Ginger, was the writer in the family. Billie admired her extravagantly for her ability to put her thoughts into words. Lela was quick to resent injustice, and at seventeen she started a national newspaper furore because of her indignant protests against the hanging of two boys.

The other girls were brilliant pianists and singers. It was Mr. Owens' dream that Billie would someday gain fame in the Metropolitan opera, or on the stage. He encouraged and disciplined her to practice so many hours a day that she finally ran away and got married to escape from a career.

But we're getting ahead of the story. In the meantime, while Billie was still a little girl, Lela married. Ginger, christened Virginia, was born in Independence, Missouri, July 16, 1912. Shortly afterwards, Lela separated from her husband, and took over the task of raising and supporting her baby. For a time she worked as a newspaper reporter, and she kept Ginger beside her desk in a crib in the office.

One day a friend asked Lela if he could borrow Ginger for the day. Lela consented. Later she learned that he had made moving pictures of the baby. Lela was indignant. "I wouldn't allow a baby of mine in pictures," she stormed.

Lela left the newspaper game to seek her fame and fortune in New York. She found a job as manager and promoter of Baby Osborne, famous child star of that time, who is Ginger's stand-in in pictures today. Lela still had no intention of grooming Ginger for the stage.

Billie says that when Ginger was about nine years old, Lela sent her to Kansas City for a visit to her grandmother. Lela bought her ticket, paid for her meals in advance, arranged for her safety with the Travelers' Aid, and then gave her five dollars to spend. "You can do just as you please with this, Ginger," she said.

Ginger arrived safely in Kansas City to meet the Owens assembled at the station to greet her. "Oh, grandma," she burst out, "my mother gave me five dollars to spend just as I wanted to. The train stopped in St. Louis, and I went to a big department store. Grandma, I saw the most beautiful sewing basket there! It was the prettiest sewing basket you ever saw in your life. I made up my mind to buy it for you. It cost a whole DOLLAR. But then, I thought to myself, a dollar is a lot of money. And then I thought how much you'd love the sewing basket. But then I thought of all the stockings that dollar would buy me that Mother wouldn't have to pay for. So I didn't buy you the sewing basket, Grandma."

Lela always discussed her financial condition with Ginger, from the time she was a child, sitting beside her mother on a bed in a furnished room in New York.

"She didn't do this to burden her," said Billie, "but to help her understand why she should be denied the things that other little girls take for granted. When Ginger understood exactly how much money there was to spend for room and board, she was reconciled to going without dolls and ice cream sodas."

Lela remarried, and moved with her husband and Ginger to Texas. When Ginger was seventeen, she entered a statewide Charleston contest. She won, of course. After that there was no holding her. She was given a contract of nineteen weeks in vaudeville. Paul Ash saw her and hired her to appear with his orchestra in Chicago's College Inn. Lela bowed to the inevitable. If dancing was the child's bent, she would not oppose her.

Billie was living in Chicago when Ginger made her first appearance at the famous College Inn. "Night club applause did not go to her head," says Billie. "Even then she was a cautious, skeptical, saving, and sensible child. She thought her engagement with Paul Ash was just a break. She didn't believe in would last. She kept on wearing the clothes that Lela had sewed for her back in Texas, walking out to my house to save carfare, and going without her ice cream sodas."

From Paul Ash she went to Broadway to appear in "Girl Crazy." She scored in that, and has continued to hit the bull's eye ever since.

If Billie wanted to, she could leave her pulmanette apartment in Chicago and live with Ginger in Hollywood. She could send Lee to school with a chauffeur, spend the afternoon in the sun on the beach, and have her dinners served by a butler. But Billie prefers to roll out of bed at seven, battle her own living in the beauty parlor game, and drink countless cups of coffee to save up enough coupons to get Lee a Charlie McCarthy doll, free. She could live in luxury if she liked, but she said that what you earn yourself tastes better—a statement revealing an Owens' trait that explains quite a bit about Ginger's character, too.

Grandfather Owens sends Billie pressed rose leaves from California in every letter he writes during the winter months to taunt her into moving out there. But sturdy Mr. Owens, too, at seventy-five years of age, refuses to live in the lap of luxury with his gorgeous grandchild. He prefers his own little house quite near her, and his own garden, weeds, but no gardener. He refuses to stop working, and at present he is working on an invention which looks startlingly good, according to reports from the Washington patent office. "I might as well draw designs as cut paper dolls," Billie reports him as saying.

While Billie told me these facts about Ginger and her family, I looked about the little apartment. I looked at the conch shells, souvenir of Pacific trips, on the Chicago bookcase, at the pictures of Ginger on the wall, at all the gay touches which made this bright apartment different from the hundreds of other one-room-furnisheds in residence hotels. I looked at Billie, very Hollywoodish herself, in a black and gold housecoat, selected for her by Ginger and Lee. I looked at Lee's alert face, sinfully proud, and primed to add as much as he could get in on the Ginger-talk. I thought of the seventy-five-year old grandfather in California—with his dreams for his five daughters so richly realized in Ginger. And for the first time I think I understood the meaning of the phrase—"The radiance cast by a star."

"Mlle. Candid"

Continued from page 65

love Big Bear! Here is my daddy with his fish-catch. I am what you call a tomboy. I love outdoors. American girls love outdoors, too, but somehow it is not the same."

The turning pages brought back a flashing smile. "I love a circus! I cannot keep away if I see one. Here are pictures of three since I came to this country. How I adore elephants. See, this is a white camel, it is very rare. I took him in Newark." (She pronounces it "New-ark.") "You will laugh! Here is a shot I take in Cannes. In France, we do not do as you do over here. Here, you sell everything in one store, but there, we have one store for sausage, one for perfume, one for hats and so on. This was a sausage store, and the man had a cat. He fed her sausage when she would ask for it. Outside was a street hydrant, and when the cat was thirsty from her sausage she would go there and drink. It was cute. Quick, I snap the picture!"

Olympe's favorite picture is a shot of Montmartre Cathedral near her home. "Home pictures make me homesick, I think. Look, this is our dining room in Paris, with the collection of plates from all over the world. We will soon send for those plates, because America is my country now." The thought of dining rooms brought up again the thought of food. "This diet," she complained, with a pout, "it will not make me look different. Why do they want everybody to look alike? I cannot look the same as Marlene Dietrich or Carole Lombard or Joan Crawford. My face it is the wrong shape. It is round. If I starve my body, my face will not care. And I'm so hungry!"

A little-girl giggle broke through the complaint. "This is me at eleven, lighting my Christmas tree. I had so many gifts. It was heaven! Do I not look little and young?—But here I am at fourteen, all grown-up. My fourteenth birthday at Chicago.

"This is Eleanore Whitney and Johnny Downs when we were on location in Santa Barbara. But the picture does not take my mind off life, because it was one of my very first films and I was unhappy. I do not like to remember. I told you, I am mix up inside!

"Oh, look, this is an Indian woman at Albuquerque. There she sat at the station, and when I point my camera at her, she cries: 'No take picture!' and cover her head. 'It is twenty-five cents!' she says. Quick, she puts up her red umbrella, so I cannot see her. I run and get the twenty-five cents and give it to her, and oh, then how she fuss with her hair and her shawl and fix her little pots thus and so, until I am tired. But it is good? It is good that somebody makes camera so we can have pictures to remember by, to take up our minds. Then we do not feel so hungry and so mixed up!"



Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire have done so many extraordinary dances, we wouldn't be surprised if they're readying a tap novelty on those bikes they are pedalling so happily along a rustic road.

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Hollywood Wedding

Continued from page 67

"Okay, Chief! Dick will become engaged. Reform. We'll smear it all over the press—'Love's young dream reclaims famous Lothario!'"

"Engaged to who?" demanded Silverstein, sales manager. "Are you nuts, Bill? That won't help."

"Wait," demanded Walters. "We've got a little girl here who looks like apple blossoms. We farmed her out to Atlantic this last year. She's clean, with an immaculate innocence. Platinum hair—a real blonde angel. Hollywood's Vestal Virgin, Jean Taylor! She's made money for us and for Atlantic, but we need her back here now. She and Dick—get it?—her angelic fairness and his sinister darkness—"

Glassman snorted suddenly. "Go on," he commanded, "maybe you're sane, after all, Bill. What else?"

"Well, Jean's been doing sweet young parts. The kid's good and she's won a big fan mail. She's jake with the press, the public, and the Hays office. We make a test shot of her and Dick—and I've a hunch it'll be something special. Those two belong together like ham and eggs, Adam and Eve—"

"Liver and onions," said Markel. "You're crazy—"

"He isn't," said Glassman. "I'm getting the drift."

"Sure!" said Walters, eagerly. "Plenty ballyhoo — love's young sweet dream — an engagement, flowers, romance, jewels—we can pay for a few, see? Jean's typed, so we pick out a clean love story and cast them opposite each other. It'll give Jean a crack at real parts if it works out, and we establish Dick in a pasteurized part, opposite her. The public sees them; it reads that they are engaged and crazy about each other. Bang! goes Dick's reputation as a Don Juan. He's fallen for Hollywood's spotless, unblemished little angel, and she for him, so he can't be so terrible, get it? You'll have everybody pulling for him. Human nature."

"Go on," encouraged Glassman, tersely, eyes slitted.

"A couple of pictures opposite each other, a sweet love story rolling in the press, and Dick's hotcha rôles are forgotten and he's set again. After a while, we stop the publicity and people forget about the engagement. If they're big box office as a team, they can go on together; if not, they go their separate celluloid ways."

"It's worth a try," nodded Glassman. He turned to Markel: "Dig up a script for them—a love story, and shoot a test scene."

"All I want," said Markel, "is one love scene between them and I'll give you the answer. I want to see how they fit into each other's arms, how they kiss. Some couples just click—some never do."

"Pick your own shot," said Glassman, "but the engagement sticks. I'll have a talk with them right now."

It proved a difficult and trying interview for both Jean Taylor and Dick Ramsey. At first, they both objected, violently, but Glassman was patient. He explained, carefully, with a deadly reiteration, what it meant to both their careers: Dick would rescue his reputation and go on to greater triumphs, in new rôles; Jean would co-star and get her big chance. In the end, Glassman had his way. He always did. Both accepted the engagement finally as an extra rôle that had to be played, off-stage. The engagement was to look real to everyone. Jean was not even to divulge anything to her mother, with whom she lived. At noon, the three separated abruptly. Dick nodded to Jean with unfathomable eyes. Jean thoughtfully went to her newly assigned lot bungalow.

The test shot was chosen by Markel with a shrewd eye for values: movement, suspense, sustained excitement, and fruition. The scene was the interior of a fashionable church, and a cathedral hush brooded over it. From somewhere an organ whispered softly. There was a fashionably-clad assemblage of extras, and their eyes were on the tall young groom, who was waiting at the altar. Dick's eyes roved the aisle, an authentic eagerness flaming on his handsome face. Suddenly, the organ crashed into the Wedding March. Here comes the bride!

The heads of the watchers turned. A stir swept them. On the arm of a gray-haired man came Jean Taylor, the bride, a vision of all the lovely fugitive fantasies that ever came into men's dreams. She had a head like a gilt jonquil, and her slim, perfect body moved with the poise of a dancer. The luminous, sherry-colored eyes flew to meet those of the groom, widened with some nameless glory and wonder, and dropped. The organ wept with a sad joy. All eyes were now on the bride. She reached the altar. For a fleeting second her eyes swept the entire brilliant ecclesiastical *dĕcor,* then she looked at the tall groom. He stood very still, as if afraid to breathe, an avid flame licking up in his blue eyes and taking possession of her. Their eyes met with a seeming impact, almost physical. A timeless sec-

Here's something to remind you that Eleanore Whitney can put plenty of glamorous appeal in a picture—movie or still. Versatile girl, Eleanore: dances skilfully, can play college-girl rôles or young sophisticates with verve and sparkle.



ond beat past, then something electric and tender and hurtingly young swept between them. The ceremony went on, according to the script.

"I do," said Dick Ramsey, at the right place.

"I do," said Jean Taylor, and her voice was like a soft phrase of music, remaining suspended in the mind.

Then Dick Ramsey kissed her, and she reached up one arm to his neck, hesitant, sweet. The kiss clung. His arms pressed her closer and closer, so that breath seemed to leave her and she lay in his arms still as death, while he cherished her lips with a lingering ardor; and some sorcery touched them. Her slim body was suddenly pressed close to his and her lips were lush and sweet with surrender. Time, for a fraction, seemed to be caught on some high, rhapsodic peak. Jean's eyes filled with tears. Dick Ramsey said his line from the script, huskily: "Darling!" His eyes were dazzled, but his face was passionately alive, savagely exultant with a male glow of possession. "Darling! You're mine—now!" That was in the script.

But Jean Taylor, experienced actress that she was, felt surprised, for the words had an odd ring of fatefulness in them. Her lips trembled, momentarily. She had been kissed before, but never like this. This was poignant contact with another existence. Something astonishing had happened to her. Heartbeats of awakening pulsed on her beautiful face; she was trembling, inwardly, though no one would have guessed it.

"Okay—cut!" called Markel, from his perch above the organ, and thought: "That was something!" And in his keen, initiated eyes there was a vast excitement, for he suspected that he had imprisoned a miracle in a few feet of rushing film.

Bill Walters, watching from a corner of the huge studio, turned away, his eyes bleak. He, together with everyone else on the set, had been in the grip of some nameless spell. He shrugged. Was he going soft or loopy? Those two, up there, had clicked —like naptha, touched by flame!

He watched Dick Ramsey stalk off the set. Jean, accompanied by her maid, was hurrying away to her lot bungalow. Under the guidance of the assistant director, grips, mixers, extras, camera men, were scattering. The script girl watched the assistant dreamily. Markel came down last off his stand and grinned at Bill.

"Did you see what I saw, Bill?" he asked. "Mammy! Good hunch, keed! You can stage a binge of congratulation!"

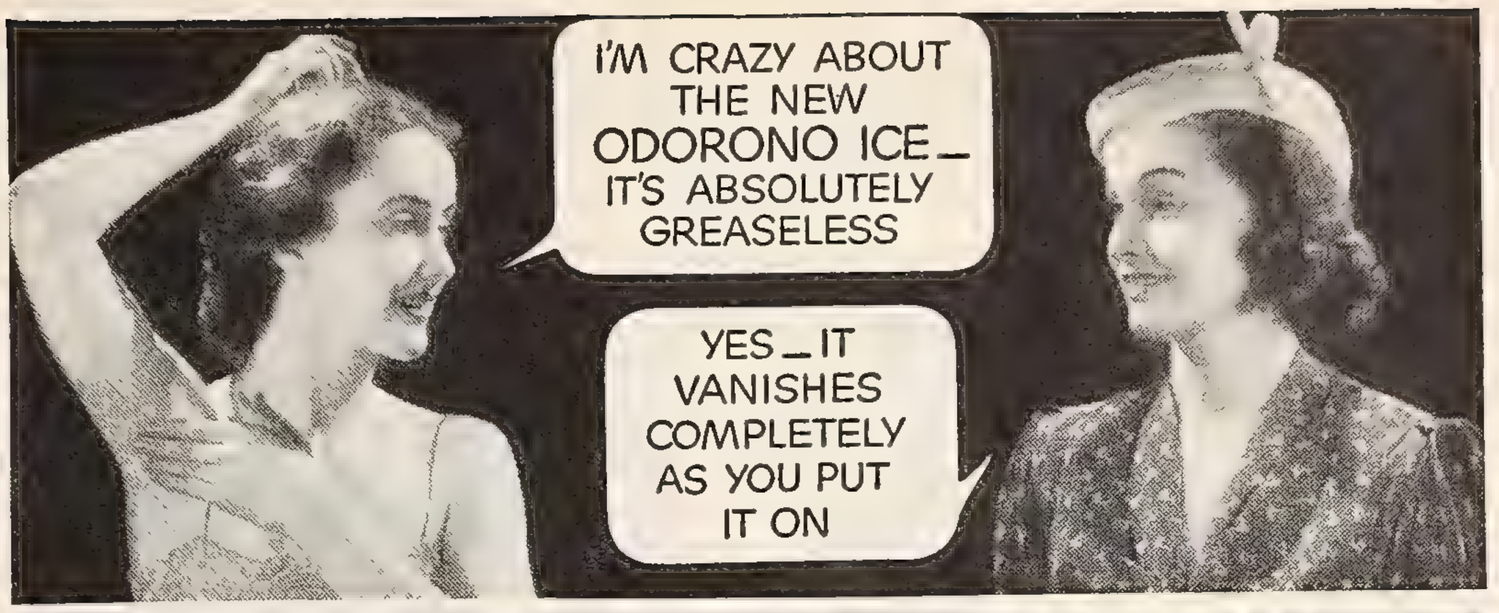
"You're giving me ideas, Len," said Bill Walters. "Rushes in the morning?"

"Yeah. Boy, what a clinch!"

Bill nodded and walked away. Some intuition whispered to him that this test shot had been marked from the start of Time as one which would sharply turn the gay traffic of Jean Taylor's and Dick Ramsey's lives into unguessed directions.

Only four people saw the rushes of the test shot, the next morning: Ben Glassman, Leonard Markel, Irving Silverstein, and Bill Walters. The lights went out in the projection room. Four pair of sharp, worldly eyes focused on the screen. They had to be sure, for Mammoth would be gambling millions in the risky game of human pawns, selling that ephemeral product, personality, as other men sold shoes or real estate. So much depended on this test shot!

Organ music sounded softly and a beam of light showed the church scene. The four men watched, intent; and some infiltrating magic gripped them as Dick Ramsey took Jean in his arms and kissed her, held her. It was a great love scene. There were beads of sweat on Glassman's forehead when the lights went on. "We got something!" he decided, tersely.



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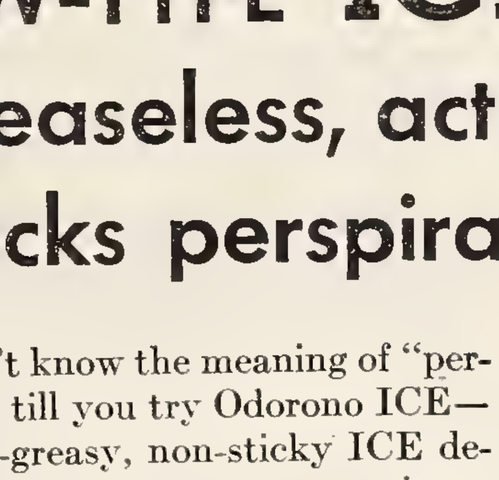
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Jean Taylor sat at her dressing table, enmeshed in thought. She was to get her big chance, co-starring opposite Dick Ramsey—at a price! And she smiled, tightly. She was to help rescue his screen personality by a fake engagement, because she had been publicly accepted as the embodiment of girlish virginity; and that was to lend sanctity to Dick's supposed fascination for her.

There was a young bitter hurt in the scarlet curve of her lips. Ever since she had first seen Dick Ramsey, two years ago, laughing, roistering, fighting his way across a screen, she had known that he alone, out of all the world of men, could fill her heart and her soul to the exclusion of all else. And when he had kissed her, in the test shot, something had awakened in her and become reality. And now, this ironic fake engagement! To further both their careers, even her mother, the tired, the proud, the sacrificing staunch friend, must also be hoodwinked. Her thoughts sped over the past, back to her high school days.

She had graduated, at seventeen, and had been voted the prettiest girl and the most likely to succeed. She had been urged to take an office position, but she had known that she was going on the stage since she had been twelve; so her mother had pinched and saved and given Jean dancing and singing and dramatic lessons; and at eighteen, there had been that chance with a third-string stock company, in San Francisco. She didn't like to think about that. It aroused too many painful memories. Finally, they had come to Hollywood.

It wasn't a talent scout, but Bill Walters who had noticed her, one day, in the casting office, waiting patiently to present her extra slip from Central Casting. Her orchid-like beauty, her slim, perfect body, had registered on the sharp-eyed Bill.

"What's your name?" he demanded, without the formality of an introduction. "We'll have to do something about you. Had any experience? Come up to my office, I want to talk to you."

After that, she had been put on the payroll for a year, at a salary that allowed her to live, and she had attended the Mammoth Dramatic School. She looked at pictures, heard lectures, and she took a course in imitating classic statues. She studied the Winged Victory of Samothrace and Cellini's Perseus. This, she was told, was so that she could learn the arts of standing and walking. She must learn to carry herself with the upper breastbone and lower thorax well forward. The instructor said that if the windpipe and collarbone were held as in the Winged Victory, the rest of her physique must follow.

But no one in the studio seemed to know that she was alive—except Bill Walters. Then, a sharp-eyed executive, at Atlantic Films, put in a bid to borrow her—at a flat profit — for a year, and Mammoth had gladly let her go. At Atlantic Films, she had clicked and had made a hit in two pictures. She was "discovered." And now, she was twenty-two, and Mammoth had "discovered" her—again. It occurred to her that she was being discovered as often as North America. Co-starring opposite Dick Ramsey! It seemed incredible. She was still negligible, and Dick Ramsey had the Hollywood rhythm, was in step with the fastest, smartest crowd, was the leader of a glittering set. He was the screen idol of every woman in America. And she was going to be his leading lady! Her mind was filled with a wide, swelling music. . . .

Someone knocked at the door. She remembered that she had dismissed her maid. She called: "Come in!" Dick Ramsey stepped into the bungalow, dressed for the street. She felt again that blind stir in her blood as his blue scrutiny enveloped her. Some quality of life and energy seemed to pour from him.

"Well," he said, an aloof friendliness tinging his magnetic smile, "we're off! The show's on! Walters is releasing the news of the engagement in the afternoon newspapers. I suppose the correct thing for us to do is to put on a good act."

"Why not?" she shrugged.

"This will be proclaimed to the world as romance, and we're to be the touching young sweethearts." He grinned, and she understood why women of all ages fell for him, but his blue, ironic eyes held such a guarded stillness against her.

"Anything," she agreed, coolly, "to further your success and my career." An unreasoning anger caught at her. He didn't have to be like that! He could try to make it pleasant.

His eyes went blank, but he smiled, engagingly. "I see you aren't keen for elaborate intrigue. However, we agreed to put it over, so we might as well be cheerful about it. One crack from a columnist and we're both sunk. It'll be awfully thin ice."

"Should be fun to skate on," she said, recklessly.

His smile warmed. "I begin to have more respect for us. We may, after all, combine business with pleasure."

"Publicly," she agreed. "Just enough to serve as a counter-irritant."

"You mean," said Dick, his face tight and locked suddenly, 'Ruby Lloyd? We can leave her out of this. She's merely a friend Hollywood seems to remember the wrong things."

Jean shrugged. "It's none of my business, really. No one ever explains in Hollywood, Mr. Ramsey."

"It will save a lot of wear and tear if you'll call me Dick, and I'll call you Jean."

"Naturally," she agreed.

"Of course, in public, it'll have to be 'darling.'"

Hearing the word on his lips, she smiled, tremulously. "Handy word! Used mostly when you forget a name. Part of the act."

"Part of the act," he nodded. "Glassman's giving us an engagement party, later, at his home. Trust Mammoth to do things with a bang! There's a defect in this dandy little scheme, however."

"What?" she asked.

"Well, how would Mammoth explain our engagement if it got out that we both have contracts forbidding us to marry? I guess they didn't think of that. Oh, well—be a good little trouper and come to lunch. On with the show, eh?"

"Right! On with the show! If you'll give me a few minutes to dress—"

"I'll be back in thirty minutes," he agreed. "And thanks for letting down the drawbridge." He smiled, nodded and left.

The next day, the news broke. Dick Ramsey, the film capital's most eligible bachelor, forsaking all others, was engaged to that platinum cherub, Jean Taylor! As the weeks passed, the publicity build-up was enormous. Work was begun on the new co-starring picture, and love scene "stills" from it flooded the newspapers and the screen magazines. Dick Ramsey, now a romantic lover, had accomplished an abrupt right-about face. He wasn't a Don Juan any more. Love had accomplished a miracle.

Jean was seen with Dick constantly, in every Hollywood bright spot. They were devoted to each other, in public. A striking couple, was the verdict; one to make the gods jealous. Their new picture was coming along with contagion pervading the set.

Jean lived in a make-believe world that had a hardly discernible dividing line from reality. Only when her mother's eyes filled with tears of happiness did she turn her suddenly stricken face away; for her mother, too, had fallen in love with her "fiance."

One night, they sat in the living room of her bungalow, alone. Jean's mother had retired. Tonight, they had come from an exhibition evening at the Trocadero. Suddenly, she was startled to see Dick's face crumple with a queer expression. He blurted: "Jean, does it all have to be a fake?"

For an immeasureable instant something piercing knifed through her; something beat in her breast like a captive bird. "No," she whispered, with oddly stiff lips.

In an almost angry voice he exclaimed: "My God, Jean—I love you! I—I—think I must have loved you from the beginning!" Then he kissed her, and they spoke each other's names, and kissed again, as if kissing were a narcotic. He could find none but the old, old words to tell her: "Darling, I love you!"

In a moment, all the world changed for them. "I'm going to buy you a new ring," he said, exultantly. "A ring really fit for you! How little your hand is, darling!"

"God bless Bill Walters," she mumured, her eyes blurred.

"And the Old Man! Let's put a fast one over," he begged eagerly, "and get married right away!"

"Darling! We can't! We both have contracts that forbid marriage during the time—"

"Then," he argued, swiftly, "we'd both be taking the same chance! The studio wished this engagement on us, but they had their eyes on the box office. We have every right to get married! After all, we don't have to tell anybody. We'll go to Yuma for the week-end—and be married," he whispered.

"Darling—I want to—but we don't dare. I—"

"We do dare! Our private life's our own. Tell your mother you're visiting somewhere, over the week-end."

They left, the next morning, in a private plane Dick chartered. As in a dream, she knew she was going to Yuma; hours later, in the parlor of a Justice of the Peace, she heard herself making the ritualistic promises with a sense of unreality. It developed, then, that Dick's name was Richard McRaye, not Ramsey; and she gave hers as Jean Holvard. No one would recognize those names as belonging to the two Hollywood stars.

Dick hired a car and they drove to a little town that sleeps on the desert, near Yuma. In the tiny stucco hotel, Dick registered. They had a pretty corner room, with Colonial furniture and gay wall paper. It was warm, and Dick opened all the windows.

"Why don't you get into something cool?" he asked; and when she stood, hesitant, poised, he added, swiftly: "I forgot to get some cigarettes. Back in ten minutes, darling!"

When he came back, she was in green silk pajamas and a silk robe, coiled in a chair, her cheeks flushed, her eyes humid and a little frightened.

He closed the door carefully and stood looking at her. "Mrs. McRaye," he said, softly, "you're the most beautiful little wife I ever saw!" He picked her up out of the chair and sat her on his lap, like a doll. "Jean," he murmured, "you're so little, darling! So sweet! You look like a child—"

"I'm twenty-two," she whispered, with a catch. A vast tenderness engulfed her. This was to be their immortal hour of enchantment, transcendently achieved and laid away on a shrine somewhere within the spirit and the mind.

"You're not like the average girl of twenty-two—or like a movie star, darling. Your mother's kept you so sheltered, so unaware of life. You're so little and innocent, so virginal, darling—you make me tremble—"



Charles Farrell and Amanda Duff as the romantic interest in a new Shirley Temple picture.

A deep, hot scarlet swept her face suddenly; a dim memory leaped within her, She heard herself stammering, blindly, in a sudden quixotic need of truth: "I—I—suppose that I should have told you before, Dick—not that it really mattered—I mean, this has all come so fast—I—I've been married before!" She stopped.

Through the stricken silence she heard his bewildered voice say, very quietly: *"What?"*

To Be Continued

Oh, Myrna's a Great Help!

Continued from page 59

dresses. She likes to walk, and she likes to eat (she admits it), and so, Mr. Brown and all you hungry-eyed young men from the East who'd give next month's pay check to see Myrna Loy in person, just take a good look at the unassuming woman in the modest little print walking in front of you, or sitting in the next booth to you at the Brown Derby. It might Be Myrna Loy!

Well, Mr. Brown, I have told you that Myrna Loy neither looks like Myrna Loy, nor dresses like Myrna Loy—and just to confuse you all the more I shall tell you now that Myrna Loy doesn't *act* like Myrna Loy. The Myrna Loy on the screen seems to be one of those very gay, gabby sort of women with a terrific sense of humor, who is always thinking up mad things to do and deliriously funny things to say. But the real Myrna doesn't bother much with wise-cracks or cute sayings and she's perfectly content to sit on a set and read or knit—she doesn't go screaming and yelling with the property men or thinking up silly ribs to play on the director. She's not stand-offish, she's just quiet. The Loy sense of humor is greatly over-rated. But people have so confused her with her screen character that she now has the reputation of being the merriest, wittiest star on the Metro lot. Gay groups gather about her and laugh heartily, and an outsider is likely to say, "Gee, that Loy's a clever dame. Wonder what she has just said." As a matter of fact, Myrna hasn't said anything. Myrna is a perfect listener. And she is one woman in this great big world who knows how to



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keep her mouth shut. In a town where gossip is as common as taxes I have never once heard anyone murmur "Myrna Loy says—" No, Myrna doesn't say anything; but pleasantly and cordially, she'll listen to you talk until the cows come home. It's all very flattering, to be sure, but very annoying when you're after a story.

When the script calls for it Myrna can go into an emotional scene that will thrill you to the core, but off-the-screen Myrna never shows her emotions. She never gets mad, slams doors, or throws things, which, of course, is the accepted prerogative of a temperamental actress. But don't think she's wishy-washy. No one has ever been able to put anything over on Miss Loy. Calm, beautifully poised, and with her sweet low voice, she wins all her points. While other glamor girls shriek and scream and weep and tear their hair in Mr. Mayer's office, our Myrna merely smiles sweetly and casually remarks that she has no intention of doing the picture.

Well, Mr. Brown, you asked me what Myrna Loy is really like, and I've tried to tell you. Her great charm lies in her complete naturalness. Now I must get me gone to yonder beauty shoppe. What, you won't let me go? But I don't *want* another chocolate eclair. I must get to the hairdresser. Oh yes, Myrna's hair is natural, everything about her is natural. Marriage? I thought you'd want to know about that. Myrna is married to Arthur Hornblow, Jr., and I don't want to be too discouraging but she seems to be perfectly happy, and there isn't the slightest chance of a divorce. You might just as well give up hope.

Mr. Hornblow is now a producer at Paramount but when Myrna first met him he was with Sam Goldwyn. Myrna had a small part in a Goldwyn picture, "Arrowsmith" with Helen Hayes, and Mr. Hornblow saw the rushes one night and said, "Tut, tut! That girl should have better parts. She's an actress." Naturally Myrna, who had been struggling hard at her career, thought that Mr. Hornblow was quite the nicest and most intelligent producer she had met. She still thinks he is.

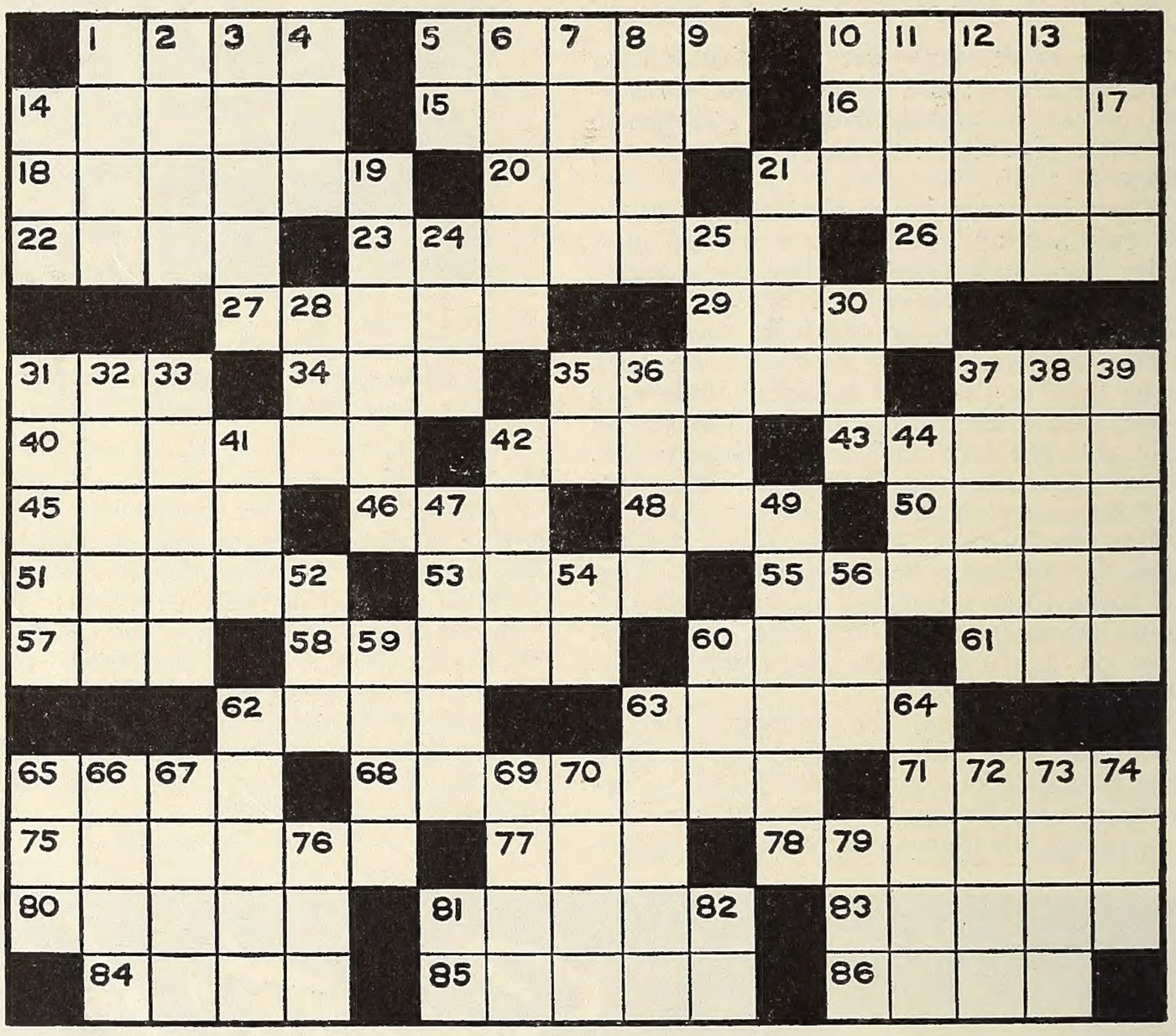
They were married several years ago in Ensenada, a beautiful Mexican seaport town, and like a couple of sentimentalists they go back there ever so often when they can get away for a week-end. This year they had planned their first trip to Europe since their marriage, but by the time Myrna finished "Too Hot to Handle" the Paramount factory was booming and Mr. Hornblow couldn't get away. Myrna refused to go on a vacation trip without her husband.

They have a new home, in the middle of a lot of rambling acres, in Coldwater Canyon, Myrna's first real home since she left Montana. She is having fun with her flower gardens, and digs and prunes and putters whenever she can get away from the studio. She simply goes insane with joy (quietly, of course) when she finds a new seed catalogue. She loathes shopping for herself, but the hottest day of the week she will drive from Culver City way down to Los Angeles to get a special kind of egg-beater. Yes, I'm afraid she's awfully house-proud. But she hasn't any other conceits so we might just as well let her have that one. In the next "Thin Man" (which goes into production this fall) she will become a mother—and that's all I know about that.

Now, I really have to go, Mr. Brown. I have an appointment with the hairdresser. No, I *don't* want another chocolate eclair. No, I can't have dinner with you tonight. No, I can't meet your brother Elks. No, I can't tell you anything else about Myrna Loy. What's the hour anyway? Hell, Mr. Brown, you've made me miss my appointment. It's times like these that I wish I didn't like Myrna Loy quite so much so I could hate her!

SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle

By Alma Talley



ACROSS

1. She's Mrs. Franchot Tone
5. She's "The Toy Wife"
10. She's a brat in "Rascals"
14. Co-star of "Blockade"
15. Part of a blacksmith's equipment
16. Charlie Chan
18. Late
20. Masculine nickname
21. Befall
22. On the sheltered side
23. Not so old
26. Otherwise
27. Star of "The Divorce of Lady X"
29. To turn
31. Answer (abbrev.)
34. He's featured in "International Crime"
35. The mother in "In Old Chicago"
37. "— — — Tide," with Frances Farmer
40. Star of "The Prisoner of Zenda"
42. Noticed
43. He plays "Robin Hood"
45. A great big plant
46. To take food
48. Donkey
50. Luminous circle
51. Signs foretelling the future
53. Void, not valid
55. Not so tight
57. Knock
58. A Shirley Temple picture
60. A female pig
61. Compass point (abbrev.)
62. A waistband
63. Alexander in "Alexander's Ragtime Band"
65. Mast
68. Star of "Angel"
71. Musical instrument
75. She's featured in "Nurse From Brooklyn"
77. What you hear with
78. She's a "Vivacious Lady"
80. Major Reed in "Yellow Jack"
81. She played "Jezebel"
83. Tricks
84. Movie backgrounds
85. Gems
86. Wagers

DOWN

1. He's co-starred in "Three Blind Mice"
2. "You Only Live — — — —"
3. To revoke (a legacy)
4. Walter Huston's wife
5. Note of the scale
6. Excessive
7. A famous Russian czar, "The Terrible"
8. "Everybody — — — —," with Fannie Brice
9. Swede Comic (in "Little Miss Broadway")
10. The comedian with the "Wide Open Faces"
11. Change
12. You have this at your fingertip
13. Finishes
14. Monk's title
17. She's Mrs. Joel McCrea
19. He's featured in "Marie Antoinette"
21. Raised
24. "In — — — Chicago"
25. One of the "Sinners in Paradise"
28. Period of time
30. What you see with
31. Any male movie star
32. She returns to the screen as "Marie Antoinette"
33. Repose
35. Exist
36. Genuine
37. To rub out
38. One of the "Sinners in Paradise"
39. English butler in "The Joy of Living"
41. "Four — — — and a Prayer"
42. This is worn in a dress shirt front
44. Greek letter
47. Ingenue in "Marie Antoinette"
49. Not so fast
52. That girl
54. Chinese measure
56. To be indebted to
59. Shade trees
60. Male offspring
62. He's featured in "Jezebel"
63. Danger
64. Scamp
65. French plural article
66. Holes in the ground
67. Bitter medicinal plant
69. To harvest
70. Volcanic production
72. The finest
73. Natural minerals
74. An s-shaped worm
76. Of the matter, in law
79. Sphere
81. To act
82. Steamship (abbrev.)

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle

G	A	B	L	E	■	S	M	E	L	L	■	A	S	T	O	R
E	R	R	O	L	■	E	A	R	L	Y	■	M	E	R	L	E
T	E	E	S	■	C	A	R	R	O	L	L	■	L	A	D	E
■	■	N	E	W	E	S	T	■	Y	E	A	R	L	Y	■	■
A	S	T	R	I	D	■	H	A	D	■	D	O	■	S	E	C
S	H	■	S	T	A	T	A	L	■	S	L	E	W	■	L	O
T	I	E	■	T	R	I	■	L	U	P	E	■	H	E	E	L
A	R	R	A	Y	■	L	A	■	S	O	■	M	O	R	A	L
I	L	E	X	■	E	L	L	A	■	K	A	Y	■	A	N	A
R	E	■	E	D	D	Y	■	T	H	E	I	R	S	■	O	R
E	Y	E	■	A	D	■	M	A	E	■	S	N	E	E	R	S
■	■	S	C	R	I	B	E	■	B	O	L	A	N	D	■	■
E	L	S	E	■	E	U	T	E	R	P	E	■	A	G	E	D
B	E	A	D	S	■	L	E	V	E	E	■	S	T	A	G	E
B	O	Y	E	R	■	B	R	A	W	N	■	S	E	R	G	E

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PAT O'BRIEN

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FRANK McHUGH • DICK FORAN

Directed by LLOYD BACON

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